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MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY

A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO

BY

EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY
[MRS. NELSON O'SHAUGHNESSY]

Letters from the American Embassy at Mexico City, covering the dramatic period between October 8th, 1913, and the breaking off of diplomatic relations on April 23rd, 1914, together with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz

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FOREWORD

Though the events recorded in these letters are known to all the world, they may, perhaps, take on another significance seen through the eyes of one who has loved Mexico for her beauty and wept for the disasters that have overtaken her.

The time has not yet come for a full history of the events leading to the breaking off of diplomatic relations, but after much pondering I have decided to publish these letters. They were written to my mother, day by day, after a habit of long years, to console both her and me for separation, and without any thought of publication. In spite of necessary omissions they may throw some light on the difficulties of the Mexican situation, which we have made our own, and which every American wishes to see solved in a way that will testify to the persistence of those qualities that made us great.

Victoriano Huerta, the central figure of these letters, is dead, and many with him; but the tragedy of the nation still goes on. So above all thought of party or personal expediency, and because of vital issues yet to be decided, I offer this simple chronicle. The Mexican book is still open, the pages just turned are crumpled and ensanguined. New and momentous chapters for us and for Mexico are being written and I should be forever regretful had courage failed me to write my little share.

It is two years ago to-day that diplomatic relations

were broken off between the two republics. It is more than two years since the Constitutionalists under Villa and Carranza have had our full moral and material support. The results have been a punitive expedition sent into Mexico to capture Villa, and very uncertain and unsatisfactory relations with the hostile *de facto* government under Carranza. As for beautiful Mexico—her industries are dead, her lands laid waste, her sons and daughters are in exile, or starving in the "treasure-house of the world." What I here give forth—and the giving is not easy—I offer only with a trembling hope of service.

EDITH COUES O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE PLAZA,
NEW YORK, *April* 23, 1916.

A DIPLOMAT'S WIFE IN MEXICO

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I

Arrival at Vera Cruz—Mr. Lind—Visits to the battle-ships—We reach Mexico City—Huerta's second *coup d'état*—A six-hour Reception at the Chinese Legation. An all-afternoon hunt for the Dictator.

MEXICO CITY, *October 8, 1913.*

PRECIOUS Mother,—You will have seen by the cable flashes in your Paris *Herald* that Elim and I arrived at Vera Cruz yesterday, safe and sound, and departed the same evening for the heights in the presidential car, put at N.'s disposal the night before, for the trip from Mexico City and back.

It was a long day. Everybody was up at dawn, walking about the deck or hanging over the sides of the ship, all a bit restless at the thought of the Mexican uncertainties which we were so soon to share. About six o'clock we began to distinguish the spires of Vera Cruz —the peak of Orizaba, rivaling the loveliest pictures of Fujiyama, showing its opal head above a bank of dark, sultry clouds. A hot, gray sea was breaking over the reefs at the mouth of the harbor, and the same lonely palms stood on the Isla de los Sacrificios. As we passed

between the two gray battle-ships just outside the harbor, I could not help a little shudder at the note of warning they struck. The dock was crowded with the well-remembered, picturesque, white-clad Indians, with high-peaked hats, who suggested immediately the changeless mystery of Mexico.

Fortunately, the weather being overcast, the intense heat was a little modified, though it was no day to set off looks or clothes; every one's face and garments were gray and limp. N. arrived just as we were getting up to the docks, his train having been late. His face was the last we discovered among various officials coming and going during the irksome pulling in of the *Espagne*. As you know, we had been separated for eight months. I was the first passenger to leave the ship, and as we had no customs formalities we passed quickly through the damp, boiler-like shed where the little tricks of the *aduana* (the customs) were about to be performed on hot and excited voyagers. Then we got into a rickety cab, its back flap flying to the breeze, and drove across the sandy, scrubby stretch to the Hotel Terminus, where the Linds are living. The fascinating little pink houses with their coquettish green balconies were as of yore, but the tropical glint and glitter seemed gone from everything under the hot, gray sky.

The Hotel Terminus is the same old horror of flies, fleas, and general shiftlessness, though the broad, high corridor up-stairs, giving on to the sleeping-rooms, was fairly clean. We were finally shown into a large room, where Mrs. Lind was waiting. After our greetings I sank into a rocking-chair, and a big electric fan, in conjunction with the breeze from the window looking toward the sea, somewhat restored my energy.

In a few minutes Mr. Lind appeared, in shirt-sleeves and a panama fan. (I suppose he wore other articles,

but these are what I remember.) I was greatly struck by him. He is evidently a man of many natural abilities and much magnetism—tall, gaunt, sandy-haired, unmistakably Scandinavian, with the blue, blue eyes of the Norsemen set under level brows. I imagine fire behind that northern façade. The conversation opened with conciliatory and smiling remarks, after the manner of experts in any situation, meeting for the first time. I found him very agreeable. There was even something Lincolnesque in his look and bearing, but his entry on the Mexican stage was certainly abrupt, and the setting completely unfamiliar, so some very natural barking of the shins has been the result. Looking at him, I couldn't help thinking of "the pouring of new wine into old bottles" and all the rest of the scriptural text.

The Linds, who have a handsome house in Minneapolis and another "on the lake," are accepting things as they find them, with an air of "all for the good of the United States and the chastising of Mexico." But all the same, it is a hardship to inhabit the Terminus and then to tramp three times a day through the broiling streets to another hotel for very questionable food.

The Hotel Diligencias, where we lunched, is deeper in the town, has fewer flies, is a little cleaner, and is very much hotter. Once away from the sea breeze you might as well be in Hades as in Vera Cruz on a day like yesterday. The Diligencias is the hotel whereon De Chambrun hangs the famous story of his wife's maid going back for something that had been forgotten, and finding that the servants had whisked the sheets off the beds and were ironing them out on the floor for the next comers—*sans autre forme de procès!* We had a pleasant lunch, with the familiar menu of *Huachinango, pollo y arroz*, alligator pears and tepid ice-cream, consumed to the accompaniment of suppositions regarding

Mexican politics. Then we plunged into the deserted, burning street (all decent folk were at the business of the siesta) and back to the Hotel Terminus, feeling much the worse for wear.

At four o'clock Lieutenant Courts came to conduct us to the flagship *Louisiana*, and we asked Hohler, the British *chargé* who was in Vera Cruz awaiting the arrival of Sir Lionel and Lady Carden, to go with us. Admiral Fletcher and his officers were waiting for Nelson at the gangway and the band was playing *the* beloved air as we went up. We were there about an hour, which seemed all too short, sitting on the spotless deck, where a delightful breeze was blowing. The time passed in eager conversation about the situation with Admiral Fletcher, a charming and clever man, with dark, earnest eyes and serious, intent expression, all set off by the most immaculate white attire. Champagne was poured, healths were drunk, and Elim was taken over the ship, departing with one of the junior officers, after a glance at me betokening the magnitude of the adventure. We left, after warm handshakings and good wishes, N. receiving his eleven salutes as we went away. The tears came to my eyes. "Oh, land of mine!" I thought. "Oh, brotherhood!" But Elim asked, in a frightened tone, "Why are they shooting at papa?"

We then went over to the *New Hampshire* to call on Captain Oliver. More health-drinking and stirring of friendly feelings. Pictures of the Holy Father and prelates I have known gave a familiar note to Captain Oliver's quarters. Then, in the wondrous tropical dusk, the little launch steamed quickly back to town, where we had just time to gather up our belongings and maid at the Terminus and descend to the station beneath. Mr. Lind stood waving farewell as we steamed out, and I must say I am quite taken by him!

Our train, preceded by a military train, was most luxurious. None of "the comforts of home" was lacking, from the full American bill of fare to the white-coated colored porters—all at poor, bankrupt Huerta's expense. It made me eat abstemiously and sit lightly!

We had a quiet night, rising swiftly up those enchanting slopes, a warm, perfumed, exotic air coming in at the window. At dawn, with a catching of the breath, I looked out and saw once again those two matchless, rose-colored peaks—Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, looking tranquilly down on the beauteous plateau, indifferent to man's disorders.

At Mexico City Captain Burnside and the Embassy staff were at the station to meet us, and in a moment I found myself once again driving through the familiar, vivid streets, the changeless, silent Indians coming and going about their simple affairs. The Embassy is a huge house—a gray-stone, battlemented, castle-on-the-Rhine effect—which, fortunately, had been put on a possible living basis for the Linds by a kindly administration. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Linds were here only ten days, and I think it very improbable that they will ever return. He is a man of good sense, and there is, as in most establishments, room for many men but only for one *maîtresse de maison.*

Now I must be up and doing. I want to pull the furniture about, down-stairs, and make myself a setting of some sort. There are several packing-boxes containing the accumulation of our first Mexican bout—books, vases, cushions, and the like. Fortunately, the comfortable green leather library set of Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, together with handsome rugs and bookcases, were also bought for the "confidential agent"; and I shall use them in my drawing-room, instead of a rather uncom-

fortable French set upholstered in pink. The bedrooms are already fully and handsomely furnished with the Wilsons' things.

Dear Mme. Lefaivre came last night, and we had lunch at the Legation to-day. Such an affectionate welcome from her warmest of hearts! Many persons have called and cards and flowers were coming in all day.

P. S. Yesterday, Torreon fell into the hands of the rebels, and many atrocities were committed against Spanish subjects. The Spanish minister is in a great state of excitement. This is a severe blow to Huerta. He is supposed to suppress the revolution. If he doesn't, he loses his *raison d'être*—perhaps, also, his head.

October 11th.

Last night Huerta accomplished his second *coup d'état;* he is getting very skilful. He surrounded the Chamber of Deputies while the honorable gentlemen were in session, conspiring against their constitution. He had them arrested as they came out into the hall, and I understand there was quite a stampede from the Chamber itself when they got wind of the fact that something was wrong. He accuses them of obstructing his policy of pacification by every low and unpatriotic means at their command, and these are numerous.

Now one hundred and ten of them are lodged in the famous *Penitenciaría*, whither Madero was going on his last journey. N. was out until two o'clock in the morning, with the Spanish minister (dean of the diplomatic corps), going first to the Foreign Office to try to obtain guarantees for the lives of the imprisoned deputies, and afterward to the *Penitenciaría*, where they were shown a list of *eighty-four*, and given assurances that they would not suffer. It looked a bit black for the remaining

A VIEW OF POPOCATEPETL AND IZTACCIHUATL

twenty-six. The clerks spent the rest of the night here, getting the despatches off to Washington.

Huerta appears to care very little whom he shoots. He has small sentiment about human life (his own, or anybody's else), but he is a strong and astute man; and if he could get a few white blackbirds, in the shape of patriots, to work with him, and if the United States were not on his back, he might eventually bring peace to his country.

I am not yet reaccustomed to the extreme beauty of the Mexican morning; a dazzling, many-colored light that would dim the spectrum is filtering into my room, as I write, glorifying every object and corner. I have had the covers taken off the pink furniture; a rose-colored coverlet and cushions are on my *chaise-longue*, and the *glow* is indescribable.

You will have seen that the Chambers are convened for the fifteenth of November, but in spite of preparations for legislation, a warlike something is in the air. Squads of soldiers are passing the Embassy, with much playing of the beautiful national hymn. They handle their brass very well, and their military music would be good anywhere.

In Washington they are taking the news of the *coup d'état* with their coffee. . . .

I have not yet seen von Hintze,[1] though he came early yesterday, bringing a gift of fortifying liqueur, "for the altitude," and some flowers; and I went with Elim to the Legation, later on. I understand that he looks at the situation rather *en noir*. But he is somewhat of a bear on Mexican matters, anyway, his first experience, on arriving three years ago, being the horrid Covadonga murders. . . . A certain natural exclusiveness and aloofness are among his special attributes, and his psy-

[1] The German minister.

chology is somewhat mysterious, even to his friends; but he is immensely clever and charming, of the world, and very sympathetic—really a *cher* colleague!

N. has just left the house in frock-coat and top-hat, the chiefs of mission having been summoned to the Foreign Office, where they will hear the official reason of the *coup d'état*. I shall be most interested in the explanation, which will probably be some adroit Latin-American arrangement of facts. One has a feeling of being at school, here, and constantly learning something new to the Anglo-Saxon mentality.

Now I must hie me down-stairs and tackle a few of *my* "affairs of the interior." The house is so big that, even with the many servants now in it, it doesn't seem "manned," and bells are answered very intermittently. One or more of the servants can always be found at the gates of the garden, greeting the passers-by—a little Indian habit, and incurable. What I need is a European *maître d'hôtel* to thunder at them from his Aryan heights as the Wilsons had. There are some good Aztec specimens left over from their administration, whom I shall keep on—Aurora, a big, very handsome Indian maid, from the Apam valley; Maria, the head washerwoman, with fine, delicate hands, like a queen; and a few others. Neither cook nor butler. Berthe is busy unpacking and pressing; everything was wrinkled by the damp, penetrating heat of the sea-trip.

The Embassy has two *gendarmes* to watch the gate, instead of the usual one given to legations—nice, old Francisco, who has been in the service of the United States for twelve years, and a handsome new one—Manuel. The auto stands before the gate all day long. Jesus, the chauffeur, seems very good—a fine-featured, lithe-bodied, quick-witted young Indian. Though married, he is, I hear, much sought after by the other sex.

Elim always goes out with me, and loves sitting on the front seat with his dog, a melancholy Irish terrier sent by Mr. Armstead from Guanajuato.

Exchange is now very low. One hundred dollars equals two hundred and eighty Mexican dollars. Very nice for those supplied from abroad, but killing to these people, and with the sure prospect of getting worse. The price of articles has gone up by leaps and bounds—not native foods so much, but all articles of import. I hear the auto-horn and must stop. Will be very much interested to hear the official wherefor of the *coup d'état*.

October 12th, Evening.

Well, the Diplomatic Corps, in uniform, was received at the Foreign Office with much unction, by the large, stout Moheno, Minister of Foreign Affairs, of whom more another time. He insisted principally on the great efforts General Huerta was making to restore peace, and the equally great obstructions placed in his way, saying that since the opening of Congress these obstructions had been particularly in evidence, handicapping him at every step. He added that, though the act of dissolving Congress was unconstitutional, Mexico must be compared to an ill man needing an immediate operation; and that the government was confronted by the dilemma formulated by Gambetta (they do love to find a European simile for their situation)—"Yield or resign!" which, in this case, would have been tantamount to national dissolution. The crux of the speech is, however, that the elections are to be held this month.

Sir Lionel presented his letters of credence yesterday, thus putting the hall-mark of his government upon Huerta. It appears there was quite a love-feast; Huerta, of course, was immensely pleased at the proof of recog-

nition at the delicate moment of his birth and first struggling cry as a dictator.

Since the imprisonment of the Deputies there has been a constant stream of their mothers and wives and daughters coming to the Embassy for help, though, of course, we can do nothing; little, plain, black-dressed, black-eyed women or high-chested, thick-lipped, diamond-ear-ringed ones, inclining to magenta or old gold; mostly, as far as I can see, Maderista in their tendencies. Two of the little, plain, black type who were here late last night, said they went every day to visit Madero's grave! They fear the Deputies will be shot, but I hardly think shrewd old Huerta will go to any unnecessary lengths with the very cold eye of the world upon him. Keeping them locked up, where they can't vote, or disqualifying them, is all that he wants. It is true that they have never missed an opportunity in the Chamber to put a spoke in his wheel, and he got bored with the continual "block." He didn't arrest members of the Catholic party who, for the most part, had been trying to sustain order through him; they are, after all is said and done, the conservative, peace-wishing element in Mexico.

The Senate he simply dissolved. They have not been giving him so much trouble. One of the heads of the Catholic party came to see N. yesterday, to talk over the opportuneness of their putting up any one as candidate for President—a tentative conversation, on his part. Men of his class, unfortunately for Mexico, rarely identify themselves with political life, and were entirely invisible during the Madero régime. The Clerical party has very little money, and feels the battle unequal and the outcome most uncertain. N. was, of course, noncommittal in the matter, which he said was not in his province; but he added that there was no reason for

the party to neglect to make some kind of representation, any more than for the others to do so. Huerta is, of course, thoroughly anti-Clerical.

Yesterday was the first anniversary of the independence of China; it may be because it is so far away, but they seem to have had *their* revolution with very little sound of breakage. There was a reception at the Chinese Legation during the generous hours of 4 to 10. I went at about 5. I got up to go four times, and each time the *chargé d'affaires* caught me at the door and said, "You have been absent eight years—no, I mean eight months—and I can't let you go." I finally ran the blockade at 7.30, promising some insistent Oriental near the outer door that I would return. All the diplomats were there. I found von Hintze, like a visitant from another world, sitting, inscrutable, by the handsome, buxom wife of the Guatemalan minister. She was in black lace over orange silk, making my white tailor suit seem very severe. Stalewski, the Russian minister, was standing near, waiting for his tea. Sir L. and Lady C. came in at 6 o'clock only, then Madame Lefaivre—the Occidental diplomats naturally gravitating toward one another. Finally, at 7, when the rooms down-stairs were packed like sardine-boxes, we were directed up-stairs, where a handsome "champagne lunch" was served. It was after this that I made my escape. The wife of the *chargé*, and some other Oriental ladies, in appalling Western costumes, stood in close formation near the door from start to finish, wearing an unfading Oriental smile.

N. spent the afternoon hunting for the Dictator, having been unable to track him down since the famous *coup*. He hopes to induce him to clemency regarding the deputies. Huerta has a very effective way of dropping out of a situation—just subtracting himself and

reappearing when events have moved on. He preserves, according to his edict of the 11th, the full powers vested in the executive, adding generously the powers of Gobernación (Interior), Hacienda (Treasury), and War, though only for the time absolutely necessary for the re-establishment of the legislative power. By the powers of Gobernación he has declared invalid the exemption of Deputies from arrest and makes them subject to the jurisdiction of the tribunals if found guilty of any offense or crime; most of the Deputies are only getting what they deserve. There is certainly reason to complain of their lack of public spirit; there seems little or no available material here from which to build a self-governing state, and a dictator (or intervention) is what they need. Juarez took the fear of hell away from them some fifty years ago; Madero took the respect for the *supremo gobierno* (supreme power) as typified by the strong hand of Diaz. There seems nothing left to hold them—those fifteen millions, with their sixty-three dialects and their thousand idiosyncrasies of race and climate.

Huerta has a handsome, quiet-faced wife and eleven children. These and a rented house (he has never lived at Chapultepec or at the Palace) are, up to now, his only apparent worldly possessions. I doubt whether he has the inclination or takes the time for an undue amount of grafting. He is, from what I hear, very canny in the matter of human equations and seems full of vitality and a sort of tireless, Indian perseverance. They say that the more he drinks the clearer his brain becomes.

Nine Spaniards that were killed in Torreon the other day, on refusing to give up their goods and money, had their execution preceded by such gentle rites as digging their own graves. Villa has declared no quarter to Spaniards; they must get out of *his* Mexico, bag and

baggage, and he intends to see that the Church leaves with them.

On all sides are praises of N.'s handling of the many complicated questions coming up, and his being *persona grata* with all parties. It is known that though in the carrying out of difficult orders from Washington there is an absolute point-blankness, in their own affairs the Mexicans can count on tact, courtesy, and any service compatible with his position.

I imagine that Mr. Lind will soon be realizing the futility of an indefinite stay on Mexican soil. There are no results—and I rate him a man used to results.

II

Sanctuary to Bonilla—Sir Lionel and Lady Carden—Carranza—Mexican servants—First reception at the American Embassy—Huerta receives the Diplomatic Corps—Election Day and a few surprises.

October 13th.

MANUEL BONILLA, a former Maderista, Minister of Ways and Communications (known sometimes as "Highways and Buyways"), now Senator from Sinaloa, has just come, begging asylum. They are out to kill him. He greatly resembles the people who are after him. Of course we have had a room made ready for him, and he can stay quietly in it until a chance offers for getting out of the country. His room, by the way, contains the bed that Mrs. —— refused when she was shown over the Embassy, saying, "What! Sleep in the bed of a murderess?" The murderess being dear, gentle, pretty Mrs. Wilson, my late *chefesse*, and the murdered ones, I *suppose*, being Madero and Pino Suarez!

President Wilson has now sent a message to the provisional government, entirely disapproving of the act of dissolving Congress, saying that any violence offered any Deputy will be looked on as an offense against the United States, and that, furthermore, the United States will not recognize any President elected after any such proceedings. N. has just gone to the Foreign Office to deliver himself of the news. Moheno is a large, stout, curly-haired Indian from Chiapas, with a bit of something dark thrown in. He suggests a general effect of Italian tenor, but he is clever—perhaps "cute" is a

better word. These unfortunate people are between the devil and the deep sea—*i. e.*, between their own lawlessness and us.

The Cardens had their first reception to-day. The Legation is a new, artistic, most comfortable house just off the Paseo—the sort of thing English diplomats find awaiting them everywhere. Sir L. was here for sixteen years as consul. He was the British government's first representative after the Maximilian affair; so, though he has been absent many years, he finds himself *en pays de connaissance*. He is the handsome, perfectly groomed, tall, fresh-complexioned, white-mustached, unmistakable Briton. She is an agreeable American woman; but they both look pale and bloodless after many years of Habana and Guatemala. We are none of us at our rosiest under the palm and cactus. Sir L. has had thirty years of Latin-American diplomatic experience.

October 14th.

Proofs multiply of direct conspiracy of the Deputies against the provisional government. If you scratch a Maderista Deputy you are sure to find a revolutionary of some sort. The task of establishing peace seems well-nigh hopeless. Everywhere are treachery and venality. The note N. handed yesterday to the Foreign Office has not yet been answered, though Moheno refers to it in a press interview, saying that it had been presented to him by *Chargé d'affaires* O'Shaughnessy, "A gentleman of the most exquisite culture," and that he must not be held responsible for the "intemperate language of his government,"—rather cocky! Though N. is handling the officials with all possible care, everybody thinks they are preparing a fiery answer for to-morrow. They are capable, at any moment, of sending an ultimatum to

Washington themselves, and then the fat would be in the fire!

A heavenly warm sun is streaming in. These October mornings, after the rains have ceased, are the brightest jewels in Mexico's crown of loveliness.

N. is so sick of the murder and destruction he sees at first hand that he refuses to read anything about Mexico. He is, in fact, living a book of his own. But I take an interest in outside comment. I have just read an article in the *North American Review*, by Sydney Brooks, giving the English view of the situation, which seems to be that if we had recognized Huerta he would, by now, have been far on the road toward the establishment of peace. Also a quotation from *Le Temps*, in to-day's *Imparcial*, to the same effect. N., however, is beginning to think that nothing but intervention can bring about order. The elements of peace seem no longer in the republic itself. Intervention *is* a big word, but it needn't mean the extermination of Americans or their interests in Mexico. Many French people stayed on through the French intervention and reached a green old age; Americans could do the same. Any one who really knows how easily peace is frightened out of a Latin-American republic, and how wary she is about coming back, would think twice about alarming her.

Elim has just presented me with a large bunch of pink geraniums from the vases at our front entrance. I wish he would choose a more remote spot for depredations. He is drawn, as if by a magnet, to the *gendarmes* and the untasted joys of the pavement. The Mexicans are always nice with children. There isn't as much difference between the little ones and the grown-ups as in more sophisticated countries.

Bonilla, our minister-in-hiding, keeps very quiet. From what I hear, just to feel safe appears to be a great

MRS. ELLIOTT COUES
(Mother of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy)

ELIM

luxury. I have had no intercourse with him, beyond an exchange of polite messages and putting one of the menservants at his disposition. They tell me he is very particular about keeping his windows shut and his blinds well drawn at night, and is a bit jumpy if any one knocks at the door.

Huerta has very little natural regard for human life. This isn't a specialty of successful dictators, anyway. Only by the hand of iron can this passionate, tenacious, mysterious, gifted, undisciplined race, composed of countless unlike elements, be held in order. In the States, where, of course, as we all know, everybody and everything are just as they ought to be, this isn't quite understood.

October 14th.

There is a very persistent rumor to-night that the answer to President Wilson's message delivered by N. yesterday will be met by Mexico with the breaking off of diplomatic relations, in which case we will have to clear out immediately for Vera Cruz. The private citizens in town can take their time in leaving; *we* must go quickly. I am not even unpacked; the linen of the voyage still hangs on the roof. It all quite takes my breath away; I scarcely feel as if I had returned, and can't take in the idea of leaving. The full cup from the lip. We shall be a nine days' wonder on reaching New York, and then what? The American diplomatic service is the most uncertain quantity in the world.

Later.

Much expectant coming and going in the house, as I write. N., who is admirable at soothing these people, has seen Moheno, and, after long argument, has persuaded the Foreign Office to modify the belligerent tone of the answer to Washington. There were three Cabinet

meetings held since last night, to discuss the answer, with a majority in favor of extreme measures. It is, however, only putting off the day of rupture a few weeks or months, though N. feels each victory is so much gained for the United States. But the day will come when we will find ourselves trekking north.

October 16th.

Yesterday, at dark, we got Bonilla off, grateful but nervous. The motor took him to a station about twenty kilometers from the town, where he boarded the train for Vera Cruz, to get the German boat of to-day. Along a certain trend of legal reasoning he is some sixth in line for President, after Madero, Pino Suarez, Lascurain, and others who have been killed, or have disappeared from the uncertain glories of office. He goes to Washington to join the Maderistas, I *suppose*, in spite of the fact that he has given his word of honor not to ally himself with the revolutionists. It was only on such a promise that we could give asylum to an enemy of the government to which N. is accredited.

The legal (if not the moral) genealogical tree of Huerta's Presidency is the following: Madero, Constitutional President; Pino Suarez, Constitutional Vice-President (their resignations were accepted previous to their imprisonment, by Pedro Lascurain, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and a God-fearing, honorable gentleman, by the way); Lascurain became President by operation of law in regard to the vacant executive power; he was President some twenty minutes it appears (a bit short, even for Latin-America), giving him time to appoint Huerta to the post of Minister of Gobernación (Interior). After Lascurain's resignation, given, I understand, with alacrity, automatically, by operation of law, the executive power fell to Huerta with its provi-

sional character, and under the Constitutional promise to call especial elections. This is the technical way by which Huerta became President, and, according to the Mexican constitution, there are no doubts about the complete legality of the operation.

October 17th.

A quiet day; many rumors, but no events. All the time the Carranzistas are gathering strength as a party; strength apparently coming to them from "above"—a higher *latitude*, I mean. Seen at close range they are, unfortunately, no better than "the others." Carranza is not a bloodthirsty villain, but the physically timid, greedy, quiet, conscienceless, book-reading kind, and "constitucionalista" is a word to conjure with. It can move a good Anglo-Saxon to tears, though I must say that all revolutionary leaders in Mexico get hold of excellent banner devices. Madero's were above criticism—"*Sufragio efectivo y no Re-elección*" ("Effective Suffrage and No Re-election"). This last shows you that they can go much farther in the expression of pure, distilled patriotism and democracy than we, as those of us called to the dignity of office are not entirely able to rid ourselves of a wish for a second term.

Also Carranza, who has none of the ability of Huerta and none of his force, has had the luck to strike a convincing note with his long whiskers and generally venerable aspect, imitated by all his followers as far as nature allows. They tell me New York and Washington are full of respectable, thin, long-whiskered, elderly Mexicans. Those who have watched Carranza's long career, however, say that a quiet, tireless, sleepless greed has been his motive force through life, and his strange lack of friendliness to Washington is accounted for by the fact that he really hates foreigners, any and all, who prosper in Mexico. It seems to me one can

scent trouble here. Lack of any special political color and principles, and general mediocrity, have kept him obscure, but he now finds himself at last accidentally clothed and most acceptable to the *Gran Nación del Norte* in the fashionable and exclusive garb of constitutionalism. I wonder if he doesn't sometimes wonder why on earth he *is* so popular in Washington.

I am told that Señora Madero, poor, pitiful, little, black-robed figure, saw President Wilson soon after the murders, and her tragic tale may perhaps have determined his policy.

The fact remains, however, that Huerta is in control of the army and the visible machinery of government which represents to the conservative elements (badly enough or well is a detail), their constitution, the only form around which the affairs of the nation can group themselves with any definiteness.

I had a long talk the other day with the —— minister. He seems to think (all, of course, politely veiled) that the policy of the United States is to weaken these people by non-recognition, and, when they are agonizing, to come in cheaply and easily, thus avoiding armed intervention now, which would be much better for the Mexicans, though more expensive for us. All the *chers collègues* veil behind unassailably discreet remarks their not very flattering idea of what they doubtless call among themselves our "little game."

I am enjoying the spaces in this huge house, free to the sun and air on all sides. Its lack of furniture is amply compensated for by flooding luxuries of light and air. I am going to receive on Tuesday, and I suppose many people will come.

October 22nd.

Yesterday I had my first reception. About fifty people came—the *chers collègues* and some of the colony,

mostly only those whose orbit sometimes crosses the diplomatic orbit. There were flowers in every available receptacle. I made a delicious punch myself, if I do say it, and Mrs. Burnside poured tea; but I miss so many of the familiar and friendly faces of our first sojourn—Mr. James Brown Potter and the Riedls, Mr. Butler, and many others.

Monday I am giving a "bridge" for Lady C. I cannot yet have any one for lunch or dinner, but I want to give some little sign on her arrival. The Cardens are a very great addition to an ever-narrowing circle.

Great Britain stands pat on its recognition of Huerta, which adds greatly to his prestige in the eyes of his own people, and is most welcome in view of the approaching elections. We understand the ticket will be Huerta and Blanquet, in spite of Washington's frowns.

I do not know the real qualities of Blanquet, up to now faithful supporter of Huerta and his Minister of War. The dramatic fact that, in the firing-squad at Querétaro, it was he who gave the *coup de grâce* to Maximilian, has always overtopped everything else. The pictures of Maximilian in the National Museum, poor, blond, blue-eyed gentleman, show him utterly unfitted to grapple with the situation, though filled with the best intentions. He was like some rabbit, or other helpless animal, caught in a trap. When one has seen archdukes on their native heaths, one realizes that they are not of the material to wrestle with the descendants of Montezuma; though I don't know that we, in spite of all our "efficiency," are being any more successful!

Great Britain will be very polite, but will not depart one hair's-breadth from what it has decided on as its Mexican policy, involving big questions, not alone of prestige, but oil, railways, mines, etc. In fact, the British reply to Mr. Bryan in to-day's newspaper quite

clearly says that England will be delighted to follow any policy from Washington as long as it does not interfere with what the British Foreign Office has decided to do. They simply can't understand our not protecting American lives and interests. Their policy here is purely commercial, while ours, alas! has come to be political.

Great excitement is predicted for Sunday, the day of the election, but all the timid have to do is to stay at home, *if* their curiosity permits.

The import duties are raised 50 per cent. from the twenty-eighth of October. But it will, fortunately, bear less heavily on the *frijoles*- and banana-eating part of the population than on those who want breakfast-foods and *pâté de foie gras*.

A cook comes to-day, highly recommended, but I can see just the sort of things she will turn out, if left to herself—fried bananas, goat stew, etc. She comes accompanied by her little girl of three. One of the washerwomen also has a child with her, and there are tentative remarks from other quarters regarding offspring. But the house is so big that a few indwellers, more or less, make no difference; and I am not sorry, in these uncertain times, to harbor a few bright-eyed, soft-skinned, silent brown babies under my roof. The handsome Indian maid who came to the city from her *pueblo*, because her stepfather was too attentive, has gone. She simply vanished; but as the other servants, on inquiry, don't seem worried, I suppose it is all right. They have a way of leaving after they get their month's wages, though their departure is generally preceded by some such formality as declaring that their grandmother is dead, or their aunt ill. Where they go is a mystery.

To-morrow we lunch at the Simon's. He is the clever French *Inspecteur des Finances* of the Banco Nacional. They have a handsome house in the Paseo, an excellent

French *chef*, and are most hospitable. She is witty and cultivated; we sometimes call her "*la belle cuisinière.*" In the evening we dine with Rieloff, the musical German consul-general, who will serve Beethoven and Bach very beautifully, after dinner. I am very little disposed to go out in the evening here, and N. is nearly always busy with despatches until a late hour. There is something in the air, nearly 8,000 feet in the tropics, which discourages night life, even in normal times, and *tertulias*[1] of any kind are infrequent. At ten the streets are deserted and the Mexicans all under some sort of cover. Even in the big houses they take the most abstemious of evening meals, and go to bed early, to be ready for the exceeding beauty of the early morning.

All the foreigners here have nerves. What would be peaceful, dove-like households at sea-level, become scenes of breakage of all description at this altitude, and all sorts of studies might be made on the subject of "air pressure" on the life of man and woman. There is not the accustomed amount of oxygen in the air and, with all the burning-up processes of the body lessened, there is an appalling strain on the nerves. Hence many tears!

I wonder if you ever got the book and letter I sent you from the boat from Santander. I gave them, with ample postage and a fat tip, to an attractive, barefooted, proud-looking Spaniard, who had brought a letter on board for some one. I told him they were for *mi madre.* With a most courtly bow, hat in one hand, the other on his heart, he assured me that he would attend to the matter as if it were for his *own* mother! *Pues quien sabe?*

October 24th.

Yesterday at noon, Huerta, surrounded by his entire Cabinet, received the Diplomatic Corps, and, though

[1] *Tertulia*—evening party.

there was much excitement beforehand, when his remarks were boiled down, nothing was changed. The Mexican is a past master at presenting the same condition under some other expedient and disarmingly transparent disguise. The way out of what we all considered a great difficulty is amazingly simple. There will be no President elected! Huerta declares he will not be a candidate, and no one else will have the necessary majority.

The plain English of it all is—Huerta at the head of the government as full-fledged military dictator. After the formal statement of affairs he turned to N. and begged him to assure Washington of his good faith; and he reiterated that his sole aim was the pacification of Mexico. He then became overpoweringly, embarrassingly polite—even tender. He took N.'s arm and led him out to have a *copita*[1] in the face of the assembled corps, having previously embraced him, saying, with playful reminiscence, "I arrest you." Such are the vicissitudes of representing the Stars and Stripes in Mexico! People tell me Huerta's speeches are generally masterpieces of brevity, with something magnetic and human about them. The English support has strengthened him, within and without.

Sir L. and N. were snap-shotted together by indiscreet newspaper men as they were leaving the *Palacio*. A *pièce à conviction*, if ever there was one. Sir L. was laughingly apologetic for N.'s being "found so near the body."

Mrs. Lind left yesterday for the United States, and I have written to the Governor, who may be lonely, to tell him how welcome he would be if he likes to return to Mexico City. I can make him comfortable—in a bedroom and study adjoining—and we would really like to see him. However, he may not care to come up for

[1] A little drink.

another *fausse couche*, as one of the colleagues called his first visit.

Everybody is expecting disorders on Sunday—Election Day. There is very little difference between lawmakers and lawbreakers in Mexico. We foreign devils can scarcely keep our faces straight when we hear the word "elections." Sunday is sure to find Huerta still in the saddle.

October 25th.

Yesterday L——, confidential agent of Felix Diaz, appeared at luncheon-time. He is a clever and plausible individual, angling for the United States recognition for Diaz's candidacy. A special train has been offered Felix Diaz, but he is afraid, and not without reason, to venture up into the unknown, so he will wait presidential results at Vera Cruz, with its attractive harbor full of fast ships.

Tuesday, 28th.

The great day of the elections—the 26th—passed off, not only without disturbance, but without voters or votes! The candidates so talked of during these last days were conspicuous by their absence. Felix Diaz was afraid to come to the capital, though all "assurances"—whatever that may mean—had been given him. In Vera Cruz he stayed at a second-rate hotel, next door to the American Consulate—the Stars and Stripes, doubtless, looking very comfortable from an accessible roof-to-roof vantage-ground. He has missed, fatalistically, it would seem, the occasions whereby he might have become ruler of Mexico. He is a gentleman, rather in our sense of the word, and the name he bears is linked to the many glories of Mexico, but this is, probably, his political burial. Already opportunity has called him thrice—Vera Cruz, in 1912; then Mexico City, in Feb-

ruary, 1913; now again at Vera Cruz, in October, 1913; and still another wields the destinies of Mexico.

The *chers colleagues* prophesy that we shall be here until next May, when probably new elections will be held. The concensus of opinion is that I might as well get the much-discussed drawing-room curtains and the rest, though I can't feel enthusiastic about ordering a lot of things that may come in only as I go out. The dining-room continues to strike me as a terribly bleak place, like all north rooms in the tropics.

I must say that one has very little hunger at this height, where the processes of digestion are much slower than at ordinary altitudes. When one has eaten a soup of some sort, a dish of rice garnished with eggs, bacon, and bananas (which any Mexican can do beautifully), or one of the delicious light omelettes—*tortilla de huevos*—topped off by some of the little, wild, fragrant strawberries almost perennial here, and over which wine is poured as a microbe-killer, one's "engine is stoked" for twenty-four hours.

There have just been the usual parleyings about the brandy for the turkey—the *guajolote*, the Indians call him—the ancestral bird of Mexico. The Aztecs ate, and continue to eat, him; and good cooks have the habit of giving him the following happy death: on the morning of the day on which you are to eat him, you generally hear him gobbling about. Then there is the demand for whisky or brandy "*por el gaujolote, pobrecito.*" The unfortunate (or fortunate) bird is then allowed to drink himself to death. This is the effective way of rendering him chewable, it being impossible to hang meats at this altitude. The flesh becomes soft and white and juicy. But try a gravel-fed *gaujolote* that has not gone to damnation!

The food question is difficult here, anyway, and per-

sonally I am unable to wrestle with it. The far-famed tropical fruits of this part of the world are most disappointing, with the exception of the mango, with its clear, clean, slightly turpentiny taste. There are many varieties of bananas, but scarcely a decent one to be had, such as any Italian push-cart is stocked with in New York. The *chirimoya* has a custard-like taste—the *chico zapote*, looking like a potato, has also, to our palate, a very unpleasant, mushy consistency, and everything is possessed of abnormally large seeds at the center. The beautiful-looking, but tough, peaches that adorn our tables come from California; also the large, rather withered grapes.

III

Federal and Rebel excesses in the north—Some aspects of social life—Mexico's inner circle—Huerta's growing difficulties—Rabago—The "Feast of the Dead."—Indian booths at the Alameda—The Latin-American's future.

October 29th.

THE Minister for Foreign Affairs is now in the drawing-room, from which I have fled, having asked to confer with N. He has been frightened at the intervention outlook and probably has come to try to find out what Washington really has in store for Mexico. He said the other day that the suspense was paralyzing to the nation.

The British vice-consul at Palacio Gomez, Mr. Cunard Cummings, came for lunch. He has had a thorough experience with both rebels and Federals at Torreon, and has terrible stories to tell of both sides. You don't change Mexican methods by draping them in different banners. In fact, it isn't the banner, here, but the kind of hand carrying it, that makes the difference. He told us how one night the rebels shot up the hospital in his town, crowded with wounded whom he and the doctors had left fairly comfortable. The next morning, when he went back, his attention was first caught by something dark and sticky dripping from the balcony, as he went into the *patio*. Up-stairs a dreadful sight was presented by the overturned cots, the broken medicine-bottles, and last, but not least, the *human* horrors.

Another tale is that of an ex-Deputy, de la Cadena, who walked up the aisle of a church with clanking sword and spurs, seized the priest officiating at Mass, and threw

him and the sacred vessels out into the street, to the consternation and terror of the humble worshipers.

Two federal military trains have been blown up during the last week. Ninety persons were killed at one station and, the day before, one hundred and two killed in the same way at Lulu station. It is certainly a dance of death.

October 30th.

Last night there was a very pleasant dinner at the German Legation, at which I presided. I wore my black satin Spitzer dress, with the white-and-silver hanging sleeves, which was much admired. Everybody's clothes are known here and people are thankful to see something new. The Belgian minister was on one side of me, and the Japanese on the other. Von Hintze was opposite, with Lady C. on his right, and Señora de Rul, wearing magnificent pearls and a high-necked dress, on his left. Three of the officers of the *Hertha* were there, giving rise to uncomplicated jokes about "Hertha" and "Huerta." Of course conversation about *la situación* twisted through the various courses. The opinion is that there are enough warring elements in town to provide a sort of spontaneous combustion, without the aid of any outside happenings.

Moheno had evidently got word of the Cabinet meeting in Washington, when he came to see N., yesterday. He was most profuse in protestations of friendship, personal and political. They are all a bit worried and perhaps will be amenable to negotiations.

October 31st.

Yesterday there was a luncheon at May's in honor of the Belgians who have come to get the much-talked-of railroad concession—a little matter of five thousand kilometers. Everything is beautifully done at his house, and

he has many lovely works of art. The table was a mass of small, yellow chrysanthemums in a beautiful, old English porcelain *surtout de table*, having a yellow *fond;* the food was the triumph of a French *chef* over Mexican material. But, like all houses facing north, the May's house seemed desperately chilly when one came in out of the bright, fresh autumn day. Simon, the clever French *Inspecteur des Finances*, came in only when lunch was nearly over. His wife had been in tears most of the time, and we were all a bit jumpy—as there were rumors of a raid on the bank, and we feared that he and the other directors might have been asked for their money or their lives. I invited them all for tea on Monday. Graux, the chief engineer, has a handsome English wife.

When I see the fully furnished *salons* of others, I long for my Lares and Penates, so safe in Vienna; though, I must say, the drawing-room has begun to look very homelike and comfortable, with its deep chairs, broad writing-desk, small tables, reading-lamps, palms, photographs, books, and bibelots.

In the afternoon we went to a small tea in another world than the political. It was given by Madame de Riba, nee Garcia Pimentel, of the inner circle of the aristocrats, where *el gobierno* is looked at from more or less of a distance, and where foreigners seldom penetrate. They are the delightful, charming people one sees in the same set all over the world, and remind me of the "cousinage" of the "first society" of Vienna. They constantly intermarry, and, though they travel, they rarely make foreign alliances, and are apt to return to their own country, which, despite its political uncertainties, is more beautiful than any other. There are many works of art left in Mexico from the old Spanish days, and in such houses one finds them. The handsome, agreeable, amiable women, moreover, wear Paris

lothes and Cartier-set jewels; the men are dressed by London tailors. The scene yesterday suggested any European capital, and that inner circle where beauty, wealth, and distinction abide. The members of this inner circle are all in favor of the paternal form of government. They themselves exercise a more or less beneficent sway over the laborers on their big estates; and they realize from experience the necessity of a highly centralized government in this country, where, of the fteen millions of inhabitants, thirteen million are Indians, and the other two million *gachupines*, *mestizos*, oreigners of various sorts. Huerta once told N. that the *achupines* had spoiled a good race. He casts the stone ack as far as Cortés—rather a novel idea!

The bull-fight contingent from Spain arrives to-day. here is great excitement, and with such a spur we all feel hat business ought to improve. Lack of money is the rux of the whole situation in Mexico, and, with the Jnited States frowning on any nation that even hints at loan, the case seems desperate. Any one, however, can fford a bull-fight ticket. If not for the more expensive eats *en sombra* (in the shade), the people get a *boleto de ol*, where they simmer blissfully in the sunny half of the Ring.

I inclose a newspaper cutting about Bonilla, who was n hiding here. He is celebrated for his blunders—*onilladas*, they are called. As a delicate expression f his thanks, on his arrival at Washington, he sent N. n open telegram announcing his safe arrival and ending vith messages of gratitude neatly calculated to make rouble for his benefactor in both capitals.

I am finding myself very well off here, in the center of aily occurrences of vital interest. A full plate of life!)ne of its sweetnesses, doubtless, is that I don't know ow long it will last. My tea-service is the only thing I

really miss. A tent of a night I know—but the tea hour comes every day!

November 2nd.

Last night came what is practically an ultimatum from Washington to Huerta. He is to get out, he, and all his friends, or—intervention. N. was at the palace until one o'clock in the morning. It is asking Huerta to commit political suicide, and he, unfortunately, does not feel so inclined. Also, he has a conviction that he is a sort of "Man of Destiny" who can bring peace to Mexico. N. tried to convince him of the complete impossibility of standing up against the United States, and urged him again and again to give way. I was troubled during the night by visions of intervention, further devastation of this beautiful land, and the precious blood of my own people.

I am reading a Spanish book on the war of 1847, published in 1848. The reasons why battles were lost sound immensely familiar—generals not coming up with reinforcements, or the commissary not materializing, or the troops deserting. It is all so like what we are reading now in the newspapers! No *tempora mutantur* here.

November 3rd.

If Huerta feels himself in his last ditch, with this threat of intervention, he may answer "*que vengan.*" The upper classes here seem to feel that it is what we intend and feel that if "'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly," before the country is ruined. The bitter pill will be sugar-coated by thoughts of the prosperity to follow. A—— came this morning, and, after a long conversation about Mexico's troubles, cried: "Come in immediately and clear up this impossible situation, or leave us alone. Nothing is safe; nothing is sacred!" His large sugar interests are in the Zapatista country,

and he is pretty well ruined by their destruction. If we come in, the military part is, perhaps, the least of it; a huge administrative job would follow—Cuba and the Philippines are mere child's play to it.

A rather cryptic letter came from Mr. Lind this morning. We gather that he is thinking of leaving, as he feels that he can't do anything! He has learned, as somebody said, enough Spanish to say nothing in it. I think, however, it is as difficult for the United States to withdraw him as it was embarrassing to send him. Also a letter came from Burnside, from Vera Cruz, telling of the warships and their positions in the harbor. He predicts a migration north for all of us, at an early date—but who knows?

November 4th.

More battle-ships are announced. We shall have, according to to-day's paper, about 6,000 men at Vera Cruz. Box-cars are being sent to the frontier; it must all mean preparation for some definite stroke on the part of the United States. I feel that I am seeing life from a very big angle. In spite of the underlying excitement here, outwardly things take their usual course. Now we motor out to Tlalpam with the Belgian minister, to lunch at Percival's. It is a wondrous, glistening day, and the swift run over the smooth, straight road toward the enchanting hills which form its near background will be pure joy. The mountains have a way of changing their aspect as one motors along, even with one's eye on them. From being a breath, an emanation, they become blue, purple realities of matchless beauty—dark shadows pinned to them with spears of light.

The extremely delicate negotiations N. has been having with the President's private secretary, Rabago, concerning Huerta's possible resignation, have leaked out, not from Mexico, but from the United States, and,

we suspect, *via* Vera Cruz. At the somewhat early hour of two in the morning the press correspondents began to come to the Embassy. It is now 11.30 and they have been coming ever since.

N., of course, denies categorically having negotiations on hand. Mr. Bryan, we see by the morning newspaper, is reported as looking very pleased at the aspect of the Mexican situation, on account of the aforesaid negotiations. The correspondents here must be heaven-born. Their scent is unerring. If there is anything even dreamed of they appear in shoals; when things are in abeyance you wouldn't know there was one in town. They try, naturally, to read something political into everything that happens. For instance, the officers of the German training-ship invited several of the ministers to take a little trip to Vera Cruz, and the German, Russian, and Norwegian ministers accepted—which is why the newspapers had it that there was a meeting of plenipotentiaries at Vera Cruz. They are on a hunting trip for two days and will return to-morrow.

Felix Diaz has at last been landed at Havana (much to the relief, I imagine, of the captain of the U. S. S. *Wheeling*, on which ship he sought refuge) and his political curtain has been rung down on this especial act.

November 5th.

Rabago is a very clever man, endowed to a high degree with the peculiarly caustic type of Latin-American wit, whose natural object here seems always to be Mexico's kaleidoscopic government. His paper *El Mañana* did more than anything else to kill Madero by perseveringly reflecting his weaknesses in a mirror of ridicule. On account of his opposition to the Maderos and his Porfirista sympathies he was taken up by the aristocratic class and has been of immense service to Huerta, a sort of

ridge between him and them. But how far the advice
o resign, which he swears that he has urged on Huerta,
ill be followed remains to be seen. Huerta has a deep,
trange, Indian psychology entirely unfamiliar to us,
hich is at work on the situation, and the results cannot
e predicted.

It was amusing to see the various ministers arrive at
ne Embassy, one after the other, to assure N. that
nere had been no conference of ministers at Vera
Cruz with Mr. Lind. They intend to uphold the pro-
ocol, and wouldn't be caught flirting with an unknown
fficial quantity behind N.'s back for anything in the
orld. . . . Huerta easily gets suspicious and I dare say
ne whole proceeding is spoiled. N. goes to-day with the
ltimatum to the President himself, and we shall see
hat we shall see. It is all very uncertain, but intensely
nteresting, in the magnetic, highly colored, Latin-Amer-
an way. It makes London, Paris, and New York seem
ery banal.

Just home, after leaving N. at the *Palacio*, where the
nswer to the ultimatum is supposed to be forthcoming.
ll the clerks are here, in readiness to get off despatches.

On my way back I stopped at the Alameda for a
lated look at the booths stocked with the articles
ppropriate, according to Aztec ideas, for All Saints'
ay and the Feast of the Dead. Countless Indians,
cturesque and mysterious, flood into the city, build
eir booths, stay a few days, and then silently ebb
way, unseen until the next occasion—Christmas.
reat bunches of a yellow flower—*cinco llagas*, "Flower
Death," the Indians call it—are everywhere for sale,
be placed afterward on the evanescent graves. Toy
ath's-heads and small toy coffins of all sorts abound.
favorite device is one whereby a string is pulled, the
ad man raises his head, and when one lets go he falls

back with a rattling sound. It is all a bit *macabre*, sold by these imperturbable Indians of the plateau, who are far from being a jovial race. Pulque and their other drinks often induce silence and melancholy rather than hilarity. They never sing nor whistle in the streets. They almost never dance. If they go through a few figures it is mostly in a solemn manner and on the occasion of some church festival, when they dance and gesticulate, strangely garlanded, in the *patio* of the church itself.

The Alameda is a handsome park in the very middle of the town, and marks the site of the old Aztec *tianguiz*, or market-place. Fountains and flowers abound, and it is lavishly planted with beautiful eucalyptus and palms; an excellent band plays daily. The *pajarera* (aviary) around which the children cluster is very poor, considering the beauty and variety of the Mexican birds and the Aztec traditions in this regard. The park has no railing around it—one can stroll in from the broad Avenida Juarez. The drawback to the stone benches, placed at intervals, is that the most prominent have graven upon them the words, "*Eusebio Gayosso*"—the name of the *popular undertaker*. In the midst of life you are in death there. However, the eternal Indians, sunning themselves and their offspring on the benches, can't read; they have this advantage over any *ilustrado* who might want to rest a bit.

N. has just returned with the anxiously awaited answer, which is quite beside the point. Huerta is probably sparring for time. He proffers vague, pleasant words in answer to the very definite message of the President, to the effect that he has always been animated by the most patriotic desires, that he will always limit his acts to the law, and that after the elections he will scrupulously respect the public wish and will recognize any person elected as President for the term to the

30th of November, 1916. N. recommends the withdrawal of the Embassy if, after the 23d of this month, when a new congress is to be convened, Huerta has not resigned. This might influence Huerta; and again, he may consider it only another cry of wolf.

The fact is, nobody believes we really will intervene. The chances that we shall depart on a war-ship instead of by the Ward Line are very good, the "d" in this instance making all the difference. I shall hate to leave this palpitating, prismatic sort of life; but it isn't the moment to have personal feelings of any sort.

Driving back this evening toward a beautiful, clear, red sunset, up the Plateros between the rows of autos and carriages full of handsomely dressed people, the men standing along the edge of the pavement as they do in Rome on the Corso, it seemed impossible that I was looking at a people over whom a great national humiliation was hanging. The crowds become more and more Mexican every day, with fewer American faces.

We lunched to-day with the Iturbides. Everything was done in the best of style—with beautiful old silver and porcelain. He is a descendant of the Emperor Augustine Iturbide of tragic history, and a charming and very clever young man who would adorn any society. Señor Bernal, with his Christus head, its extreme regularity chisled in pale, ivory tones, sat on my other side. They all seemed to fear that in view of the, to them, inexplicable attitude of the United States, the end in Mexico would be the long-dreaded intervention in some form. Not a man who was at the table, however, really occupies himself with politics. They all have handsome houses in town, but they live for the most part on their haciendas, which they work on the paternal plan, the only plan as yet productive of results here and which we

in the United States don't at all understand, not being able to put ourselves into another nation's shoes. The actual political business here is left to the educated middle class, whose members, instead of being pillars of society, form the stratum from which the professional politician and embryo revolutionist always spring—the *licenciados*, sometimes called the curse of Mexico, and other men of the civil professions, generally venal to a degree. The peon is faithful when he has no power and the aristocrat is noble; but no country is secure whose best elements are the extremes.

I am not, however, pessimistic as to the future of the real Latin-American typified by this middle stratum, generally *mestizo*. He always forms the active part of the population, and in his hands seems to lie the future of the country. The Spaniard as typified by the aristocratic classes is apt to hold himself aloof and will always do so. The Indian, except in the isolated case of some individual possessing genius, sure to present himself from time to time, has not the qualities to form the dominant element. It is, therefore, reserved for this crossing of Spaniard and native to finally embody and present the real national characteristics.

A rumor is out to-night that, as the present banking act relative to certain reserves of gold and silver doesn't suit Huerta, he has decided to do away with it, and we are to stand firmly (?) on paper. Shades of Limantour!

This afternoon I bought several beautiful old inlaid frames. These last words tell of one of the greatest pleasures in Mexico—prowling around for antiques. Almost every one coming down here gets the fever and spends hours turning over junk, in an almost delirious way, in the hope of unearthing treasure. In spite of the fact that for almost fifty years Mexico has been drained by the traveler, and again and again devastated by civil

strife, there still remain endless lovely things, testifying to the wealth and taste of the old Spanish days.

November 6th.

The statement in the *Mexican Herald* that Mr. Lind had confirmed the report of an ultimatum and the probable failure of negotiations is simply astounding. Turn the light of publicity on Huerta and he is as wary as some wild animal who comes into contact with man for the *second* time. Whatever he may have been contemplating, these special negotiations are now dead and buried.

There was a big dinner at the Belgian Legation tonight; everything beautifully done, as usual. I sat opposite my host, between von H. and Sir L. Wore the flowered black velvet chiffon, and that black aigrette with the Pocahontas effect in my hair; von H. wanted to know why this delicate Indian tribute. There was no political conversation, as, with the exception of the C.'s, von H., and ourselves, only handsome, well-dressed, and bejeweled members of the Mexican smart set were present. May is nothing if not exclusive, with a perfect *flair* for the *chicheria*. His handsome wife is in Paris.

My drawing-room is filled with the beautiful pink geraniums that grow thick on the walls of the Embassy gardens and balconies. Juan, the gardener, who, like all Aztecs, understands flowers, brings them in every other morning, cutting them most effectively with very long stems and many leaves.

"Ship ahoy!" in the harbor of Vera Cruz no longer excites attention. Counting the French and German ships, there are about a dozen in all. Seven belong to us. There were only two—the *New Hampshire* and the *Louisiana*—guarding the entrance to the channel when we arrived a month ago. Is the plot thickening?

IV

The "Abrazo"—Arrival of Mr. Lind—Delicate negotiations in progress—Luncheon at the German Legation—Excitement about the bull-fight—Junk-hunting—Americans in prison—Another "big game" hunt.

November 7th.

THE newspaper with the announcement that Mr. Lind had left Vera Cruz last night for Mexico City was brought up on my breakfast tray. I have had two rooms made ready for him, moving rugs and desks and furniture about, robbing Peter to pay Paul, as one does in an incompletely furnished house. He will be welcome, and I hope comfortable, as long as he sees fit to stay. I bear the memory of something magnetic, something disarming of criticism, in his clear, straight gaze, blue viking eye, his kindly smile, and his tall, spare figure, clothed, not dressed. He won't find it easy here and I don't think any Mexican official sporting the oak of the protocol will receive him unless he is accompanied by N.—a sort of political, Siamese-twin effect, and of a superfluity.

Later.

When I got down-stairs Mr. Lind was in N.'s study. To greet him I had to get through a swarm of newspaper men clustering like bees around the honey-pot of "copy." I presented him, so to speak, with the keys of the borough, and retreated to my own bailiwick to order luncheon for one o'clock. The whole town is whispering and wondering what it all will mean. Huerta remains silent. It appears that he and his generals are now

willing to make headway against the rebels. Why not before? A hundred years ago "dips" were sent to Constantinople to learn a thing or two they hadn't known before. Now, I think, Mexico is as good a school for the study of other points of view.

Mr. Lind makes no secret of his conviction of the hostile intentions of England in the Mexican situation; but I have difficulty in thinking that to save her interests here, big though they be, England would ever do anything to jeopardize our friendship. In last week's *Multicolor* there was a picture of the White House, with England, Germany, and France in the act of painting it green. *Poner verde* is to insult.

Huerta feels that he has the support of many foreign powers, especially of England. Sir L., by presenting his credentials the morning after the *coup d'état*, stiffened him up considerably.

November 8th.

We have been busy these past two days. Mr. L. is a delightful guest, easy and simple. He goes to-morrow, but I am pressing him to return for Thanksgiving—*if* we are here. People smile when I speak of a Thanksgiving reception. Three weeks is a long cry in Mexico City, in these days.

N. finally ran Huerta down yesterday in the *El Globo* café. He received the usual affectionate *abrazo*,[1] and they had a *copita* together, but Huerta never mentioned Lind any more than if he were non-existent, and shied off at the remotest hint of "business." Instead, he asked N., "How about the girls?" ("*Y las muchachas?*") a phrase often used for opening or closing a conversation,

[1] The *abrazo* has been described by some one as the "Oriental and scriptural embrace, whereby men hold one another for a moment and, bending, look over one another's shoulder." It is both dignified and expressive.

in these climes, much as we would ask about the weather. It has no bearing on whatever subject may be in hand.

The new elections are to be held on the 23d of this month. Huerta plays with the government in Washington in a truly Machiavellian way. They want his resignation, but for the moment there is no recognized government in whose hands to place such a resignation. After the 23d, if the elections bear fruit, he will find some other reasons for remaining. If it were not for the fact that might is always right, the Administration would be as the kindergarten class, in regard to this clever, involved, astute old Indian. "They say" he is getting rich, but there are no apparent signs. I don't think his mentality is that of the money-loving order, though possibly his principles would not prevent his making himself comfortable if he put his mind to it. He is now, however, so under the domination of his *idée fixe*—pacification—in spite of the difficulties within and without, that I doubt if he is taking an undue interest in personal enrichment.

November 9th.

This morning I began the day by telephoning von Hintze to come for lunch, as Mr. Lind wanted to see him informally. Then I went to the house of the Chilian *chargé*, who died yesterday. He was laid out in the center of the little dining-room, the electric bell from the hanging lamp, which he must often have pressed while eating, dangling over his poor, dead face. There is a quite particular sadness about the passing away of diplomats in lands distant from their own, their little span spun among the polite, but the unrelated and uncaring. I stayed for a rosary and litany, the priest, his pretty, childless wife, and myself, alone in the room. Great hangings of purple bougainvillæa, the glory of Mexico, darkened the window. May he rest in peace.

There was interesting conversation at lunch, only we four being present. Mr. Lind repeated to von Hintze what he has, curiously enough, said to many people here —his opinion that the crux of the matter was the Anglo-American relations, and that the United States would never allow the dominance of British interests to the injury of American or Mexican ones; von Hintze, though he listened attentively, was non-committal and most diplomatic in his answers. It is always of absorbing interest to Germans to hear of possible difficulties between England and other nations, and *vice versa*, too, for that matter. A light springs into the eye; and I dare say von Hintze made a report to his home government on returning to the Legation. He told Mr. Lind he thought we had not sufficiently respected the *amour propre* of the Mexicans; that we were wrong in trying threats when what they needed was skilful coaxing. Mr. Lind volunteered the surprising statement that it didn't suit us to have the elections held, anyway, as there would be concessions granted and laws passed that would render the Mexican situation difficult for us for fifty years. I really felt quite embarrassed.

The Vera Cruz elections amused Mr. Lind considerably, the "urn" being a common pasteboard shoe-box with a slit in it. This *objet de vertu* he had actually seen with his own eyes.

The town is wild over the bull-fight this Sunday afternoon. Belmonte, *el fenomeno*, just arrived from Spain, twenty-one years old, is the object of all affections. Political matters are quite in abeyance. There was a scarcely subdued excitement among the servants as the gay throng passed the Embassy *en route* for the Ring, and considerable dejection this evening because all hadn't been able to stampede the house and hie them to the fray. They are like children; any disappointment

seems the end of everything. A continual cloud of dust wrapped us about, stirred up by the thousands passing in motor, carriage, or on foot. During my first Mexican sojourn I went to two bull-fights, but didn't acquire the taste. De Chambrun told me one had to go six times running, after which one couldn't be kept away!

I saw Belmonte driving yesterday, the crowds cheering wildly. His expression of pride, yet condescension, distinguished him as much as his clothes. He wore the usual flat black hat, showing his tiny pigtail, a wide-frilled shirt under a tight jacket which didn't pretend to meet the still tighter trousers, and he was covered with jewelry—doubtless votive offerings from adoring friends. And to-night he may be dead!

Burnside and Ensign H., of the *Louisiana*, who accompanied Lind as body-guard, return with him to Vera Cruz. The Embassy is to engage a compartment for him in the evening, but he will go in the morning. Just as well to be prepared against "accidents."

November 11th.

We lunch at the German Legation to-day, with Mr. Lind. He hasn't any clothes, but as he doesn't work along those lines I suppose it doesn't matter. There is no question of the tailor making this man.

A heavenly, transforming sun, for which I am giving thanks, shines in at my windows. I am going out to do some "junking" with Lady C. With exchange three for one, every now and then some one does unearth something for nothing. The Belgian minister, who has money and *flair*, makes the most astounding finds. He got for a song what seems to be an authentic enamel of Diane de Poitiers, in its original frame—a relic of the glories of the viceroys.

Something that developed in a conversation with Mr.

Lind has been making me a bit thoughtful, and more than a little uneasy. He has the idea, perhaps the plan, of facilitating the rebel advance by raising the embargo, and I am afraid he will be recommending it to Washington. We had been sitting, talking, after dinner, shivering in the big room over a diminutive electric stove, when he first tentatively suggested such action. I exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Lind! You can't mean that! It would be opening a Pandora box of troubles here." Seeing how aghast I was, he changed the subject. But I cannot get it out of my head. The Mexican book is rolled out like a scroll before him; can it be that he is not going to read it? Any measures tending to undermine the central authority here, imperfect though it be, can only bring calamity. I witnessed that at first hand in the disastrous overturning of the Diaz rule and the installation of the ineffective Madero régime. I think Madero was more surprised than any one that, after having taken so much trouble to help him in, we took so little to *keep* him in. The diplomats are forever insisting that Diaz's situation in 1877 was analogous to Huerta's now, and that after a decently permissible delay of ten months, or whatever it was, we recognized him. So why not Huerta? He, at least, is in possession of the very delicate machinery of Mexican government, and has shown some understanding of how to keep it going.

Later.

The lunch at the German Legation was most interesting. Lind, Rabago, the Belgian minister, and ourselves were the guests. Rabago doesn't speak a word of English, and Mr. Lind not a word of Spanish, so there was a rather scattered conversation. Everybody smiled with exceeding amiability—all to show how safe we felt on the thin ice. The colleagues are always very polite, but

none of them is really with us as regards our policy. Standing with von Hintze by the window for a few minutes after lunch, I used the word intervention, and von Hintze said something about the unpreparedness of the United States for war. This, though true, I could not accept unchallenged from a foreigner. I answered that if war were declared, we would have a million men at the recruiting offices between sunrise and sunset. It sounded patriotic and terrifying, but it was rendered rather ineffective by his reply, "Men, yes, but not soldiers. Soldiers are not made between sunrise and sunset." He added something about the apparent divergence in public opinion in the States, and threw a bit of Milton at me in the shape of "not everybody thinks they serve who only stand and wait." Ignoring this quotation from the blind bard, I said that whatever the divergence of public opinion might be *before* war, the nation would be as one man with the President *after* any declaration. I also told him we did not regard the Mexican situation so much as a military situation as a police and administrative job, which we were unwilling to undertake. I then made my adieux, leaving the "junta" in full swing, the Belgian minister's agile tongue doing wonders of interpretation between Lind and Rabago. The result of the palaver, however, as I heard afterward from the various persons who took part, was *nil*.

Mr. Lind keeps me on the *qui vive* by predictions of a rupture in the next few days. He is naturally becoming impatient and would like things to come to a head. I have not drawn a peaceful breath since landing.

Runs on the banks to draw out silver in exchange for paper have complicated matters. When I went this morning to the Banco Internacional I saw people standing at the paying-teller's desk, with big canvas bags in which to carry off silver. Since the law to coin more

silver has been passed, I should say that each patriot intends to do his best to line his own cloud with that material.

November 12th.

A telegram came from Washington last night. Rupture of diplomatic relations unless Huerta accedes to our demands. N. has taken it to the Foreign Office, to Rabago and to Garza Aldape, to prove to them that, though they may not believe it, we are ready to take strenuous measures. It is all more like being on a volcano than near one. Neither the Mexican nation, nor any other, for that matter, believes we are ready and able to go to war; which, of course, isn't true, as we may be called upon to show. War is not, to my mind, anyway, the greatest of evils in the life of a nation. Too much prosperity is a thousand times worse; and certainly anarchy, as exemplified here, is infinitely more disastrous. We ourselves were "conceived in wars, born in battle, and sustained in blood."

We hope the *Louisiana* went to Tuxpan last night, and that she will shell out the rebels there who are in full enjoyment of destruction of life and property. It would give them all a salutary scare. There are huge English oil interests there. The owners are all worried about their property and generally a bit fretful at the uncertainty. Will we protect their interests or will we allow them to? *Our* government gave warning that it would not consider concessions granted during the Huerta régime as binding on the *Mexicans*. It makes one rub one's eyes.

Later.

Things Mexican seem approaching their inevitable end. At three o'clock to-day N. showed Rabago the telegram from Washington about the probable breaking off of diplomatic relations. He turned pale and said

he would arrange an interview with the President for six o'clock. At six o'clock N., accompanied by Mr. Lind, presented himself at the Palace. Neither President nor secretary was there. Rabago finally telephoned from some unknown place that he was looking for Huerta, but could not find him. Some one suggested that he might at that time be closeted with the only "foreigners" he considered really worth knowing—Hennessy and Martell.

Mr. Lind came for a moment to the drawing-room to tell me that he leaves to-night at 8.15. He thinks we will be following him before Saturday—this being Wednesday. The continual sparring for time on the part of the government and a persistently invisible President have got on his nerves. He hopes, by his sudden departure, to bring things to a climax, but climaxes, as we of the north understand them, are hard to bring about in Latin America. The one thing not wanted is definite action. Mr. Lind said, in a convincing manner, as he departed, that he would arrange for rooms for us in Vera Cruz. He knows it is N.'s right to conduct any business connected with the breaking off of relations, which he seems sure will be decided on at Washington, and he realizes that N. has borne the heat and burden of the Mexican day. He seems more understanding of us than of the situation, alas! I said Godspeed to him with tears in my eyes. Vague fears of impending calamity press upon me. How is this mysterious and extraordinary people fitted to meet the impending catastrophe—this burning of the forest to get the tiger?

An American citizen, Krauss, has been put without trial in the Prison of Santiago, where he has come down with pneumonia. N. has sent a doctor to him with d'Antin, who has been for years legal adviser and translator to the Embassy, and is almost, if not *quite*, a Mexi-

can. They found the American in a long, narrow corridor, with eighty or ninety persons lying or sitting about; there was scarcely stepping-room, and the air was horrible; there were few peons among the prisoners, who were mostly men of education—political suspects. One aspect of a dictatorship!

Garza de la Cadena, the man I wrote you about (who seized the priest at the altar and threw him into the street in Gomez Palacio), was shot yesterday, by his own rebels, for some treachery—a well-deserved fate. He was taken out at dawn near Parral, placed against an adobe wall, and riddled with bullets.

This morning I was reading of the breaking off of our relations with Spain in 1898. Most interesting, and possibly to the point. History has a way of repeating itself with changes of names only. I wonder will the day come when N.'s name and Algara's figure as did General Woodford's and Polo de Bernabé's? Various horrors take place here, but no one fact, it seems to me, can equal the dwindling of the population of the "green isle of Cuba" (indescribably beautiful as one steams along its shores), which dropped from 1,600,000 to 1,000,000 in ten months—mostly through hunger. Mothers died with babes at their breasts; weak, tottering children dug the graves of their parents. Good God! How could it ever have happened so near to us? However, *they* are all safe—"*con Dios*."

Now we take a hurried dinner, at which Mr. Lind, Captain B., and Ensign H. had been expected, and then N. goes "big-game hunting" again. It bids fair to be a busy night.

V

Uncertain days—The friendly offices of diplomats—A side-light on executions—Mexican street cries—Garza Aldape resigns—First official Reception at Chapultepec Castle—The jewels of Cortés.

November 13th.

THE President was not trackable last night, though N. kept up the search until a late or, rather, an early hour. It certainly is an efficient, if not satisfactory, way of giving answer—just to subtract yourself from the situation.

N. will not present himself at the convening of Congress on Saturday, the 15th. His absence will make a big hole in the *Corps Diplomatique*.

Several reporters were here early this morning to say they had positive information that Huerta had fled the country. But Mexico City as a rumor factory is unexcelled, and one no longer gets excited over the *on dits*. Moreover, nothing, probably, is further from Huerta's mind than flight. From it all emerged one kernel of truth: Mr. Lind had left for Vera Cruz without satisfaction of any kind.

The Belgian minister came in yesterday just as Mr. Lind was leaving. He begged him not to go, to refrain from any brusque action calculated to precipitate a rupture that might be avoided. But I can't see that any one's coming or going makes any difference. The abyss is calling the Mexicans and they will fall into it when and how they please.

I have gone so far as to tell Berthe to pack my clothes.

The things in the drawing-rooms I will leave—and lose if necessary. It would create a panic if any one came in and saw the rooms dismantled. No one can tell what is really impending. The American editor who remarked that what we take for an Aztec Swan Song is generally only another yelp of defiance is about right.

The five days' siege of Chihuahua was ended yesterday by a Federal victory. The rebels lost about nine hundred men. The corpses of the latter were very well dressed, many wearing silk underclothing, the result of the looting of Torreon, which the rebels took several weeks ago. The Chihuahua victory will probably strengthen the provisional government if anything can. The generals, including Orozco, who fought against Madero, have been promoted.

Night before last the train on the Inter-oceanic between Mexico City and Vera Cruz was held up by rebel bandits for two hours. Everybody was robbed and terrorized. The rebels had in some way got news of the large export of bullion on the train. There was so much that they could not have carried it off, even if they hadn't been frightened in the midst of their raid by a hastily summoned detachment of Federals. If we depart I don't care to chaperon silver bars to the port. And N. says he would like Huerta to sit on the seat with him all the way down.

I wonder if the government will be so huffed at the non-appearance of the American representative on Saturday that the Sabbath will see us on the way, with our passports? Probably men may come and men may go (*vide* Mr. Lind), coldness and threats may be tried on them, and they will continue to let everything go till the United States is actually debarking troops at the ports and pouring them over the frontier. Masterly inaction with a vengeance.

I have an idea that Washington is not in accord with Mr. Lind's impatience to end the situation by a rupture of diplomatic relationship. Once broken off, we would be faced by an urgent situation, demanding immediate action. Perhaps it *is* true that we are not efficiently ready for intervention, besides not wanting it. As long as N. stays the wheels will be oiled.

November 14th.

Last night the atmosphere cleared—for a while, at least. Congress will not be convened to-morrow, which puts quite a different aspect on things. If it had been held, Mexico would have been the only country, by the way, able to display a triplicate set of Congressmen, *i. e.*, those in jail, those elected since the *coup d'état*, and the last new ones.

Sir L. called yesterday to offer his services. Great Britain knows she must be in accord with us. Many other colleagues also called, fearing some trouble when it was understood that N. was not to attend the opening and that the United States proposed to declare null and void any act of the Congress. Quite a flutter among the expectant *concessionaires Belges!* It all had a very salutary effect. There is no use in any of the Powers trying to "rush" the United States, no matter what their interests on the Western Hemisphere.

Later.

President Wilson has decided to delay the announcement of his new Mexican policy. Incidentally, I told Berthe to unpack. Well, we will all be quiet until something else turns up. Hundreds of dollars' worth of cables went out from the Embassy yesterday, N. dictating for hours and the clerks coding. Several of them are sleeping at the Embassy, anyway—so much night work that they are needed on the ground.

I am giving this letter to M. Bourgeois, the French consul-general, leaving on the *Espagne*, next week. He is an agreeable man of the world, who has just been assigned to Tientsin.

Evening, 10 o'clock.

Matters very serious. N. is to deliver to-night what is practically an ultimatum. He called up Manuel Garza Aldape, Minister of Gobernación (Interior), and arranged for an interview with him at his house at nine o'clock. Then he rang up the ministers he needs as witnesses, to accompany him there.

Von Hintze arrived first. When he had read the paper here in the drawing-room he said, after a silence, "This means war." (Some one had intimated such a possibility on Wednesday last, to Garza Aldape, and he had answered, quietly, "It *is* war.") Von Hintze went on to say: "Huerta's personal position is desperate. Whether he fights the rebels in the north or the United States, it is disaster for him. Only, I fancy, he has less to lose in the way of prestige if he chooses the United States. His nation will make some show of rallying around him in this latter case." Von Hintze is persuaded that we are not ready for war, practically or psychologically. He kept repeating to N.: "But have you represented to your government what all this will eventually lead to?" N. answered "Washington is justly tired of the situation. For six months our government has urged and threatened and coaxed. It doesn't want any more useless explanations. It is too late."

However, until the note is in Huerta's hands it is not official. So I still hope. Garza Aldape is one of the best of the ministers.

I went with von Hintze and N. to the big front door and watched the motor disappear in the darkness. Delicious odors from the geraniums and heliotrope in the

garden enveloped the house, but after a moment I came back, feeling very still. The idea of American blood watering the desert of Chihuahua grips my heart. I can see those dry, prickly cactus stubs sticking up in the sand. No water anywhere! During the Madero revolution a couple of hundred Mexicans died there of thirst, and they knew their country. I kept looking about my comfortable drawing-room, with its easy-chairs and photographs, books and bowls of flowers, and saying to myself: "So that is the way wars are made." This putting of another's house in order is getting on my nerves.

The telephone has been ringing constantly. The journalists have had indications from Washington that something is impending.

Saturday, November 15th.

N. came in last night at half past twelve, after a three hours' conference with Aldape. He is to see him again at ten this morning. They say that the presence of Mr. Lind gives publicity to every step, that their national dignity is constantly imperiled, and that it is impossible to negotiate under such conditions. Aldape also said that Huerta flies into such a rage whenever Lind's name is mentioned that conversation becomes impossible.

Later.

Things are very strenuous to-day. N. saw Garza Aldape at ten. He said he had passed a sleepless night, after their conference, and had not yet presented the ultimatum to Huerta. N. asked him if he were afraid to do so, and he answered, quite simply, "Yes." N. told him he would return at three o'clock, and if by that time the note had not been presented through the regular channels, he would do it himself.

The outlook is very gloomy. Carranza in the north has refused the offices of W. B. Hale as mediator, saying,

"No foreign nation can be permitted to interfere in the interior matters of Mexico." If Carranza says that, certainly Huerta cannot say less. So there we are. Though nothing was further from his purpose, Mr. Lind has absolutely knocked any possible negotiations on the head by the noise and publicity of his arrival in the city of Montezuma *and* Huerta. The Latin-American may know that you know his affairs, and know that you know he knows you know; but he does not want and will not stand publicity.

This morning I went out "junking" at the Thieves' Market with Lady C. It seemed to us that all the rusty keys in the world, together with all the locks, door-knobs, candlesticks, spurs, and family chromos were on exhibition. We were just leaving when my eye fell on a beautiful old blue-and-white Talavera jar, its metal top and old Spanish lock intact. After considerable haggling I ended by giving the shifty-eyed Indian more than he had ever dreamed of getting, and much less than the thing was worth. Drugs, sweetmeats, and valuables of various kinds used to be kept in these jars. Greatly encouraged, I dragged Lady C. to the Monte de Piedad. All foreigners as well as natives frequent it, hoping, in vain, to get a pearl necklace for what one would pay for a string of beads elsewhere. One of the monthly *remates*, or auctions, was going on, and the elbowing crowd of peons and well-dressed people, together with the familiar Aztec smell, made us feel it was no place for us. The diamonds and pearls here are mostly very poor, and the great chunks of emeralds with their thousand imperfections are more decorative than valuable. The fine jewels of the wealthy class have come mostly from Europe, though shrewd buyers are on the lookout for possible finds in the constant turnover of human possessions. There are beautiful opals

to be had in Mexico, but you know I wouldn't touch one, and the turquoise has been mined from time immemorial. The museums everywhere are full of them as talismans and congratulatory gifts, to say nothing of the curio-shops.

Cortés, it appears, was very fond of jewels, and was always smartly dressed in fine linen and dark colors, with one handsome ornament. When he went back to Spain he set all the women crazy by the jewels he took with him. Emeralds, turquoises, gold ornaments, and *panaches* of plumes of the *quetzal* (bird of paradise) cunningly sewn with pearls and emeralds, after the Aztec fashion, were distributed with a lavish hand. The presents for his second wife were so splendid that the queen became quite jealous, though he had made her wonderful offerings. It is hinted that this was the beginning of his disfavor at court.

November 17th.

Yesterday, which began so threateningly, ended without catastrophe. On opening the morning newspaper, I saw that Garza Aldape had resigned. He finally presented the American note to Huerta, with the result that he also presented his own demission and leaves almost immediately for Vera Cruz, to sail on the *Espagne* for Paris, where, it is rumored, he will be minister in place of de la Barra. Anyway, it is his exit from Huertista politics. He is a gentleman and a man of understanding. The way Huerta has of dispersing his Cabinet is most unfortunate.

Yesterday there was another little luncheon at Tlalpam. We sat in the beautiful, half-neglected garden till half past four among a riot of flowers in full bloom, callas, violets, roses, geraniums, and heliotrope on every side. The two white, distant volcanoes crowned as ever the matchless beauty of the scene about us.

What the diplomats are fearing in the event of N.'s withdrawal is the interregnum *after* our departure and *before* the American troops could get here. They foresee pillaging of the city and massacre of the inhabitants; as their natural protectors, the Federal troops, would be otherwise occupied, fighting "the enemy"—*i. e.*, us! They always say Washington would be held responsible in such an event, by the whole world, but this thought does not seem to comfort them much. The ineradicable idea among all foreigners is that we are playing a policy of exhaustion and ruin in Mexico by non-recognition, so that we will have little or no difficulty when we are ready to grab. One can talk oneself hoarse, explain, embellish, uphold the President's policy—it makes no difference: "It is like that."

We came home after I had shown myself with Elim at the Country Club on our way in. People are in a panic here, but no one has heard anything from *me* except that I expect to receive on Thanksgiving Day from four to eight. The telephones are being rung all day by distracted fathers and husbands, not knowing what to do. They cannot leave their daily bread. They are not men who have bank accounts in New York or in any other town, and to them leaving means ruin. They come with white, harassed faces. "Is it true that the Embassy is to be closed to-night?" "What do you advise?" "It is ruin if I leave." "Can't we count on any protection?" are a few of the questions asked.

Dr. Ryan, the young physician who did such good work during the *Decena Tragica* last February, is here again. He has been in the north these last months, where he saw horrid things and witnessed many executions. He says the victims don't seem to care for their own lives or for any one's else. They will stand up

and look at the guns of the firing-squad, with big round eyes, like those of deer, and then fall over.

As I write I hear the sad cry of the tamale-women, two high notes, and a minor drop. All Mexican street cries are sad. The scissors-grinder's cry is beautiful—and melancholy to tears.

I was startled as I watched the faces of some conscripts marching to the station to-day. On so many was impressed something desperate and despairing. They have a fear of displacement, which generally means catastrophe and eternal separation from their loved ones. They often have to be tied in the transport wagons. There is no system about conscription here—the press-gang takes any likely-looking person. Fathers of families, only sons of widows, as well as the unattached, are enrolled, besides women to cook and grind in the powder-mills. Sometimes a few dozen school-children parade the streets with guns, escorted by their teachers. Unripe food for cannon, these infants—but looking so proud. These are all details, but indicative of the situation.

November 18th.

To-morrow Huerta and his señora are to receive at Chapultepec, the first time they will have made use of the official presidential dwelling. They are moving from the rented house in the Calle Liverpool to one of their own, a simple enough affair in the Mexican style, one story with a *patio*, in an unfashionable quarter.

As we are still "accredited," I think we ought to go, there being no reason why we should offer to Señora Huerta the disrespect of staying away.

When we arrived in Mexico, beautiful Doña Carmen Diaz was presiding; then came Señora de la Barra, newly married, sweet-faced, and smiling; followed by Señora Madero, earnest, pious, passionate. Now Señora

Huerta is the "first lady"—all in two years and a half. The dynasties have a way of telescoping in these climes.

The invitation to the opening of Congress to-morrow has just come in—exactly as if the United States had not decided that no such Congress should be convened and its acts be considered null and void.

Elim told me to-day that all the children he plays with have gone away—"afraid of the revolution," he added, in a matter-of-fact voice. He expects to die with me if "war" does come, and is quite satisfied with his fate.

The details of Garza Aldape's demission have come in. His resignation was accepted by Huerta in the friendliest manner. He concluded the conversation, however, by telling Aldape the *Espagne* was sailing on Monday, and that he had better leave on Sunday morning, so as to be sure not to miss it. This being late Saturday evening, Garza Aldape demurred, saying his family had no trunks. The President assured him that he himself would see that he got all he needed. Subsequently he sent Aldape a number of large and handsome receptacles. Madame G. A. received a hand-bag with luxurious fittings, and 20,000 francs *oro* in it! The "old man" has a royal manner of doing things on some occasions; and then again he becomes the Indian, inscrutable, unfathomable to us, and violent and high-handed to his own people—whom he knows so very well.

The reception at Chapultepec, yesterday, was most interesting. As we drove through the Avenida de los Insurgentes up the *Paseo* toward the "Hill of the Grasshopper" the windows of the castle were a blaze of light high up against the darkening sky.

On our last visit to Chapultepec,[1] Madero and Pino Suarez were there, and shades of the murdered ones be-

[1] Chapultepec—from the Aztec words ***chapulin*** (grasshopper) and ***tepetl*** (hill).

gan to accost me as I appeared on the terrace. One of the glittering presidential aides, however, sprang to give me his arm, and in a moment I was passing into the familiar *Salon de Embajadores*, to find Señora Huerta installed on the equally familiar gilt-and-pink brocaded sofa placed across the farther end. She has been a very handsome woman, with fine eyes and brow, and has now a quiet, dignified, and rather serious expression. She was dressed in a tight-fitting princess gown of red velvet, with white satin guimp and black *glacé* kid gloves. She has had thirteen children, most of whom seemed to be present on this, their first appearance in an official setting. The daughters, married and unmarried, and their friends receiving with them, made quite a gathering in themselves. As I looked around, after saluting Señora Huerta, the big room seemed almost entirely filled with small, thick-busted women, with black hair parted on one side over low, heavy brows, and held down by passementerie bandeaux; well-slippered, *very* tiny feet, were much in evidence. None of the "aristocrats" were there, but *el Cuerpo*, was out in full force.

The President came at about six o'clock, walking quickly into the room as the national air was played, and we all arose. It was the first time I had seen him. N. presented me, and we three stood talking, in the middle of the room, while everybody watched "America and Mexico."

Huerta is a short, broad-shouldered man of strong Indian type, with an expression at once serious, amiable, and penetrating; he has restless, vigilant eyes, screened behind large glasses, and shows no signs of the much-talked-of alcoholism. Instead, he looked like a total abstainer. I was much impressed by a certain underlying force whose momentum *may* carry him to recognition —now the great end of all.

México, agosto 18/913

A su E. el Encargado de Negocios de los E.E. U.U. de A. Nelson O'Shaughnessy. Como testimonio de mi personal amistad.

V. Huerta

I felt myself a bit "quivery" at the thought of the war-cloud hanging over these people, and of how the man dominating the assembly took his life in his hands at his every appearance, and was apparently resolved to die rather than cede one iota to *my* country. After the usual greetings, "*a los pies de Vd. señora*" ("at your feet, señora"), etc., he remarked, with a smile, that he was sorry I should find things still a little strained on my return, but that he hoped for a way out of the very natural difficulties. I answered rather ambiguously, so far as he is concerned, that I loved Mexico and didn't want to leave it. I felt my eyes fill over the potentialities of the situation, whereupon he answered, as any gentleman, anywhere in the world, might have done, that now that *la señora* had returned things *might* be arranged! After this he gave his arm to Madame Ortega, wife of the Guatemalan minister, the ranking wife of the Spanish minister being ill, and Madame Lefaivre not yet arrived. Señor Ortega gave me his arm, and we all filed out into the long, narrow gallery, *la Vitrina*, overlooking the city and the wondrous valley, where an elaborate tea was served. The President reached across the narrow table to me to touch my glass of champagne, as the usual *saludes* were beginning, and I found he was drinking to the health of the "*Gran Nación del Norte*." Could I do less than answer "*Viva* Mexico"?

After tea, music—the photograph fiends taking magnesium snap-shots of Señora Huerta and the dark-browed beauties clustering around, with an incidental head or arm of some near-by diplomat. Madame Ortega then got up to say good-by, and after making our adieux we passed out on to the beautiful flower- and palm-planted terrace. Again, in the dim light the memory of Madero and Pino Suarez assailed me rather reproachfully. It was a curious presentment of human destinies,

played out on the stage of the mysterious valley of Anahuac, which seems often a strange astral emanation of a world, rather than actual hills and plains. A mysterious correspondence between things seen and unseen is always making itself felt, and now, in this space between two destinies, I felt more than ever the fathomlessness of events. Other "kings" were dead, and this one could not "long live."

Afterward we played bridge at Madame Simon's with the *chicheria* there assembled. It seemed very banal. All the guests, however, turned their handsome faces and rustled their handsome clothes as I entered, and in a detached sort of way asked how it had all gone off—this, the first official reception of *their* President.

To-day Congress opens, and N. does not attend. I am glad, in the interests of the dove of peace, that we went to the reception yesterday. The officials will realize there is nothing personal in to-day's absence.

Last night there was a pleasant dinner at the Cardens', who are now settled at the comfortable Legation. They are very nice to us, but I feel that Sir L. is naturally much chagrined at the unmeritedly adverse press comments he has had in the United States. We all shivered in our evening dresses, in spite of the rare joy of an open fire in the long drawing-room. There is a thin, penetrating, unsparing sort of chill in these November evenings, in houses meant only for warm weather. I should have enjoyed wearing my motor coat instead of the gray-and-silver Worth dress.

The British cruiser squadron under Admiral Cradock sailed last night for Vera Cruz, which is packed to overflowing with people from here. The prices, "twelve hours east and a mile and a half down," are fabulous. One woman, so her husband told me, pays ten dollars a day at the Diligencias for a room separated only by a

curtain from an electric pump, which goes day and night.

Villa has made a formal declaration that, owing to Carranza's inactivity, he assumes the leadership of the rebellion, which is the first, but very significant, hint of two parties in the north. Huerta is very pleased, it appears, and is looking forward to seeing them eat each other up like the proverbial lions of the desert. A few "lost illusions" will doubtless stalk the Washington streets and knock at a door or two.

Well, another Sabbath has passed and we are still here. Burnside is up from Vera Cruz. He says we can't back down, and war seems inevitable. It will take the United States one hundred years to make Mexico into what we call a civilized country, during which process most of its magnetic charm will go. The Spanish imprint left in the wonderful frame of Mexico is among the beauties of the universe. Every pink belfry against every blue hill reminds one of it; every fine old façade, unexpectedly met as one turns a quiet street corner; in fact, all the beauty in Mexico except that of the natural world—is the Spaniards' and the Indians'. Poor Indians!

I have been reading accounts of the deportation of the Yaquis from Sonora to Yucatan, the wordless horrors of the march, the separation of families. I can't go into it now; it is one of the long-existent abuses that Madero, at first, was eager to abate. Volumes could be written about it. Another crying shame is the condition of the prisons. Belem, here in town, is an old building erected toward the end of the seventeenth century, and used as an asylum of some kind ever since. Much flotsam and jetsam has been washed up at its doors, though I don't know that the word "washed" is in any sense suitable. When one thinks that a few hundred *pesos*' of bichloride

of lime and some formaldehyde gas would clean up the vermin-infested corners and check the typhus epidemics, one can scarcely refrain from taking the stuff there oneself. It seems so simple, but it is all bound up so inextricably with the general *laisser-aller* of the nation. No one is in Belem three days without contracting an itching skin disease, and a large proportion of the prisoners there, as well as at Santiago, near by, are political, journalists, lawyers, *et al.*, who are used to some measure of cleanliness. The *Penitenciaria* is their show prison, built on modern principles, and compares favorably with the best in the United States.

Yesterday we lunched with the Ösi-Sanz. He is an agreeable, clever, musical Hungarian, married to a handsome young Mexican, widow of an Iturbide. In their charming rooms are many Maximilian souvenirs that he has ferreted out here; big portraits of the emperor and Carlota look down from the blue walls of the very artistic *salon*, and a large copy of the picture of the deputation headed by Estrada, which went to Miramar to offer Maximilian the imperial and fatal crown. Vitrines are filled with Napoleon and Maximilian porcelain, and they have some beautiful old Chinese vases. In the viceregal days these were much prized, being brought up from the Pacific coast on the backs of Indian runners. Afterward, we had bridge at the Corcuera-Pimentels—another smart young Mexican *ménage*. Their house, too, is charming, full of choice things, beautifully and sparingly placed; the rooms would be lovely anywhere. Then home, where I looked over that depressing book, *Barbarous Mexico*.

In Huerta's speech before Congress on the 20th, he makes use of the famous words of Napoleon—"The law is not violated if the country be saved." We all wondered how he fished it up!

There is a cartoon reproduced in *The Literary Digest*, which I am sending you. In it Uncle Sam is saying to President Wilson, "It's no use, Woody; you can't pet a porcupine," the porcupine being Huerta, in the background, sitting near a bit of cactus. Some London papers call Huerta the "Mexican Cromwell." His speech, putting patriotism and morality above expediency, evidently made a hit.

VI

"Decisive word" from Washington—A passing scare—Conscription's terrors—Thanksgiving—The rebel advance—Sir Christopher Cradock—Huerta's hospitable waste-paper basket.

November 28th.

AN exciting day. The long-looked-for "decisive" word came from Washington this morning, to be communicated this evening to every embassy and legation in Europe. By to-night all the foreign representatives here and the press will be informed. It states that we will not recede one step from our position; that Huerta and all his supporters must go; that we will isolate him, starve him out financially, morally, and physically; that revolution and assassination may come to an end in Latin America; that we will protect our interests and the interests of all foreigners, and that peace must be made in Mexico, or that we will make it ourselves! It is the *argumentum ad hominem* certainly, and we can only wait to see what acrobatic feats to avoid the blow will be performed by Huerta. The language is unmistakable and could only be used because the military force necessary is behind it and ready.

November 29th.

Well, the scare of yesterday has passed. * * * * * * Now the Foreign Office here can do more masterly ignoring!

Last month, on the 25th, Huerta signed a decree increasing the army to 150,000; the work of conscrip-

tion has been going on at a great rate. After the bull-fight on Sunday seven hundred unfortunates were seized, doubtless never to see their families again. Once far from Mexico City, they are not bright about getting back. At a big fire a few days ago nearly a thousand were taken, many women among them, who are put to work in the powder-mills. A friend told me this morning that the father, mother, two brothers, and the sister of one of her servants were taken last week. They scarcely dare, any of them, to go out after dark. Posting a letter may mean, literally, going to the cannon's mouth.

In "junking" the other day I found an interesting old print of the taking of Chapultepec by the Americans, September, 1847, which I have fitted into a nice old frame. I am keeping it up-stairs. I went to the Red Cross this morning for the first time since my return. They all greeted me most cordially and said N. was "*muy amigo de Mexico*" ("very much a friend of Mexico"). I shall take Wednesdays and Saturdays for my service.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving. I am receiving for the Colony and such of the *chers collègues* as care to help wave the Stars and Stripes. It will be a sort of census of how many Americans are really left in town. Their number is fast dwindling.

Yesterday was a busy day. I went to mass at San Lorenzo, where the nice American rector gave a very good Thanksgiving sermon. I rarely go there, except on some such occasion. It is far from the Embassy, and, though once in the best residential part of the city, it is now invaded by a squalid Indian and *mestizo* class. With the exception of San Lorenzo, which is very clean (the American church, as it is called), the churches in

that quarter strike a most forlorn note, with their silent belfries and dirt and general shabbiness.

About two hundred came to the reception yesterday, and I only wish *all* had come. I really enjoyed shaking those friendly hands. The times are uncertain, and ruin for many is probable at any moment. The rooms were filled with flowers; I had a nice buffet and a good, *heady* punch. Elim was dressed in immaculate white. He made one shining appearance, and then reappeared ten minutes later, his radiance dimmed, having been sprinkled accidentally by the nice Indian gardener. He was reclad, but some over-enthusiastic compatriot gave him a glass of punch, and the rest of the afternoon I seemed to see little legs and feet in the air. The *chefs de mission* all came also, but of course it was an American day, the beloved flag flying high and catching the brilliant light in a most inspiring way.

Clarence Hay (John Hay's son) is down here with Professor Tozzer and his bride, for archæological work. They first appeared on the horizon yesterday, the atmosphere of a less harassed world still hanging around them, and were most welcome. Tozzer is professor of archæology at Harvard and has mapped out work here until May, in connection with the Museo Nacional. The Toltec and Aztec treasures still hidden in the earth would repay any labor.

We fly up and down the *Paseo* constantly. I think there is the fastest and most reckless motor-driving in the world in Mexico, but some divinity is sleepless and there are few accidents. Jesus, our chauffeur, is a gem of good looks, neatness, willingness, competency, and skill. When he is told to come back for us at half past eleven, when we are dining out, and he has been on the go all day, he not only says "good," but "*very* good," with a flash of white teeth and dark eyes. The rest of the

servants are so-so. If I thought we were going to stay I should change the first man. He ought to be the last, as he is not only a fool, but an unwilling one. As it is he who is supposed to stand between me and the world, I am often maddened by him. He is Indian, with a dash of Japanese, not a successful mixture in his case, though he is *supposed* to be honest.

November 29th.

I haven't taken a census of the inhabitants of the house. Several of the women, I know, have children living with them, but a little unknown face appeared at a door yesterday, and was snatched back by some unidentified hand. They don't produce them all at once, but gradually.

We had a white bull-terrier given us seven weeks old, Juanita by name. It has threatened to rain dogs here since it became known that we wanted *one*, but I have avoided all but two since returning. Elim looks sweet playing with her, two little milk-white young things. But Juanita's stock is low. She tries her teeth on anything that is light-colored and soft, especially hats, and faces now stiffen at her approach.

A bit of a domestic upheaval this morning. The Indian butler with the dash of Japanese has been dismissed, or, rather, has dismissed himself. His was a case of total inefficiency and bad temper. I gave him a recommendation, for, poor fellow, he had seen his best days under the Stars and Stripes. The press-gang will get him, and he will doubtless soon be on the way to the north. I am to have a new butler on Monday.

Later.

I have just been going over the map with Captain Burnside, and we have been tracing the slow and sure advance of the rebels. They are down as far as San Luis Potosí, not more than fourteen hours from here.

They manage to isolate the Federal detachments, one after the other, cutting the railroad lines in front and in the rear. There is a good deal of that northern march where one can go a hundred kilometers without finding a drop of water.

I was reading Mme. Calderon de la Barca's letters—1840-1842—last night. She was the Scotch wife of the first Spanish minister after the Mexican independence, and her descriptions of political conditions would fit to-day exactly, even the names of some of the generals repeating themselves. She speaks of "the plan of the Federals," "the political regeneration of the Republic," "evils now arrived at such a height that the endeavors of a few men no longer suffice," "a long discussion in Congress to-day on the granting of extraordinary powers to the President," "a possible sacking of the city." . . . Our history here. She goes on to say that they (the brigands) are the growth of civil war. Sometimes in the guise of insurgents taking an active part in the independence, they have independently laid waste the country. As expellers of the Spaniards these armed bands infested the roads between Vera Cruz and the capital, ruined all commerce, and without any particular inquiry into political opinions robbed and murdered in all directions. And she tells the *bon mot* of a certain Mexican: "Some years ago we gave forth cries—*gritos* (referring to the Grito de Dolores of Hidalgo). That was in the infancy of our independence. Now we begin to pronounce, *pronunciamos* (a *pronunciamiento* is a revolution). Heaven only knows when we shall be old enough to speak plainly, so that people may know what we mean."

December 2d.

I go in the afternoon to a charity sale at Mrs. Adams's, for the "Lady Cowdray Nursery Home." Mr. A. is the

Cowdray representative of the huge oil interests in Mexico. It sometimes looks as if this whole situation could be summed up in the one word, "oil." Mexico is so endlessly, so tragically rich in the things that the world covets. Certainly oil is the crux of the Anglo-American situation. All the modern battle-ships will be burning oil instead of coal—clean, smokeless, no more of the horrors of stoking—and for England to have practically an unlimited oil-fount in Mexico means much to her.

We had a pleasant dinner last night here—Clarence Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Tozzer, and Mr. Seeger; the dinner itself only so-so. Mr. Seeger's suggestion that the *guajolote* had been plied with grape-juice rather than with something more inspiring was borne out by the bird's toughness, and there were strange, unexplained intervals. However I impressed upon C. H. that I was giving him this splendid *fiesta* because his father had signed N.'s first commission (to Copenhagen), and the time passed merrily. There are other things you can do at dinner besides eating, if you are put to it.

I inclose a long clipping, most interesting, from Mr. Foster's *Diplomatic Memoirs*. He was minister here for some years—1873-1880, I think. His relations, too, of conditions at that time seem a replica of these in our time: "The railroad trains always contained one or more cars loaded with armed soldiers. The Hacendados did not venture off their estates without an armed guard and the richest of them lived in the cities for safety. Everybody armed to the teeth when traveling and the bullion-trains coming from the mines were always heavily protected by guards." Mr. Foster sets forth the actions of the United States in delaying recognition of Diaz when he assumed the Presidency, and tells of the various moments in which we were on the brink of war with Mex-

ico. In 1875, Congress conferred on Diaz "extraordinary faculties," the effect of which was to suspend the legislative power and make him a dictator.

N. paid over the Pius Fund, yesterday—the indemnity of 45,000 pesos that Mexico is forced to pay yearly to the Catholic Church in California for confiscation of its property about one hundred years ago. It was the first decision of the Hague Tribunal. Archbishop Riordan, when consulted about the manner of paying it, telegraphed to Mr. Bryan that he left it in N.'s hands to be disposed of as if it were his own. N.'s policy has been to get the various foreign powers to appeal to us for protection of their citizens, thus tacitly acknowledging our "Monroe" right to handle questions that came up. So far France, Germany, Spain, and Japan have done so.

December 3d.

Yesterday, at four o'clock, Sir Lionel and Sir Christopher Cradock were announced. When I went downstairs, a few minutes later, I found my drawing-room a blaze of afternoon sun, setting off to perfection twice six feet or more of Royal British navy—Sir Christopher and his aide, Cavendish, resplendent in full uniform. They had just come from calling on Huerta in state, at the Palace. I was really dazzled for the first moment. Sir Christopher is a singularly handsome man, regular of feature, and of distinguished bearing. His aide, equally tall and slender, a younger silhouette of himself, was standing by his side. Britannia *resplendens!* Sir Christopher was evidently very interested in seeing, at first hand, the situation he is to "observe" from the vantage of Vera Cruz. After a lively half-hour he was borne off by Sir L. for visits at the legations, and comparative darkness fell upon the room. As we are all dining at the German Legation, where there is a gala dinner for him

and the captain of the *Bremen* and his staff, we merely said *au revoir*.

December 4th.

The dinner last night for twenty-four was most brilliant, and perfectly appointed, from the lavish caviar on beds of ice to the last flaming *omelette en surprise*. We sat at the small ends of the table, Madame Lefaivre on von Hintze's right, and I on his left; Sir Lionel by me, and Sir Christopher by Madame Lefaivre; Lady Carden, handsomely gowned and jeweled, at the other extreme end, with the next ranking men on either side. Sir C., just opposite to me, was glistening with decorations and shining with the special, well-groomed, English look. I asked him if he hadn't been afraid to come over the rebel-infested mountains with so much temptation on his person. He answered, as a forceful, sporting look came into his eyes, "They wouldn't get the chance to *keep* anything of mine!" [1]

It is impossible to talk politics; things are too delicate and I imagine we all have rather a shifty look in the eye at the remotest mention of *la situación*. I can see, however, that Sir C. has been impressed by Huerta, and would probably have liked to tell him to "keep it up."

I wore my filmy black and my pearls, which combination seemed to give pleasure. After dinner, and some conversation with the captain of the *Bremen*, who, however great his merit, didn't have the clothes nor the dis-

[1] Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock went down with his flag-ship, the *Good Hope*, when it was sunk in the naval engagement off Coronel, Nov. 1, 1914. In the gathering darkness of the tropical ocean, the moon just rising over a heavy sea, a great explosion was observed, according to Admiral Count Spee's report, between the funnels of the *Good Hope*, on which numerous fires had already broken out. Shortly afterward she went down in a great blaze, with her colors flying. God alone knows the many acts of heroism there were performed. But I know that Sir Christopher Cradock, going to his death in flame and water, did so with a calm spirit and a complete readiness to die—*pro patria*.—E. O'S.

tinction of Sir C., we played bridge—Sir C., Lady Carden, Hohler, and myself. Sir C. won every rubber in a nice, quiet way. He lunches with us to-morrow at Chapultepec restaurant; von Hintze and his officers, unfortunately, are already engaged for a Colony lunch.

Evening.

A full day. Red Cross work from ten till twelve, then home to change—not only my dress, but the scent that hung round me—to go to Chapultepec. Sir C. and Cavendish, somewhat dimmed by being in plain clothes, drove up to the restaurant just as I was getting out of the motor, the Belgian minister, Mr. Percival, and the Cardens coming a few minutes later. We had espied Huerta's auto in the Park, and I had the bold idea of getting the President for lunch, knowing it would render things spicy for Sir C. Heaven was watching over me, however, for instead of stopping at the restaurant for one of the famous *copitas*, Huerta passed through the Park, disappearing in the direction of Popotla.

It was ideal lunching on the veranda, bathed in the warm, scented air, talking of many things, and climes, with the easy exchange of thoughts that is the pleasure of people of the world. Sir C. said that he had spent most of his time changing his clothes, since his arrival, having come with nothing between full uniform and morning coat. He had been to the Foreign Office that morning in uniform, into civilian for lunch, was to dress at three for some sort of function at the Palace, and then change to visit the castle of Chapultepec and the cadet school attached. He had accomplished all these labors when at six we met again at Madame Simon's for bridge. His roving seaman's eye lighted up and seemed very appreciative of the bevy of handsome young women he found there. Again, with "Cradock's luck," he raked the

shekels in. He said the visit to Chapultepec and the cadet school was a most thorough proceeding, and that he was spared no crack or cranny of the school, of which, however, the Mexicans are justly proud.

There is a reception at the Legation for the English colony to-night, and to-morrow early he descends to the sea. Sir C. has distinguished himself in many climes and will, I imagine, get a bit restless at Vera Cruz, waiting for something to happen. He directed the British, American, Japanese, and Italian forces for the relief of Tientsin. He has yet to learn that no outside force can hurry events in Latin America. They happen from their own momentum, in their own way. I have an idea he is a full-fledged Huertista, but, oh! so nice about it all. He is ranking officer to Admiral Fletcher, which might, at any moment, make complications. How can Brittannia rule the waves in the sacred territorial waters of the Monroe doctrine? But it is always the same. On all international occasions our admirals find themselves outranked, even by navies of inferior powers. The highest rank our officers on active duty can attain is rear-admiral. They bring up the rear in more senses than one, while all other forces have vice-admirals and admirals available for any little trips that seem expedient.

December 5th.

I am sending this off by the German boat *Ypiranga*. We have given up going to Vera Cruz on Saturday. People say that it is impossible for us to do so without creating a panic. No one would really know that we had left a hostage in the shape of the blue-eyed boy. I felt rather in the mood to go, after the visit of Sir Christopher, who painted the harbor of Vera Cruz in most attractive colors.

Huerta is gradually getting rid of his Cabinet. Garza

Aldape, Gobernación, went, as I wrote you, and now de Lama (Hacienda) is to go to Paris by the *Ypiranga*. I don't imagine Huerta has much to do with his Cabinet. They fill up certain conventional spaces usual in governments, and that is all—a sort of administrative furniture, along with the tables and chairs. Burnside said to-day that when Huerta really has a Cabinet meeting it consists of himself and advisers in the shape of *copitas*. He has just got full powers from "Congress" to put into effect any orders he may give in military and naval matters for the next year. He pays no attention to Washington and it is rather difficult to do anything with a person who acts as if you were non-existent. The ultimata continue to go into the waste-paper basket, and Vera Cruz is so full of war-ships that those yet to come will have to stay outside the harbor. The *Rhode Island*, the *Suffolk*, and the *Condé* have the best places available for the big ships. The rest of the harbor is taken up with gunboats.

VII

Huerta visits the Jockey Club—Chihuahua falls—"The tragic ten days" —Exhibition of gunnery in the public streets—Mexico's "potential Presidents"—"The Tiger of the North."

December 6th.

THE position here gets more curious every day. Public opinion, as we understand it, is non-existent in Mexico. It is always some despot who brings some sort of order out of chaos by means unknown (though they may be suspected) to the public, who judge his worth entirely by the degree of peace and prosperity that follows.

N. was sitting with some of the males of the "First Families" of Mexico, in the Jockey Club, this morning, when in sailed Huerta. He knew none of the *jeunesse* or *viellesse dorée*. He stood looking around him for a moment, blinking as he suddenly came into the light. N. espied him, went over to him, and then made the necessary presentations, Huerta hanging on his arm. After the first shock of his entrance there was a rallying around him. He doesn't belong to the club, but that, of course, doesn't make any difference to him; he feels himself President and superior in brain, will, and achievement. N. ordered *copitas*, and the visit went off with the snap peculiar to all of Huerta's sorties. After all, he *is* their President.

I send you a copy of *Life*, with an editorial on Mexico. It remarks that, asking the Mexicans (13,000,000 being Indians) to elect a President by constitutional methods

is "like asking the infant class to select a teacher." There is no doubt that our ways don't yet fit them. It's like dressing sonny up in father's clothes!

Another military train blown up. We were all hoping that the rumored shortage in dynamite among the rebels would make railway travel more attractive. Also stories of mutilations that cause one to shiver.

The reason some of the newspapers give for the almost groveling attitude of the Powers, and their acquiescence in our exclusive tutelage in Mexico, is that, according to international law, we will be responsible for the millions they are losing, and that, at the appointed hour, they intend to press Uncle Sam with the bill—the French, the English, the Germans, and the Spaniards.

Lunch to-day at the French Legation. Very pleasant, as always. I sat next to Corona, governor of the Federal District, a handsome, highly colored, dark-eyed man in the prime of life. His wife and daughter are in Paris. There is such a sense of the transitoriness of the officials in Mexico, here to-day and gone to-morrow, that intercourse seems very bootless; the sword of Damocles is not only hanging, but falling all the time. May was also there, as pessimistic and politically wrought up as usual.

My big *salon* begins to look very home-like. I have some lovely lamps made of single, big, brass-and-silver church candlesticks, many exquisite Ravell photographs of this marvelous land finally fitted into good old frames. I had the smart young Mexican set in for bridge to-day. They were asked for five, which is a little early for them, and they didn't begin to arrive until six. Lovely young women with beautiful jewels and dresses to set off their dark beauty; Señora Bernal, Señora Amor, Señora Corcuera, Duquesa de Huette (her husband is a handsome, polo-playing Spaniard), Señora Cervantes, Señora Riba —two or three of them *enceinte*, as is usual. They made

the rooms quite radiant. The Mexican men are often put in the shade by their handsome wives, who would be lovely anywhere. The difficulties of bringing up young boys here are, for obvious reasons, so great that both Mexicans and foreigners send their sons away at an early age. The men we know have most of them been at school in England (Beaumont, or Stonyhurst); and their English is as good as ours—sometimes better. There is a sort of resigned irritation, veiled by perfect courtesy and unfailing amiability, on the part of these people toward our policy, which seems to them cruel, stupid, and unwarranted. I can only hope it will soon bear testimony to itself, for this close watching of the means to an end—if it be an end—is very wearing.

December 8th.

A very nice letter came from Mr. Lind this morning. He says that Villa boasts he will eat his dinner at the Jockey Club, and he thinks there may be something in it, adding that if it had not been for the progress of the rebels he would have gone home. Chihuahua is in their hands now, and their military man is installed in the house formerly occupied by the Federal governor of the state.

Last night I had a long talk with Burnside and Ryan after dinner. There is a general expectancy of a *cuartelazo* (revolution in the barracks) on the 10th. The troops are paid every ten days, and this will be the second payday to be passed over, unless Huerta can raise the necessary millions before that time. Many influences besides the United States are at work to make things uncertain; sedition is rife, and the work of the press-gang is so constant that the *peons* do not dare to leave their homes or their holes to go to work.

Revolutions are not convenient, either for those who

watch or for those who participate. The hegira of natives and foreigners continues. The Mexicans who can get away are, without doubt, thankful "there *is* no place like home."

I can't agree that the foreign representatives could be, at any time, in real peril. Huerta, Carranza, Zapata, Villa, *or* the intervening United States troops would see to it that not a diplomatic hair was touched. I can imagine us all tightly housed in the *Palacio*, with our infants and our jewels, the rest of our belongings gone forever. Dr. R. is for having every woman and child leave Mexico City, things have come to such a pass. I know *one* who won't go!

N. is thinking of telegraphing to Washington to ask to have a few marines sent up from one of the war-ships, *en civil*, of course. We could lodge them easily down-stairs. The losing of material things does not disturb me. When the bad day comes we will be occupied with life and honor. "*Todo por la patria*" ("all for one's country"), which reminds me of the story of Huerta's parting with a one-time Minister of War, and one of the various men supposed to have witnessed Madero's death. (Another distinction is, that in six weeks' office he was able to amass a fortune of some millions, quite a record.) The President told him, at a dinner, casually, that it might be better for his health to leave next day for Paris. He cried, "Impossible!" The upshot, of course, was that Huerta saw him off at the station at the appointed hour, saying, as he embraced him: "*Todo por la patria, mi General!*" whereupon the victim, not to be outdone, repeated in his turn: "*Todo por la patria, mi General!*"

People have curious stories to tell of the "tragic ten days," among them little ways of handling the machine-guns. Ryan came across a group of men who were hovering about one of the *mitrailleuses*, and the man in

charge obligingly started it off, to show them how it worked—shooting down the street in the direction in which it *happened* to be turned. Rather debonair! Mr. Seeger tells the tale of asking a man at a gun who his *jefe* was—Huertista, Maderista, Felicista? He answered, "I don't know." He saw him, a moment afterward, turn the gun around and shoot toward the opposite barricade. Enemy or friend, it was all the same to *that* "man behind the gun!"

December 7th.

I was at Tacubaya this morning, to see the operation and cure for tuberculosis of a strange Brazilian, a Dr. Botelho. Rows of emaciated Indians, stripped to the waist, were lying or sitting in the sun. The operation is a painless injection of hydrogen gas into the lung, compressing it so that microbes, as my lay mind understands it, don't get the space they need to develop. As the patients lay about they seemed to me like exotic vegetation, ready to drop to earth, rot, and spring up again. Strange Indian seed!

After Mass I found Colonel and Mrs. Hayes (the former a son of ex-President Hayes), waiting to see us. They are here for a few days only. I have asked them to dine with us to-morrow evening.

The foreign Powers used to think that, though extremely annoying, our Monroe doctrine was respectable. Now they seem inclined to think it is an excuse for monopolizing the New World for our own benefit. We may come into Mexico with glory. Can we get out with credit and not too high a bill? A letter from General Wisser (you remember him, from Berlin) came just now, written "In Camp, Texas City." It had taken a little matter of two months to get here. It is not impossible I may welcome him to Mexico City.

MΔΘ

December 9th.

The aftermath of that reception at Chapultepec has begun to come in. Among many letters, one from an ex-army officer says *he* would have "thrown the wine into Huerta's face." All the newspapers mention the incident, but with the empire tottering we saw no reason to unduly precipitate matters by boycotting Mme. Huerta's reception, nor for being morose and brutal when there. I wonder what would have happened if any of the various fools, writing to protest, had been running matters?

One of the New York newspapers prints a long editorial headed "O'Shaughnessy," saying President Wilson is fortunate in having had the services of Mr. O'S. during the diplomatic negotiations with Mexico. It presents the matter as I would like, and winds up by saying that the history of Mexican-American diplomacy, to be complete, would need more than one chapter headed "O'Shaughnessy."

The dinner for Colonel and Mrs. Hayes was rather amusing, though the food was horrid and everything was cold *except* the champagne. After dinner the visit of two potential Presidents of Mexico (they are always being drawn to the Embassy like steel to the magnet of recognition) gave a decided touch of local color to the scene. A large, handsome, alert man, of the flashy type —Zerafino Dominguez—came first. His battle-cry and banner is "Land for the landless, and men for the menless lands"—a good, sound, agricultural cry with everything in it, if it could only come true. "*El apostol del maiz*," as he sometimes is called, is a wealthy landowner and scientific farmer, who contends that Mexico needs more *corn* rather than more *politics*—and never was a truer word spoken. He has within the last few days, however, given up his presidential pretensions to a friend

who came in later, with the same desire of the moth for the star.

The shape of the friend's head, however—narrow across the forehead and terminating in a high peak—would prevent his getting any votes from *me*. The pale young son of the hearty Dominguez was also there. I offered them cigarettes and *copitas;* the latter they did not accept. Burnside said it was to prove they hadn't the weaknesses of Huerta. I thought they might be afraid to drink, remembering afterward that none of us had offered to partake with them of the possibly poisoned draught. They sang the praises of the great and beautiful *Estados Unidos del Norte* till we were quite embarrassed. Incidentally "ze American womans" came in for a share of admiration. I wonder shall we be giving Huerta asylum some day?

December 11th.

Yesterday I was too busy to write; spent the morning at the Red Cross, and then had luncheon at Coyoacan, at Mrs. Beck's charming old house. Coyoacan is the most interesting, as well as livable, of all the suburbs, with its beautiful gardens and massive live-oaks shading the streets. Cortés made Coyoacan his stamping-ground, and one lovely old Spanish edifice after the other recalls his romantic history.

From here he launched his final assault against Mexico City; here poor, noble Guauhtémoc (I have an old print representing him with his feet in boiling water and an expression of complete detachment on his face) was tortured, in vain, to make him reveal the hiding-place of Montezuma's treasure. After leaving Mrs. B.'s, Mrs. Kilvert and I went for a stroll in the garden of the celebrated Casa de Alvarado, built by him, of the famous leap. An old *servidor* of Mrs. Nuttall's, to whom the house now belongs, opened the gate for us, with a welcoming

smile. We passed through the *patio*, in one corner of which is the old well (with a dark history connected with the murder of the wife of one of the Conquerors), out into the garden with its melancholy and mysterious charm. The possession of the house is supposed to bring bad luck to the possessors, and sudden and violent death has happened to a dweller there even in my time. Roses and heliotrope and the brilliant *drapeaux Espagnoles*, with their streaks of red and yellow, were running riot, and a eucalyptus-tree drooped over all. In this magic land, even a few months of neglect will transform the best-kept garden into some enchanted close of story.

As I was getting out of the auto in front of the Embassy, I found sitting on the curb a pitiful family of five —four children of from seven years to eighteen months, and the mother, who was about to have another child. The father had been taken by the press-gang in the morning, and they were in the streets. I gave the woman some money, and one of the maids brought out bread and cake, and a bundle of garments for the children. Such bright-eyed little girls, real misery not having pinched them yet. I speak of them because they typify thousands of cases. A hand on his shoulder, and the father is gone forever! Such acts, occurring daily, estrange possible sympathy for the government. The woman will return to me when the money is spent.

There are Federal rumors of a split between Villa and Carranza, but, though they will inevitably fight, I don't think the time is ripe for it, and they are some five hundred kilometers apart, which makes for patience and charity. Villa, whose latest name is the "Tiger of the North," has made such daring and successful military moves that Carranza must put up with him. He has just married again, during the sacking of Torreon (a detail, of course, as was also his appearance at a ball in

puris naturalibus—a shock to the guests, even in revolutionary Mexico!)

I only heard at luncheon at the Russian Legation that Count Peretti, *conseiller* of the French embassy in Washington, is leaving for Paris to-night, by the *Navarre*. He married when *en poste* here a handsome Mexican wife. This letter goes with him. On Saturday we dine at Lady Carden's. The dinner is given for Colonel Gage, the handsome and agreeable British military *attaché à cheval* between Washington and Mexico City.

The fight around Tampico continues, the town being indeed "between the *devils* and the deep sea." No one yet knows the outcome, except that the unoffending blood of the Mexican *peon* is reddening the soil. The *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* is down there to take off refugees; also the *Logican*, and we are sending the *Tacoma* and the *Wheeling*. I understand that, though some hundreds have been taken on board, about five hundred unfortunates are still waiting on the pier in the neutral zone.

I must begin to arrange my Christmas tree for the few friends remaining in this restless, distant land, with some little gift for each.

December 12th.

To-day is the Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico and of all the *Lupes*. For the last few days the mysterious Indian world has been hurrying to the shrine from far and near. I went out there this morning with dear Madame Lefaivre and Mr. de Soto. The crowd was immense, the same types, costumes, habits, language, gestures, even, that Cortés found on his arrival, unmodified (and unmodifiable, which Washington cannot understand) by four hundred years of surrounding civilization. Our motor gliding along the straight road was quite out of the note and picture. Many of the Indians were doing the distance

between the city and Guadalupe, several kilometers, *on their knees*, with bowed heads and folded hands. Madame Lefaivre found it *très-beau*, but was glad that no voice told her that to save her soul, or, what is more important, her Paul's soul, she would have to do likewise.

The plaza before the church was thronged with a brightly clad, motley crowd, venders of all sorts predominating, mostly selling candles and votive offerings of strange kinds. Hundreds of *tortilleras* were sitting on their haunches before their primitive braziers, piles of dough (*masa*, they call it) in their laps, molding the *tortillas* with a slapping noise of the palms—an old, inherited gesture, and pinching them into shape with their slender, graceful fingers. The church itself, as we pressed in, was crowded to suffocation, almost every one holding a candle of some length and thickness. The high altar was a blaze of light, the celebrated image above visible to all. It is the famous *Imagen de la Virgen*, stamped miraculously on the *tilma* (coarse cloth mantle) of a lowly Indian, Juan Diego, as the Virgin appeared to him passing the rock of Tepeyac on his way to Tlaltelolco, to receive instructions in the mysteries of the Faith. The sacred image is placed above the high altar in a gold frame, and there is a gleaming, solid silver stair-railing leading up both sides.

In the middle aisle were double files of young Indian girls, with bright-colored scarfs about their shoulders, and strange, high, picturesque-looking head-dresses, of gaudy tissue-paper, with trimmings of gold. They were chanting monotonous minor songs, accompanied by a swaying, dance-like movement of the hips—all most reverent. They had been there for hours and showed no sign of leaving. I hope I said a reverent prayer, but I felt a bit cheap in contrast to the rapt devotion on all sides. I was glad to get a breath of fresh air in the plaza,

VILLA DE GUADALUPE

or rather, "fresher," as it was almost as crowded as the church, and every dog in Mexico seemed to be there, scratching and shaking itself.

We made our way, Mr. de Soto clearing a path for us, to the Capilla del Pocito. These waters are said to have gushed from under the feet of the Virgin as she appeared to Juan Diego. *A la* the fountain of Trevi, whoever drinks of it returns to Mexico. We didn't drink, for various reasons unconnected with return. The Indians use it for healing purposes and a lively trade in brightly painted, earthern-ware bottles, in which to carry the water away, was going on about the chapel. The Indians come, sometimes a many days' journey, on foot, of course, and when they arrive they bivouac all about the church as if they had reached "home." What with babies crying, beggars begging—"*por la Virgen*," "*por la Santa Madre de Dios*"—dogs yapping and venders hawking, the whole dominated by the acrid smell of the various pungent messes they roll up in their *tortillas*, it was, indeed, Indian life at its flood. They must have presented much the same scene when they gathered to receive instruction and baptism from the old friars.

The "Aztec wheels" (merry-go-rounds) and all kinds of games of chance, to which they are addicted, help to get the centavos out of the Indian pocket; but it is their greatest holiday, this journey to their "Virgen India de Tepeyac," and they count no cost of fatigue and savings. I only hope the press-gang will abstain to-day from doing any of its deadly work of separating families. You remember I once did a novena out there with Señora Madero, praying for graces that Heaven did not grant.

In the afternoon we went to the Reforma Club, the British country club, where Sir Lionel and Lady Carden were to present the prizes for the contests. Señora

Huerta, always dignified and quiet, sat between Lady C. and myself. She had a married daughter with her, high-chested and thick-lipped, clad in a changeable green-and-red surah silk and a hat with bedraggled pink feathers. Señora Huerta herself wore black velvet, with touches of white in the wrong places. She has, I imagine, natural taste in dress, but must first learn. She has seen much of life. So many children and a soldier husband always starting for some seat of war, and now at last President of "glorious, gory Mexico," means that few of the human experiences are foreign to her. I must say I have a great esteem for her. The President was not well—*el estomago*. Of course every one jumps to the conclusion that he had been consorting too freely with his friends Martell and Hennessy. It isn't given to *him* to have a simple indigestion! Afterward we left cards at the houses of various *Lupes*.

December 13th.

I feel ill at the news this morning. The Federals seem to have taken many positions from the horrible rebels; and the fratricidal war will take on a new strength without hope of issue on either side. I feel the cruelty and the uselessness of our policy more and more every day. The "fine idealism" does not prevent the inhabitants from being exterminated. Why don't we come in? Or—hands off, and give Huerta a chance!

The Mexicans have never governed themselves, and there is no reason to suppose they can till a part of the eighty-six per cent. that can't read have at least learned to spell out a few words. The much vaunted and pledged rights of man, voting and abiding by the results, are unknown and, as long as Mexico is Mexico, unknowable. So why lose time in that search for the impossible? The rebels seem to be able to take the towns, but not to *hold* them. Once in the various strategical positions

they are in the same plight as the Federals; and so the see-saw continues, with no results except horrors beyond words. I am tempted to hope for intervention (unnecessary though it once was), no matter what the cost.

There are so many plays and puns and doggerels on the inviting name of O'Shaughnessy. One Shamus O'S. says he won't admit the man in Mexico who bears the Frenchy name of *chargé d'affaires* to the family! However, why worry? The last viceroy bore the noble name of Juan O'Donoju! Another calls N. the man that put the "O" in Mexico. And they do love a head-line: "Hugged by Huerta"; or "Is it not better to be kissed than kicked when you deliver the periodical ultimatum?" Of such slender things fame is made.

December 14th.

My poor woman with the four children returned yesterday, having got to the end of the money I gave her a few days ago. They didn't look quite as prosperous (?) as they did the first time I saw them. The mother asked for five dollars for a fruit license and two dollars to get the fruit. I gave it to her, whereupon she knelt down in the street, baby in arms, the three other little girls following suit, and asked for my blessing. When I put my hand on her head I felt the tears come to my eyes. I suddenly saw in *one* woman all the misfortunes of the women of this land, separation, destitution, ravishments, —all the horrors flesh is heir to.

In the evening we dined at the British Legation. Colonel Gage is most agreeable and brought a lot of outside news. Like all military visitors, I suppose he is hoping to happen on a "scrap."

Am waiting for the auto. Elim and I go out to the del Rios' garden at Tlalpam for a picnic; the del Rios are in Europe. The day is heavenly beyond compare

and the Ajusco hills (in which the Zapatistas operate) are soft and blue in the near distance. We all miss Mr. James Brown Potter very much. He was the witty, unfailing life of all those picnics of my first Mexican visit.

Villa has just set up a somewhat uncertain dictatorship in Chihuahua, in which state he, so to speak, graduated in banditry. He began his public killing career *not* too badly, according to the story, by shooting a man for seducing his sister. It was probably the best act of his life. He is now in the prime of life and "ready for anything." Even in Diaz days, Villa was a proscribed bandit; but with a few followers, well-mounted and knowing every trail and water-hole in the country, he was uncatchable. He subsequently went over to Madero. The women flee the towns that he and his men enter. I suppose there is no crime that he has not committed, no brutality toward wounded, sick, and prisoners and women. With it all, he may be the heaven-born general that some assert, but God help Mexico if he is! In Chihuahua, Luis Terrazas, one of the nephews of Enrique Creel (who was ambassador to Washington, Minister for Foreign Affairs, etc.), is being held for five hundred thousand dollars ransom. Mr. C. came to see N. the other day, looking very much put out. N. thought he perhaps reflected that five hundred thousand dollars was a large sum, and was wondering if it was worth it.

However, it is always convenient to suppose that people held for ransom will get along all right, even if the money isn't forthcoming. N. promised Mr. C. that through the most *in*direct of channels he would have it brought to Villa's attention that he'd better be careful on account of unfavorable impressions in the United States. One wonders and wonders where Villa, Aguilar,

Zapata, and all the brigands get their endless guns and ammunition. Of course the foreign Powers think we supply it or let it be supplied.

Intervention in Mexico is an accomplished fact, it would almost seem, though not a shot has been fired by us. And what is done cannot be undone.

VIII

The sad exodus from Chihuahua—Archbishop Mendoza—Fiat money—Villa's growing activities—Indian stoicism—Another Chapultepec reception—A day of "Mexican Magic" in the country.

December 14th.

THIS evening, as I was coming through the *Zocalo* motoring home from the Country Club, I found the *Palacio* decked out in the national colors, to celebrate the *clausura* of the *Camara*, which will not open until April 1, 1914. Huerta has all extraordinary powers vested in himself, and is going to run the whole "shooting-match." Thick *défilés* of carriages and autos, full of richly dressed people, were on both sides of San Francisco, the most brilliantly, extravagantly lighted street I know. The Embassy motor was allowed to run quickly between the two lines. The town seemed so animated and prosperous that one can't realize the horrors underneath.

The *cantinas* have been closed on Sunday for several months—a wise act of Urrutia, then Minister of Gobernación. The people thus buy food, instead of *pulque*, on the Sabbath, and can work on Monday—*San Lunes*, as the first, often idle, day of the week is called. The *pulquerías*, with their sickening, sour smell, abound in all the poorer quarters, and are distinguished, besides the smell, by fringes of many-colored tissue-paper hanging from the tops of the doors. Their names—*El amor divino, Hija del Mar, El Templo de Venus*, etc., seem to be enticing.

The Italian minister, Cambiaggio, is "biding a wee" in Havana, having been stopped by his government. . . .

It is the question, always recurring, of not having a new minister arrive who, by presenting his credentials, places another stone in the Huerta arch. . . .

The confidential report of Admiral Cradock to *his* government was filched by the press. The typewriter who made the copy was paid $200 for it. In it, it appears, he quotes Nelson as saying that the "most sacred international relationship in the world is that between England and the United States." Most annoying for Sir Christopher!

December 15th.

Many of the American statesmen seem to be giving opinions on the Mexican situation. Mr. Choate, at a dinner in New York, asks, "What most agitates the hearts of Americans to-day? It is Mexico," and then goes on to say, "There is but one thing for us to do—trust the President, and stand by him." Andrew D. White doesn't approve of the Administration's policy and thinks we are drifting into war, "Which," he continues, "is a better thing for the generals who bring it to a successful finish than for those who bring it on—Lincoln being the great exception."

The Spaniards in Chihuahua (some four or five hundred) are having a dreadful time. The Villista order gives them ten hours in which to get out of the town; and now, as I write, that long caravan of weak and strong, old and young, fit and unfit, is wending its way, on foot, through the immense desert of Chihuahua toward Torreon—425 miles. The nights are icy cold and there are stretches of 90 miles without water; and hostile bands are ready to attack at any moment. The confiscated property will amount to millions, as the Spaniards own nearly all the mercantile establishments, as well as the upper-class homes. Villa is quoted as saying that he would like to kill every *gachupin* (Spaniard born in Mexico) *and*

his offspring. No one knows when the march and assault on Monterey, a rich old city on a hill and not easy to take, will begin. I hear that the Spaniards there want to come *en masse* to Mexico City, also leaving everything. They know they will have no quarter at Villa's hands.

The Spaniards are the traders of Mexico. They keep the countless pawn-shops (*empeños*); they are the usurers and money-lenders of all kinds; they are the overseers on the *haciendas* and, incidentally, they keep all the grocery-shops; in fact, they control the sale of nearly everything in Mexico. The Spanish minister (with the Irish name of Cologan), whose handsome wife was born in Vera Cruz, has just been here. His life is one huge burden, and the collective troubles of Mexico are laid at our broad doors.

D'Antin leaves to-night for Vera Cruz, to take with him Dr. Silva (ex-governor of Michoacan), who, to tell the truth, has not voluntarily resigned, which is the reason he needs safe-conduct. Silva was at one time a faithful adherent of Huerta. He is to board a Spanish ship sailing at twelve to-morrow.

December 16th.

Last night, after dinner, Burnside and Dr. Ryan took the map to see what route the unfortunate Spaniards of Chihuahua could have followed. It seems scarcely credible, with the frontier and hospitality nearly one-half nearer, that they should have chosen the terrible march through the desert and over the mountains to Torreon, which, at any time, may again fall into Villa's hands. He *would* be in a rage to find he had to bother a second time with the *same* set of unfortunates! They say their route is strewn with valuables that they started out with and little by little were obliged to abandon. Isn't the picture appalling?

Von Hintze has just spent an hour here; he is always, like the others, advocating the mediation of The Hague, saying it would be a way out of *our* dilemma, and an issue out for Huerta. Is he on the track of something that may be of service to both sides? In Washington a couple of weeks ago it was suggested from some source (probably Brussels) that the matter should be so submitted—*both* sides, however, resenting it. Von Hintze brought me a dainty, gold-headed cane to replace his handsome Chinese stick that was supposed, unjustly, to have disappeared under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, on Thanksgiving Day. I made up my mind to get that cane, and I subsequently found it, accidentally, standing near the unused umbrella-stand at the Norwegian Legation, where he had left it himself that same day. The innocent was, for once, rewarded. Von Hintze is always very fair-minded and impersonal in political matters, and doesn't lose his head when the political compass veers as wildly as it does here. He is a good friend, too, I think, and there may be something in the Hague suggestion. We may, at any day, see another faction start up; the victor of Torreon, Juarez, and Chihuahua will not care to lay his victories at Carranza's feet. One man after another outshines his chief, commits treason, comes to power, and falls to make way for some one else, generally a one-time friend. As the clever editor of the *Mexican Herald* dryly remarked, "A traitor in Mexico seems to be any one that doesn't hold office."

The Zapatistas are getting very active again, fighting hard at Milpa Alta, in the Ajusco hills near here. Some were seen at Tlalpam and Xochimilco (Tlalpam is where we often go on Sundays). Sometimes on the road to the Country Club or Tlalpam one hears the shooting.

All is quiet again at Tampico, though the dead are yet lying about unburied. The rebels got far into the town,

but did very little damage to property. They wanted, people think, to get hold of a lot of the rolling stock of the railway. Tampico is a horrible, flat, mosquito-infested, malarial place, but it can give to the navies of the world the motive power that they want. It is the focus of the *guerre des pétroles*. Is it really true that oil is at the back of all these tragedies?

At the dinner at the British Legation on Saturday there was an Englishman, a Mr. Graham, who has a place near Durango. He told, as an eye-witness, the story I had heard before, of one of the rebel chiefs seizing the aged and saintly archbishop Mendoza while at the altar, forcing him to walk two miles over stubble fields, in the heat of the day, then putting him in a damp and filthy cell, two feet by six. Mr. Graham gave a bond for $15,000, and he was got out. This is but one of a thousand stories to the shame of the rebels.

December 17th.

Villa has finished the confiscation of the huge Terrazas estates in Chihuahua. We hear that the wife of the American consul, Mrs. Letcher, is among the refugees at El Paso. The Terrazas estates include palatial residences in the city of Chihuahua, banks, mines, lands, cattle, etc. Luis Terrazas is now a refugee in the United States. His sister, known as the "Angel of Chihuahua," by reason of her endless charities, married Mr. Creel, former Ambassador to Washington. It is Mr. Terrazas's eldest son who is held against a 500,000 pesos' ransom, having been taken forcibly from the British Vice-Consulate.

Yesterday the run on the Banco Nacional and the Banco de Londres y Mexico for the exchange of certain bank-notes, no longer good, was enormous. Many shops are hanging out signs that notes of Chihuahua, Coa-

huila, Querétaro, Guanajuato, etc., will not be accepted from customers. The richer refugees coming in from Chihuahua had hundreds of thousands of such. Oh, for a few wicked *cientificos!*

A lot of trouble about the Constitutionalist fiat money is beginning in the north. Merchants who fight shy of it are put into jail, regardless of nationality. Its appearance, to a careful, thrifty man, must be appalling. Bills have only one signature, and any one holding them forges the missing signatures, or the nearest and most interested *jefe politico* affixes the stamp of his *jefatura.* The drawback is that it is difficult to get merchandise or food in exchange. When is money not money? That way lies economic ruin.

Huerta talks a good deal about Napoleon these days—"*gran hombre, gran hombre!*" ("a great man! a great man!"). In a recent speech he said: "We have a right to our independence, and we will keep it. If any attack is made against the country, all will witness something great and extraordinary." Villa, Carranza, Huerta (Zapata, too, the chance offered), delight in ignoring the United States. On that point, *all* are united. The recovery of Torreon has had immense, though, of course, only temporary, economic importance. The huge cotton crop which Villa picked when *he* took the town, pressing into service every man, woman, and child, and thinking to sell it to the United States, has been shipped by the Federals to various cotton-mills, and means work for thousands.

There are sometimes really bright things in the *Mexican Herald.* To-day, about the United States protection of citizens, it says: "Mr. Bryan's idea of protection seems to be built on the *cafetería* plan—come and get it. We don't carry it to you."

Cambiaggio, the new Italian minister, will be de-

tained indefinitely in Havana, Italian affairs in the mean while being in the hands of the British. I wonder how long the foreign Powers will be willing to wait and watch. What they say about our policy when N. and I are not present is probably not according to the protocol!

December 17th.

Another reception is to be held at Chapultepec this afternoon. I keep thinking of the four incumbents who have lived and breathed and had their being there since we arrived—Diaz, de la Barra, Madero, and Huerta. With the exception of the first two, each lived in a separate society. The members of one don't spill over into the other. At Señora Huerta's reception there was not a face, except those of the *chers collègues*, that I had ever seen there before—no homogeneity, no *esprit de corps*. "*No me gusta*" ("I don't like it") seems a sufficient reason for not standing by the administration, whatever it may be.

It is strange how little trace is left of those who have lived there, suffered, and grown great. There is scarcely a Maximilian souvenir or a Diaz *recuerdo*, not a thing of de la Barra, nor any vestige of Madero, except his *planchette* and his library, consisting of vegetarian and spiritualistic literature, which confronts Doña Carmen Diaz's collection of works of piety. Of course there is nothing of Huerta; his shadow has scarcely even darkened it. It was planned in a most extravagant way in 1783 by one of the viceroys, Galvez, who had the beautiful, white-skinned, red-haired bride. It was unoccupied during many revolutionary years, then refitted for Maximilian. Later Diaz used it as his summer residence. Poor Madero lived there during the sixteen months of his incumbency, and I remember him pacing up and down the terrace in that robin-egg-blue vest of his, with a vis-

ionary but indestructible smile on his honest face; really mentally, as well as bodily, lifted above all the realities of life.

The "Hill of the Grasshopper" has always had a habitation on it. Montezuma lived there, "king and gentleman," and many of the old ahuehuetes[1] are supposed to be contemporaneous with him. At any rate, the view that entrances my eyes is the same that his looked on. The whole valley stretches out before one, fringed by those lovely mountains. Sunsets, sometimes in golden tones and sometimes in silver, flood the valley, giving the white points of the volcanoes the most dazzling effects of light imaginable; and then there are luminous enchantments, dissolving distances, an intermingling crystalline blue and rose. How can I express its beauty! People say the light is more wonderful in Greece, but this is my "high light." Even in the afternoons of the rainy season, when the clouds are banked high, there is always an iridescence to the grays—gray with red or blue or yellow or violet in it—never the dull tones of our rain-clouds.

December 18th.

Just back from a *gira* in the city. Immense crowds around the Banco Central. This is the clearing-house for all the state banks, and each person waiting outside had state bank-notes to exchange against those more attractive ones of the Banco Nacional.

I see Cardinal Rampolla is dead. I thought of his magnificent appearances in St. Peter's, that tall and slender form, that proud and beautiful profile, the head held high—a fit frame on which to hang the gorgeous vestments. I remember the disappointment of our various friends when Austria vetoed his election at the last con-

[1] Live-oak—Mexican cypress.

clave. I wish he might have had it; but now that he has passed through the door I would not call him (nor any one) back. The old Roman days came so vividly to my mind—and many besides Rampolla who are no more.

Elim is sitting by me, writing in two colors all the words he knows—*Gott, kuss, bonnemaman, papa, mama.* He has just asked "Who handed me down from the clouds when I was born?"

I am giving a luncheon at the Chapultepec restaurant on Friday for Colonel Gage and the Cardens.

The Mexican papers take great pleasure in likening Woodrow Wilson to Napoleon III., with comparisons of the Mexican policy and Sedan!

The reception yesterday did not have the snap and go of the first. We got there about six, going in almost immediately to tea, spread, as usual, in the long gallery. I stood at the table between von Hintze and Hedry, the Austrian *chargé.*

It seemed to me, as I looked around the table, that each minister had some strange, battered-looking female by him. They proved to be the wives of Cabinet Ministers, who change so fast that it is impossible to keep track of their better halves, produced only on this single occasion. Moheno, however, was able to produce a very pretty wife, smartly dressed, with magnificent pear-shaped emeralds dangling from her white ears, and a most lovely young daughter.

The President was preoccupied and vague, drank no healths, and his frock-coat seemed longer and looser than ever; indeed, the servants had just begun to pour the champagne when, his wine untasted, Huerta gave his arm to Mme. Lefaivre, with a gesture of putting the function behind him, and, the banquet almost untouched, we all filed out behind him. He was evidently terribly

bored and thinking of other things. And, anyway, he isn't the man to conduct things twice in the same way. He stopped as he was leaving the *salon* and told me he had *muchas muy buenas cosas* (many good things) to say of N. "Only good things, *even* in my absence." With that, he left the festive scene and the affair rather fell to pieces. N. had a dinner at the club for Colonel Gage, who was at the reception in morning coat. He had purposely not brought his uniform, being wary at touching the official note, which might re-echo too loudly in Washington.

I went to the Simons', who were having a dinner for the captain of the *Condé* and his staff lieutenant. They were big, good-looking Frenchmen, who had been at the reception in all their glory of gold braid and decorations. Through a motor trip and a punctured tire they had missed the audience arranged for them by their minister with Huerta, and to atone they had gone looking especially official.

Yesterday I went out to see Mother Semple at the American Convent of the Visitation. Until two years ago she had had a large and flourishing school at Tepexpam. There came a Zapatista scare, thirty or forty bandits dancing around the convent one night, shooting off pistols and screaming out ribaldries. Fortunately nothing precious was broken, but the nuns were ruined, as the parents withdrew their little darlings. Now they are trying to get the school together again in a house at Tacubaya, which, though very picturesque, with an old garden and a sunny *patio*, is not at all suited to the double purpose of community life and school. They have dreams of selling the big property at Tepexpam for a barracks. The government may get the barracks in these days of taking what one sees, but I doubt if the nuns will ever get the money.

December 19th.

Mexican calls all the afternoon. Mme. Bernal has a really lovely house, just done over, full of choice things. She herself is young and beautiful, in a dark-eyed, white-teethed, pallid way. Then I went to see Mercedes del Campo, whom I found, with her baby and an Indian nurse, in the palm- and eucalyptus-planted garden. She, like all the others, is young and handsome. Her husband was in the diplomatic service under Diaz, but since then has fought shy of the administration set. It's a pity, as he would be an ornament to any service. Such beautiful English—such perfect French!

They are living in the house of their aunt, Madame Escandon, in the Puente de Alvarado, the street named after this most dashing of Cortés' captains. It was near by that he made his famous leap in the retreat of the Noche Triste; the "dismal night," when the Indians, witnessing his apparently miraculous escape, thought him a god. A little farther up from the Escandon house is the celebrated Palacio Bazaine or Casa de la Media Luna. It was presented, with all its luxurious furnishings, by the Emperor to Marshal Bazaine, on the day of his splendid nuptials with a beautiful Mexican. Here the Emperor and Carlota were often received, and it became the center of the fashionable life of the time. There are many stories of the extravagant and almost regal entertaining that went on there. Now all these splendors are, indeed, gone up in smoke; the stately mansion is a cigarette-factory. I never pass it without a thought of Maximilian and the "*Ya es hora*" of the guard who threw open the prison door of the Capuchin Convent in Querétaro on that fatal morning, and of Bazaine's saddest of all sad ends.

The luncheon for Colonel Gage, who returns to Washington next week, went off very snappily. When I got

to Chapultepec I found all my guests assembled on the veranda. I excused my lateness by saying that I had been waiting for N., who was with the President. "But the President is here!" they all cried. I said, "I wonder if he would lunch with us." They all looked aghast, but delighted at my boldness.

I then saw Huerta approaching us through the large hall toward the veranda, with the governor of the Federal district, Corona, and a pale, dissipated, clever man—for the moment (which I imagine he is making golden) Minister of Communicaciones. I went forward with some *élan*, as to a charge, and invited the President to the *fiesta*. That small Indian hand of his waved very cordially. It is literally the velvet hand, whatever violent deeds it may have done. But he said that he had a junta of much importance; he would be delighted to accept another time, and so on. There was more shaking of velvet hands, and we went back to our expectant guests, who were decidedly disappointed. It was very pleasant, as always, on the broad veranda, looking toward the Castle, visible above the great branches of the century-old ahuahuetes.

N. had been driving with the President for an hour before lunch, and had asked him for the release of three Americans, long imprisoned here. Huerta assured him that they should all be set free, whether guilty or not, just to please him; and at six o'clock this evening the first instalment arrived at the Embassy, delivered into N.'s hands by two Federal officers. And so the work goes on. Huerta is very *prime-sautier*. Once before when N. had asked for the punishment of some soldiers, convicted of deeds of violence against some Americans, he responded promptly: "Who are they? Where are they? They shall all be killed!" N. protested, aghast at the possibly innocent untried sheep suffering with the guilty goats.

Anything, however, to please N. in particular and the United States in general. There is really nothing that the United States couldn't do with Huerta if they would. All concessions, all claims, pending through decades, could be satisfactorily adjusted. As it is, Huerta keeps on at his own gait, not allowing himself to be rushed or hustled by the more definite energy of the *Republica del Norte*, playing the game of masterly inaction and scoring, for the time being, on Washington. After all, you don't get any "forwarder" by waving copies of the constitution in a dictator's face. He ignores his relations with the United States, never mentioned us in his speech to Congress, and probably put the ultimatum into the waste-paper basket. I am beginning to think that, in the elegant phrasing of my native land, he is "some" dictator! The New York *Sun* speaks admiringly of the way in which he continues to treat Mr. O'Shaughnessy with a friendly and delicate consideration.

December 20th.

Red Cross all the morning. It is wonderful, the stoicism of the Indian, where pain, hard pain, is concerned. A rather amusing incident occurred to-day. I asked a man who had had his hand shot off if it were a "Zapatista," "Constitucionalista," or "Huertista" deed. He raised the other paw to his forehead, answering with great exactitude, "No, señora, Vasquista." I thought the Vasquista movement had long since died the usual unnatural death.

I see that the new Austrian minister to Mexico has arrived in the United States *en route* for his post, and the new Italian minister arrives at Vera Cruz to-morrow, after a wait of three weeks at Havana, for "*our* health," not his. As is the custom, some one from the protocol has gone to meet him and bring him up to the city. The

European Powers evidently mean to carry out their program independent of "watchful waiting." It will be rather hard on our government when two more representatives of great nations present their credentials to the "Dictator."

People say it is a pity that Huerta did not, on assuming power, declare formally that he would have a dictatorship for two years, until such time as the country was pacified, leaving out entirely any question of elections. However, that is "hindsight." Apropos of Villa, I see one of the United States papers chirps: "Is a new sun rising in Mexico?" I have seen several rise and set on the reddest horizon imaginable, in my short Mexican day. As a butcher Villa cannot possibly be surpassed. But "who loves the sword shall perish by the sword," is always true here. I spent the morning at the Red Cross, washing and bandaging dirty, forlorn Aztecs. This year they have the beds made according to our ideas. Last year they used the blankets next the body and the sheet on top—it "looked better."

Calls and card-leaving all the afternoon, with Mme. Lefaivre, fortunately. We generally do the "bores and chores" together, chatting between addresses. Now it is half past nine. I am looking over one of Gamboa's books. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs last August when Mr. Lind arrived, and drafted the famous and entirely creditable answer to "Mr. Confidential Agent." He is sometimes called the Zola of Mexico.

December 21st.

Just home from Mass. I go to the Sagrado Corazon near by, built mostly with money given by the *muy piadoso* Lascurain, a man of the highest integrity and large personal fortune. For a long time he was Minister

for Foreign Affairs, and for twenty minutes (as I wrote you), President, between Madero and Huerta.

I am now writing, veiled and gloved, waiting for the picnickers to assemble here. About ten or twelve of us are going to Mme. Bonilla's lovely garden in Tacubaya.

Evening.

We had a peaceful *dia de campo* in the old garden, the strange Mexican magic making beautiful things more beautiful and transfiguring all that is ordinary. Mme. B., an Englishwoman and, incidentally, a *cordon bleu*, was sitting under a yellow rose-bush when we got there —looking very attractive in white lace and beating up the sort of sauce you make yourself, if you can, or go without, in Mexico. We partook of an excellent combined luncheon—we all brought something—under an arbor of honeysuckle and roses, with true Mexican lack of hurry. Afterward we strolled over the near hillside in its garb of maguey and pepper trees. The volcanoes looked inexpressibly white and beautiful in their aloofness from our troubles, though the hills at their base are the stamping-grounds of hordes of Zapatistas, and often the smoke of fires indicates their exact whereabouts. With true Anglo-Saxon disregard of native warnings, we sat for a long time under a large pepper-tree, *arbol de Peru*, which, the Indians say, gives headache, unable to take our eyes from the soft outline of the city, swimming in the warm afternoon light. Countless domes and church spires were cut softly into the haze, the lake of Texcoco was a plaque of silver far beyond, and above all were the matchless volcanoes. To complete the first plan of the picture, an old Indian, a *tlachiquero*, was quietly drawing the juice from some near-by maguey plants, after the fashion of centuries, with a sort of gourd-like instrument which he worked by sucking in

some primitive but practical fashion. It looks to the uninitiated as if the Indian were drinking it, but its final destination is a pigskin slung athwart his back. After tea in the garden, on which a mystical blue light had fallen, we motored home in the quickly falling dusk, the thin, chilly air penetrating us like a knife.

Advices have come that the rebels are again attacking Tampico. They evidently got what they wanted at the last attack—four cartloads of dynamite and lots of rolling stock, and are in a position to give a tidy bit of testimony as to the value of the Constitutionalist principles.

Zapata had a narrow escape the day before yesterday. He was surprised by Federals at Nenapepa, as he and his followers were sitting around their camp-fire. He barely escaped in the skirmish, leaving behind him his precious hat, a big, black, Charro hat, wide-brimmed and pointed crown, loaded with silver trimmings. It was brought to town by Colonel Gutierrez, greatly chagrined because he could not also bring what had been *under* the hat. The image of Zapata on his charger, dashing through fields of maguey, up and down *barrancas*, is very characteristic of the brigand life so much the thing in Mexico just now.

The new loan of 20,000,000 pesos has been underwritten by a lot of foreign bankers, principally French, I think, though some in New York are supposed to be "involved." It will keep things going for another couple of months or so, and then the "sorrows of Huerta" will begin again. As it is, he can continue for that length of time to play with the kindergarten class at Washington. A nice cable came from Mr. Bryan saying that the State Department was much gratified at N.'s being able to procure the release of the American prisoners I mentioned.

December 24th.

The banks here have been given legal holidays from the 22d of this month to the 2d of January. That is *one* way of solving the banking problem. It is supposed to be for the safeguarding of the depositors, who, however, are crowding the streets leading to the closed banks, wild to get *out* what they put *in*, to confide it to the more trust-inspiring stocking.

To-day is Huerta's saint's day, *Sanctus Victorianus*. There was a reception of the gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps at the Palace. The doyen made an address dealing in safe but pleasant generalities, and Huerta replied, protesting that he had but one idea, the pacification of Mexico. The German minister is away to investigate the murder of one of his nationals.

I again visited the tuberculosis hospital this morning and was interested to see patients risen from the dead, so to speak, and walking once more with the living. The climate here is ideal for cures. I took some Christmas packages to the Red Cross, then went to the Alameda. On three sides of the Park the Christmas booths are set out—*puestos*, they are called. The Indians bring their beautiful and fragile potteries from long distances, and endless varieties of baskets and toys, and last, but not least, their relatives, so that family life in all its details can be studied. They are selling, cooking, dressing, saying rosaries, examining little black heads for the ever-present visitants—a familiar Mexican occupation at all seasons. The smell of Christmas trees and greens, banked along the street, mingles with odors of peanuts and peppers, *enchiladas*, and all sorts of pungent foods.

The *cohetes* are going off as I write. They are noisy crackers, making sounds like rifle-fire. Their use is an old custom that is observed for the nine days before Christmas; but in these troublous days one is led to

think rather of pistols than of the advent of the "Son of Peace."

A very nice letter came from Admiral Cradock, saying that he has just got back to Vera Cruz from the Tampico fray, the sojourn enlivened by some "good tarpon-fishing." He will not be able to return here for Christmas, as he intended, but hopes we will soon run down to Vera Cruz and be dined and saluted by him on the *Suffolk*.

There are a thousand things to do about Christmas. We trimmed the tree last night and it is locked away in the big *salon*, presumably safe from infant eyes.

IX

Christmas—The strangling of a country—de la Barra—The "*mañana* game"—Spanish in five phrases—Señora Huerta's great diamond—The peons desperate situation in a land torn by revolutions.

La Noche Buena, *Christmas, 1913.*

THESE Christmas hours I have been dwelling on memories of my precious brother on his bed of pain throughout these days last year, his *Tod und Verklärung*. . . . But I would call no one back, once through "the door."

The tree was a great success—though in the morning, when Feliz was hanging the last festoons of green about the room, he crashed down, step-ladder and all, on the side where the toys were piled. There had to be swift runnings down-town to repair the damage. I was so annoyed that I didn't even ask if he were hurt, and he seemed too aghast at the occurrence to feel any pain. It was very pleasant to have the small remnant of the faithful under one roof. The children played with their toys and we grown-ups exchanged our little offerings and greetings and everything seemed very cozy and safe —just as if we weren't "riding a revolution."

Clarence Hay brought N. a bottle of cognac, inscribed: "Nelson from Victoriano," and a like-sized bottle of grape-juice: "Nelson from W. J. B." I leave you to guess which we opened.

After the departure of the families, a few of the lone

ones stayed—Seeger, Clarence H., Ryan—and we talked until a late hour of the strange adventures we are all living through in this land of endless possibilities.

To-day, after Mass, we drove to the beautiful little Automobile Club, where Seeger gave a luncheon for us, the Tozzers, Clarence Hay, and the Evans. The club is built in the new part of the Park, on the edge of one of the little artificial lakes made when Limantour laid out the Park as it now is. We sat on the terrace toward the high hill of the castle, which breaks the round horizon of the magic hills. The air was soft, yet bright, the moss-hung old ahuahuetes, symbols of grief and mourning, had joyous, burnished, filmy outlines, and the volcanoes were flinging white clouds about their lovely heads. It was one of God's own days—as days here usually are.

December 26th.

I am sending you a few *Heralds*, with their Christmas(?) head-lines: "Vera Cruz Rebels Suffer Defeat in Fierce Fight"; "Rebels Ordered to Execute All Prisoners"; "Town of Tapono Burnt to Ground by Federals"; "Only Twelve Killed when Military Train Dynamited"; "Fierce Fighting at Concepcion del Oro." They make one feel that "watchful waiting" in Washington bids fair to be *woeful* waiting south of the Rio Grande.

Elim was worn out by the Christmas festivities and was dreadfully naughty. The season of *piñatas* is on, and he has a great number of invitations—unfortunately. At the *piñatas* a large, grotesque head and figure, dressed in tissue-paper and tinsel, depending from the ceiling, is the center of attention. The dress conceals a huge, but fragile, earthern jar (*olla*) filled with nuts, fruits, candies, and small toys. Each child is blindfolded and allowed to have a whack at it with a big stick,

When it is finally broken the contents spill everywhere and are scrambled for. It seems a messy sort of game, but it is time-hallowed here.

I sent Mr. Lind a telegram yesterday: "Affectionate greetings; best wishes." He might as well, or better, be in Minneapolis. Nobody ever speaks of him and Vera Cruz is like the grave as far as the government here is concerned. Mexico is going to her downfall, and it seems as if she must be nearly there. It is very sad to us, who are on the ground. I never witnessed, before, the strangling of a country, and it is a horrible sight. The new Chilian *chargé* came in a day or two ago: he has been in Central America for twenty years, and says this is his thirty-second revolution.

I caught sight of Mr. Creel-Terrazas in his carriage, yesterday. His face was sunk and ashen, and he was huddled up in one corner of the coupé, changed indeed from the hale, rosy, white-haired man of a few weeks ago. He and his family have lost everything at the hands of the rebels. The family owned nearly the whole of Chihuahua, and though stories—probably true—are told of how, generations ago, they came into possession of the vast property, driving the Indians from their holdings into the desert, it does not change the present fact that they are ruined, and the country with them; the "judgment" upon them, if judgment it be, involving countless others.

The whole question up there seems to reduce itself very simply to a matter of grabbing from those in possession by those desirous of possession. We are all waiting for the inevitable falling out of Carranza and Villa. The hero in any Mexican drama is never more than a few months removed from being the villain. The actors alone change; never the horrid plot of blood, treachery, and devastation.

You saw that de la Barra actually reached Tokio. I was sure he would, having a way of finishing what he begins. Five sets of ambassadors have been appointed to set out for Japan to return the nation's thanks for the special embassy sent to the splendid 1910 *Centenario*—that apogee of Mexico's national and international life. The last two were the murdered Gustavo Madero, who couldn't tear himself away because of the golden harvests to be reaped at home; and Felix Diaz, because of his political aspirations.

You remember de la Barra, from Paris, an agreeable, adroit man of the world, who proved himself, during the five months that he was President *ad interim*, a very good tight-rope walker on a decidedly slack rope. The country was still enjoying the Diaz prestige, and he found himself pretty generally acceptable to both the old and the new régime. He has always been very catholic. He became, later, rather a source of anxiety to Madero, who feared his popularity, though his success at the time was largely a matter of allowing all really important questions to stand over for his successor. Looking back on it all now, I see him in a very favorable light: a careful, hard-working, skilful politician, with a taste for peace and order which is not always inherent in the Mexican breast, and a safe man to fall back on to conduct the affairs of his country with dignity. When in doubt, "take" de la Barra.

The *mañana* (to-morrow) game is the best played down here; it is never actually subversive; and, as exemplified by Huerta's attitude *vis-à-vis* the United States, it is very effective against a nation that wants things done, and done at once. I find that the Mexicans are constantly studying us, which is more than we do in regard to them. They look upon us as something immensely powerful, that is able and, perhaps, if displeased,

willing, to crush them. They are infinitely more subtle than we, and their efforts tend more to keeping out of our clutches than to imitating us. Our institutions, all our ways of procedure, are endlessly wearisome to them, and correspond to nothing they consider profitable and agreeable. *Suum cuique.*

I have discovered that there are five Spanish phrases quite sufficient for all uses, in the length and breadth of this fair land: "*Mañana*" ("to-morrow"). "*Quien sabe?*" ("who knows?"). "*No hay*" ("there isn't any"). "*No le hace*" ("it doesn't matter"). "*Ya se fué*" ("he has gone"). This last I add as, whenever any one tries to get hold of anybody, "*Ya se fué*" is the answer. I have given this small but complete phrase-book to many, who find it meets almost any situation or exigency.

No news from Mr. Lind for some time. Doubtless Christmas, as spent on the Mexican coast, alternating damp heat and north winds, is a poor affair compared with the *tannenbaums* and skating and general cheer of *both* his Fatherlands. Some Western editor suggests that, on his return, he will be in a position to publish a "comprehensive blank book" on the Mexican situation. I have broken many a lance for him; but when one of the foreign ministers said to me yesterday, "your Scandanavian friend is anti-Latin, anti-British and anti-Catholic," I could but retire from the field of battle.

Elim is always followed by his two dogs—Micko, the melancholy Irish terrier, and Juanita. The white bull pup becomes more destructive and demonstrative every day. Yesterday when she seemed not quite her awful self one of the servants suggested hanging a string of lemons around her neck. I remember having seen disconsolate dogs wearing necklaces of lemons, but thought children had placed them there. It appears, however,

that such a necklace is in high favor among the Indians as a cure for distemper.

I hear that the government intends to lease the Tehuantepec Railroad to Pearson's Oil Company for twenty-five years, for 25,000,000 pesos. Huerta is depicted in one of the papers as knocking at the European pawnshop with the Isthmus under his arm.

December 29th.

I inclose a delightful letter from Mrs. J. W. Foster, who always keeps so apace with events. Of course the Fosters read the Mexican news with interest and understanding, as they were here during the years Diaz was trying to establish himself in spite of the Mexican people, and not in spite of *us* as well, fortunately for Diaz and them. . . .

I send a cartoon from *Novedades*, representing Huerta paralyzed. One nurse asks the other how he is, and she answers: "No change. He can't move yet."

Well, some one has got to "move" if this country and all national and foreign interests are to be saved. I cannot see that a new revolutionary party in the north, whose sole virtue, up to now, is that it is "agin" the government, can do it. Besides which it represents only another pack of hungry wolves to be let loose upon the country. I hear that Carranza has a brother, Jesus, who possesses the family vice of greed to a great degree, and is about to "operate" on the Isthmus. There are predictions that it will look as though the locusts had been over it, if he really gets a "chance."

Four clerks are sleeping in the house, and the work is going on apace. Cambiaggo, the new Italian minister, was received yesterday with all honors emphasized. Oh, that *Fata Morgana* of recognition! The Belgian minister has got his leave and has just been here to say good-

by. He has already the European eye so familiar to those left behind. He has had a very cordial telegram from a big banker in New York, and wondered if the banker expected to put him up. I said, "If you are

PARALYZED

"HOW IS HE?"
"NO CHANGE. HE CAN'T MOVE YET."

met by an automobile and servants in New York, you can be pretty sure you are to stay with him; otherwise you'd better rough it at the Ritz."

Various ideas are advanced by diplomats here as to the possibility of some arrangement being made through a third party, some one of the great Powers; . . . some

way by which the elections could really be held, and Huerta, if really elected, allowed to remain. N. can't do it, nor Mr. Lind, nor any American. The national pride on both sides is too compromised to admit of anything but a third power stepping in and "doing the trick."

There is talk of a big English loan, guaranteed by the customs, at the same time allowing a certain amount of these to be freed—a couple of millions of pesos a month for the expenses of the government. There is a general twitching of international fingers, a longing to remedy our bungling. May, with his face toward Europe, sees everything rose-colored. He predicts that we shall be here until the next elections, the first Sunday in July. There is a great deal of speculation as to Huerta's personal fortune, but no one knows whether he is rich or poor. His new house in San Cosme is, I hear, a cheap affair. Mme. Huerta wore, when she received, one large, very magnificent diamond depending from her throat. But why shouldn't she have it?

Evening.

No political excitements these last days; only a monotonous and horrid record of grab by the temporarily strong from the always weak. A "good deed" in Chihuahua is one that transfers any valuable property to a rebel. Those palatial residences, the homes of prosperity and wealth for generations, have all changed hands during the last three weeks, which, however, does not mean that the much-talked-of *peon* has benefited in the slightest degree. It simply means that a few men, some of whom can neither read nor write, now hold what used to be in the possession of a few men who *could* read and write. The land in Mexico has always been in the hands of a few thousand individuals, and the *peon* is always exploited, no matter what the battle-cry. A kind

paternalism on the part of some of the upper class *hacendados*, who leave him more or less to the mercies of the Spanish *administrador*, has been his best fate.

His unfitness for government has never been questioned. When he is weak, he promises all things; when he is strong, he is destructive. Though there have been sentimental remarks about the peon's intelligence, and his wrongs, which *are* appalling, no government except ours ever dreamed of putting the destinies of the state into his hands—into the hands of these eighty-six per cent. of human beings who can neither read nor write.

Curiously enough, it is the custom to assert that the Church kept the Indians in this state of ignorance; but education, after the Laws of Reform in 1857, was taken out of the hands of the priests and given into those of the lay authorities. That was nearly sixty years ago—three Indian generations. Who runs may *read*, literally, in this case.

Eduardo I. told me an amusing and enlightening story yesterday. An Indian went to a priest to ask to be married. The priest, finding his ideas of the Divinity were of the haziest in spite of much instruction, said, "*Hijo*" (son), "I cannot do it until you have learned *el rezo*" (a very elemental catechism), and proceeded to give him further instruction. The Indian returned the next day and said that it was all very difficult and that he still did not understand about God being everywhere. "Is He in the church?" "Yes." "Is He in the *milpa*" (cornfield)? "Yes." "Is He in my hut?" "Yes." "Is He in the *corral de la casa de mi comadre*?" (yard of my godmother's house?") "Of course; He is always there," said the priest. The Indian's expression became triumphant. "*Padrecito*," he said, "I have caught you. My *comadre's* house has no yard!"

Evening.

Mr. Lind is hurrying aboard the U. S. S. *Chester* to meet the President at Pass Christian. Strong Carranzista though Mr. Lind is proving himself, I don't think the President will be led into the risky policy of recognizing this undeveloped but certainly not very promising quantity. We can put in any sort of government in Mexico—but can we *keep* one in? We encouraged the powers of dissolution around Diaz, recognizing and aiding Madero. The world knows the result. History always repeats itself here, and the writing on the wall is always in blood. After Mr. Lind's months of inaction it must seem good to be plowing the high seas *en route* to the weighty conference. He said he would have returned to the States some time ago but for the "very satisfactory" progress of the rebels. He was especially "bucked up" when Villa announced his intention of eating his New-Year's dinner at the Jockey Club.

December 31, 1914.

Many people are still coming and going in the house, but I am alone, thinking of New-Year's eves of the past. Now I must let this year, with its griefs, harassments, glories, and interests slip into the next with this last word for you. May we all be folded in the Eternal Love. I think of my precious brother and his rare gifts. I sometimes had the feeling of receiving through his beautiful mind something direct from the universal reservoir of thought.

X

New-Year's receptions—Churubusco—Memories of Carlota—Rape of the Morelos women—Mexico's excuse for the murder of an American citizen—A visit to the floating gardens of Xochimilco.

January 1, 1914.

MY first word goes to you. You know my heart, and all my love and hopes.

A letter came from Mr. Lind, who is to-day at Pass Christian. It was sent before he started. He wants N. to come down to confer when he returns.

Later.

The President received the ministers at the Palace this morning and in the afternoon Señora Huerta receives at Chapultepec. I have people for dinner also. The President's answer to the Spanish minister's speech at the Palace was long and disconnected, with, however, the insistent refrain that he had but one idea—the pacification of Mexico, which he would and could accomplish if given time. The German minister wasn't there. He was off investigating the murder of a German subject in the interior.

Huerta appeared at the New-Year's eve ball at the Country Club—a most unusual stage-setting for him. As soon as he saw N. he joined him and gave him one of the *abrazos* they so enjoy hearing about in the States. His undaunted amiability may stand him and us and the Colony in good stead on some day of reckoning. He himself will always find asylum here. It is

a pity that the Embassy did not hide Madero behind its secure door.

Later.

I went to Señora Huerta's reception with the Cardens. N., having paid his tithe in the morning, had fled to the country. There were few present. She received on the lower floor of the Palace in the rooms which were once the intimate apartments of Maximilian and Carlota. They were handsome rooms so far as proportions go, but were done over in doubtful taste in Diaz's time. The dining-room, where tea was served, looked as if paneled in plaster and painted a hideous brownish yellow; but I am told it is really finished in carved Alsatian oak. On the table was one large silver épergne bearing Maximilian's arms; how it has managed to remain where it is all these years I know not.

The room where Señora Huerta stood, which used to be Carlota's boudoir, is now hung with an ugly, brownish-pink brocade; a lovely Gobelin border remains to frame the panels of the brocade, and two exquisite lunettes of the same Gobelin are over the windows. The rooms are only inconveniently reached one through the other. Visitors pass through the *Salon Rojo*, with its big table and chairs, where the Cabinet sits when meetings are held at Chapultepec, then through the *Recamara Azul*, hung with blue brocade, in which is an elaborate Buhl bed and dressing-table. Other traces of the ruler with the blond hair and blue eyes are not in evidence.

The President made a speech at tea. I was standing, two removed, on his side of the table, next to Mme. Lefaivre and Sir Lionel. Huerta began by wishing the Diplomatic Corps a happy new year. He went on to say, with his usual genial ignoring of the United States, that Mexico was not the equal of great Powers like England, Spain, France, or Germany; that she had not their

many blessings of culture and enlightenment; that she was an adolescent, a minor; but that, like any nation, she possessed a right to her own development and evolution along her own line, and he begged the mercy and patience of the Powers. He got balled up in some astronomical metaphors. One heard vague references to Jupiter and Mars; but he soon disentangled himself with his usual *sang-froid*. I found his speech, under the circumstances, tragic and touching. He is backed up determinedly against the whole world of Powers and Dominations, but at times he must know that he is slipping, slipping. Mexico can't exist without the favor of the United States, or at least without its indifference.

Eight years ago, in one of those interregna known to all Mexican statesmen, Huerta was overseer of peons building houses in the new quarter of Mexico City. But mostly his avocations have required courage and knowledge. He was for years head of the Geodetic Survey, and was at one time inspector of the "National Railways." He was first discovered in his native town by a passing general who needed some one for secretarial work. Having taken the fullest advantage of the very poor schooling of his native town, he was ready when opportunity came. He was taken to Mexico City, where he was brought to the attention of Diaz, through whose influence he entered the Military Academy. After this his qualities were speedily acknowledged and he became an important figure in the military history of Mexico.

He once told N. that when, during de la Barra's incumbency in 1911, he was sent in to Morelos to surpress the Zapatistas, the Cientifico party offered him many inducements to aid in their reinstatement as rulers of Mexico. He added that he had preferred to remain faithful to his constitutional oath. The same thing occurred during the brilliant campaign he carried out in the north for

Madero against Orozco. He said, "I could have done it easily then, because I had control of the army and the arms, but I remained faithful to Madero, as representing constitutional government." Later on, he said, he became convinced that Madero was not capable of the business of government and that disaster was unavoidable.

How well I remember going once to Chapultepec to see Señora Madero. She was in bed in the room next the *Salon de Embajadores*, consumed with fever and anxieties, twisting a rosary in her hot hands. She told me, with shining eyes, of the news received that very afternoon of the success of Huerta's northern campaign against Orozco, and added that he was their strongest general and *muy leal* (very loyal). How quickly any situation here in Latin America becomes part of an irrevocable past!

N. sent a telegram to Mr. Lind in answer to his letter, begging him to give the President his most respectful wishes for a happy new year. This afternoon we received the new Italian minister.

The cook departed an hour ago, leaving word that her sister is dying and that she will be back in eight days. They are apt to take time for grief in this part of the world, and food for an Embassy is a mere detail. The *galopina* (kitchen-maid), seen for the first time—a pale, high-cheeked Indian girl, with her hair hanging down her back—answered my every question by a most discouraging, "*Quien sabe?*" The women servants seem to be forever washing their hair, and though it would doubtless be unreasonable and useless to forbid it, the sight has an irritating effect. Everybody who has really lived in Mexico has at some time or other had food brought in by females with long, damp, black hair floating down their backs.

We motored out to the Country Club, where Elim and

I followed some golfers over the beautiful links. The short grass was dry and springy, the air clear and cool, without a breath of wind. As we motored home we found ourselves enveloped in an indescribable glory—a strange light thrown over everything by a blue and copper sunset. The luster-tiled roof of the little Chapel of Churubusco was like a diamond held in the sun—the rest of the church gray and flat. All this is historic ground for us as well as for the Mexicans. Over the golf-links and in the fields between the Country Club and Churubusco, our men, on their way up from Vera Cruz in 1847, fought a desperate fight before pressing into Mexico City. It is said we lost more than a thousand men here, and there are grass-grown mounds beneath which pale and bronze heroes lie together in death. In the old Aztec days Churubusco had a temple dedicated to the war-god Huitzilopochtli, and Churubusco is the word the Spaniards produced from this rather discouraging collection of letters.

Burnside has just come to say that a lot of "scrapping," as he calls it, is beginning again in the north. I don't know why we say "beginning again"—it never stops. He told me about the three hundred Morelos peasant women taken from their families and sent to Quintana Roo, the most unhealthful of the Mexican states, lying south of Yucatan, where it is customary to send men only. The women had been convoyed there with some idea of forming a colony with the unfortunate men deported to that region for army service. On their arrival there was a mutiny and a scramble for the women by the soldiers. Such disorder prevailed that the officials shipped the women back to Vera Cruz and dumped them on the beach. Almost every woman had a baby, but there was no food, no clothing, no one responsible for them in any way. They were merely

thrown there, separated from their families by hundreds of miles. It was one of those tragedies that countless Indian generations have enacted.

January 4th.

Last night N. went to a big dinner at the Jockey Club. It was given by Corona, the *chic* governor of the Federal District, for the President, who made speeches at intervals. Several times Huerta seemed to be on the verge of mentioning the United States, but N. said he kept a restraining eye fastened on him. After dinner N. was called to the telephone. When he came back there was a subtle something in the air which made him feel that in his absence the President had drifted near the Washington rocks, for Huerta took pains to go over and embrace him. Later the President quoted the saying that "all thieves are not *gachupines*," but that "all *gachupines* are thieves," whereupon, catching the Spanish minister's eye, he felt obliged to go over and embrace him, too! However, drifting a bit nearer to Scylla and Charybdis matters little to him.

He was not responsible for the much-talked-of New-Year's greeting to President Wilson. It was sent out from the Foreign Office with the other usual annual messages to the heads of Powers, and in the Foreign Office they explained that they *did not like to pass over* the United States.

The admonition given out by the State Department yesterday, the third to Americans, warning them not to return to Mexico, was printed in small type in a corner of the *Mexican Herald*. Formerly it would have occupied a whole page, but the people are getting *blasé* about warnings. Each man looks to himself for protection—on the even chance. I don't know whether this admonition was in any way an outcome of Mr. Lind's conference; it might easily be, as one of his strong be-

liefs is that foreigners would better get out. This is also Carranza's idea.

January 5th.

Von Hintze has returned. The excuse given for the murder of a German subject who was quietly asleep in the railroad station at Leon was that the guards, who also robbed him, thought he was an American! Well, there are some things one can't talk about, but I seemed to be conscious, hotly, of each individual hair on my head.

No news from the *Chester* conference, but, of course, we are all on the *qui vive* for possible results. Things get more chaotic all the time, and whatever is to be done should be done quickly. There is some regard for life and property under the near gaze of the Dictator in the provinces he controls, but in the north reigns complete lawlessness. Everywhere brother is killing brother, and as for the *sisters*, they are often lassoed and captured as if they were stampeding cattle. Educated people, who have been prosperous all their lives, are now without food or shelter, knowing that strangers eat at their tables, sleep in their beds, and scatter their treasures. If only poor old Huerta could have begun in some other way than by riding into the capital in a path of blood spilled by himself and others, he would probably have been able, with recognition, to do as well as any one, and better than most. As it is, he is like a woman who has begun wrong. The neighbors won't let her start again, no matter how virtuously she lives.

The "bull-fight charity," organized to raise funds for the Red Cross, is considered the hit of the season. It had been advertised as a "humane" fight, as the bull's horns were capped. However, the toreador was killed—amid immense excitement, pleasurable rather than otherwise. As I was coming home, about five this afternoon,

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF XOCHIMILCO

from a peaceful day at Xochimilco, I saw in every direction immense clouds of dust. For a moment I thought that a storm was rising, but it was only the dust raised by the vehicles bringing spectators back from the bull-ring, half a kilometer beyond the Embassy. Having tried, on two awful and useless occasions, to "get the spirit of the game," I have put the whole question of bull-fights out of my consciousness.

Several people have just been here on their way home. Mr. Lefaivre thinks this unfortunate government might possibly get money from abroad if it could be placed in the hands of a commission for spending and accounting, and would be willing to urge it on his government under such conditions. The idea of such a commission, for several reasons, has not been popular here. It would, of course, be *mixte* (foreigners and Mexicans). It would reflect on their *cultura* (a Spanish word for personal dignity and urbanity), and on their *bizarría*, meaning gallantry, mettle, valor, generosity. Last, but not least, what would be the use of an arrangement where there would be no "pickings" for anybody?

Well, the sun shines faithfully on what might be an earthly paradise, and Xochimilco was beautiful beyond words. We motored out, skirting a bit of the picturesque Viga Canal (fifty years ago the fashionable drive of Mexico City), to the old water-gates, where we got into a great flatboat and were poled by a big-hatted, white-trousered Indian along the watery aisles in between the beautiful floating islands—Chinampas, the Indians call them—so near that one could almost reach the flowers and vegetables planted on them. Masses of lilies, stocks, and pansies are now in bloom and are reflected everywhere in the smooth water. Silent Indians, in narrow canoes often simply hollowed out of trunks of trees, passed and repassed us. Sometimes it was a couple

of women in bright garments, poling quietly along, with heaps of flowers and vegetables between them. Sometimes there was a family, with a bright-eyed baby lying against the carrots and cauliflowers, the eternal trio—when it isn't the national sextette or octette so familiar here. The picturesque life of a changeless people little, if at all, modified since the coming of Cortés, unfolded itself to our gaze. They offered us bouquets as they passed, and bunches of carrots and radishes and aromatic herbs, until our boat was a mass of flowers and scent, and a dreamy, hypnotic quiescence took the place of our strenuousness. Some one said, in a far-away voice, "*La vida es sueño*" ("Life is a dream"). But, fortunately or unfortunately, a practical-minded picnicker was able to shake off his share of the strange magic that was upon us, saying, with an attempt at briskness, "This isn't for us!"

Beautiful willow- and flower-bordered vistas had a way of unexpectedly leading to a sight of the volcanoes, sometimes Popocatapetl, sometimes Iztaczihuatl, when one was sure they *must* be somewhere else. The brilliant atmosphere of the Mexican plateau lay over the entire picture, seeming to hold the colors of the spectrum, and yet to remain white. There, indeed, "life is a dream."

January 6th.

(In Memoriam.)

A year ago to-day we laid away our precious Elliott. I feel anew the sword of grief that pierced me in that gray, foggy dawn at Zürich, when I realized that I must get up and do something that was undoable. Countless millions know the complete revolt of humanity against the laying of one's own in the earth. The beautiful Mass at the *Liebfrauen Kirche* was strength to my soul. Pater Braun's handsome, earnest face, as he spoke Elliott's

precious name in prayer and supplication, the light playing around the pulpit, and the beatitudes in mosaic against gold—all are graven on my heart. I could only read through tears the words *Beati qui esuriunt*—Elliott's life history. And that peaceful hour with him afterward, in the flower-filled room, when we felt that it was only his afternoon rest we were watching over! When they came to cover his face forever I was so uplifted that I could turn those screws myself, instead of leaving it to hirelings to shut the light away from those noble features.

Oh, that loving heart, that crystal brain, with its power of original thought, that gift of industry! How far Elliott might have gone on the road of science! Others will discover and progress, but he, so fitted to lift the veil, has slipped behind it. Oh, my brother!

January 7th.

Sir Lionel is going, having been promoted to Brazil. It is an indication to all not to "monkey with the buzz-saw"—*i. e.*, relations between the United States and Mexico. The English are always dignified in the treatment of their representatives. Instead of recalling Sir L., when faced with the advisability of a change, they send him to Brazil, a higher-ranking post with a much larger salary. It is said that the matter was crystallized by his strong and entirely justified recommendation for the proceeding to his post of the Italian minister. Italian affairs, since the departure of Aliotti, had been in the hands of the British; but the Italian colony here began to get restive, feeling the necessity, in these troublous times, of having their own representative, who had been "waiting and watching" so long at Havana. However, nothing can be successful down here that is against the United States policy—right or wrong. The Carden

incident will doubtless put the other foreign representatives on their guard.

Von Hintze made a most enlightened speech at the German Club, not long ago—in which he said that, by reason of our unalterable geographical relations to Mexico, the United States would always have paramount interests here. He recommended his colony not to make criticisms of our policy—but to accept it as inevitable and natural.

I am wondering if I can go to Vera Cruz with N. tonight without causing a panic here. He is going to confer with Mr. Lind, from whom we had a wire this morning, saying that he hoped N. would find it possible to come, and that President Wilson sent his best wishes. There is a norther blowing at Vera Cruz, and we have the resultant penetrating cold up here. When once the heat gets out of the body at this altitude it is difficult to make it up. I am leaving Elim, as a sort of hostage and an assurance to the Colony that I am not fleeing. Dr. Ryan is living in the house, also the Parkers, and they will all watch over him.

As soon as Huerta heard that N. was going to Vera Cruz he sent one of his colonels to ask if we wanted a special train, or a private car attached to the night express. We take the private car, only, of course; everybody in these days prefers traveling in numbers. The President is always most courteous about everything. If he cannot please Washington he does what seems to him the next best thing—he shows courtesy to its representative. He said to d'Antin, who went to thank him, in N.'s name, for the car: "*Mexico es como una serpiente; toda la vida está en la cabeza*" ("Mexico is like a snake; all its life is in its head.") Then he banged his head with his small fist and said, "*Yo soy la cabeza de Mexico!*" ("I am the head of Mexico!") "And

until I am crushed," he added, "she will survive!" D'Antin, who is a Frenchman with a Latin-American past, probably gave him words of consolation that would fit neither the letter nor the spirit of watchful waiting. Huerta is magnetic. There is no disputing that fact.

VERA CRUZ, *January 8th.*

I am writing this hasty line in Mr. Lind's dim room at the Consulate, to let you know that we slipped quietly down those wondrous slopes last night without hindrance.

I am decked out in a white skirt, purple hat and veil, and purple jersey. We have struck the tail end of the norther and the temperature is delightful. The moving-picture man, who followed us down last night, is now trying to persuade Mr. Lind and N. to let him "get them" in conversation, but Mr. Lind refuses on the plea that he is not in politics. I asked him how about his noble Lincoln head, and he answered, "Nothing doing; that unrepeatable head is long in its grave." . . . The admiral is announced.

XI

Dramatic values at Vera Cruz—Visits to the battle-ships—Our superb hospital-ship, the *Solace*—Admiral Cradock's flag-ship—An American sailor's menu—Three "square meals" a day—Travel in revolutionary Mexico.

"La Siempre Heroica,"
Vera Cruz, *January 9th.*

I AM writing in my state-room before getting up. Yesterday I sent off the merest scrap by the *Monterey*. We had a long and interesting day. We went with Admiral Fletcher and Commander Stirling to the *Dolphin* for lunch. Fortunately the admiral's flag is flying from her instead of from the *Rhode Island*, which is anchored, while waiting for a good berth inside the breakwater, in the rough sea beyond the Isla de los Sacrificios.

Captain Earl is in command of the *Dolphin*, the despatch-boat that successive Secretaries of the Navy have used for their journeyings and which has just come from "watching" the elections in Santo Domingo. The admiral offered to put us up, but I thought it was unnecessary to trouble him, as we were already unpacked on the car. Admiral Fletcher, besides being an agreeable man of the world, is an open-minded, shrewd, experienced seaman, versed in international usage, knowing just what the law allows in difficult decisions, where to curtail his own initiative and fall in with established codes, or where to go ahead. The splendid order and efficiency of the men and matters under his command are apparent even to my lay eyes.

We sat on deck for an hour or so after lunch. The harbor is like a busy town — a sort of new Venice. Launches and barges are constantly going from one war-ship to another. It is a very different scene from the one my eyes first rested on nearly three years ago, when the Ward Line boat bringing us, and the *Kronprinzessin Cecelie* bringing von Hintze, were the only boats in the harbor. I sent a wireless to Admiral Cradock to let him know that we are in town, or rather in harbor, and he wired back an invitation for lunch to-day.

On leaving the *Dolphin* Nelson received his eleven salutes, standing up with bared head in the admiral's barge as they thundered across the bay. We then went over to the *Monterey* to say good-by to Armstead, who made the journey down with us, and to see Captain Smith, who brought us first to the land of the cactus. The various boats, Spanish, French, and English, saluted as we passed in the *Dolphin's* launch.

In the evening Mr. Lind had a dinner for us under the *portales* of the Diligencias. Admiral Fletcher, Consul Canada, Commander Yates Stirling, Captain Delaney of the commissary-ship, and Lieutenant Courts, one of the admiral's aides, were the guests. The Diligencias takes up two sides of the old Plaza. The Municipal Palace, a good Spanish building, is on the third side, and the picturesque cathedral with its many domes and belfries embellishes the last. The band plays every night in the Plaza and the whole scene is gay and animated. Women in their mantillas and rebozos, dozens of tiny flower-girls, newspaper *babes*, and bootblacks of very tender years cluster like flies around soft-hearted diners.

The *Mexican Herald* arrived while we were sitting there, and we were most amused by the head-lines: "Five-Hour Conference This Morning Between Lind

and O'Shaughnessy Resumed in the Afternoon." "Policy Not Yet Known."

At nine-thirty I broke up the festive gathering. The admiral, Mr. Lind, and N. went off toward the pier, and Commander Stirling and Lieutenant Courts brought me back to the car in a round-about way through the quiet streets. As half after four is a favorite breakfast hour here, they are all "early to bed." Vera Cruz seems the most peaceful city in the world at the present moment, though no port in the world has seen more horrors and heroisms. Cortés landed there, la Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, as he called it, and for centuries the seas around were pirate-infested. She has been sacked by buccaneers times without number; bombarded by nearly every power that has had interests here—the Spaniards, ourselves (in 1847), the French, etc.; and now her port is again black with battle-ships ready to turn their twentieth-century guns upon *La Siempre Heroica* (the always heroic). Two enemies she seems to have done with—yellow fever and cholera. The *zopilotes* (buzzards) that sail about in uncountable numbers find it rather hard to get a living. I see that the cleaning up of Guayaquil has been given to an English firm, who, however, will use our methods. Very few Latin-American contracts will be given to Uncle Sam these days.

Admiral Fletcher would like to come up to Mexico City, which he has never seen, but after all these months of *not* coming he could only do so *now* officially with his staff—uniforms, visits to Huerta and other authorities—and that is out of the question. I could put him up at the Embassy, with his two aides, and am quite keen about it, and so is he; but nothing can be done until what the newspapers call *Watch*ington has been sounded. Mr. Lind thinks it impossible (he knows *he* can't return),

as it would be taken as a sign that the President might be wishing to change his Mexican policy. On the other hand, if he *should* wish to change that policy, such a visit could be the entering wedge, and lead to big things in the way of peace and prosperity.

Mr. Lind continues to think that the raising of the embargo on arms and ammunition in the north is the easiest solution of the problem; but I am terrified at such an issue. The last state of Mexico would be worse than the first. It might settle the Huerta dictatorship, but, alas! not the Mexican situation.

We had a most comfortable night. Practically no trains come and go in the station at night and there is none of the usual dust and dirt of travel, all the railroads burning oil instead of coal. I go at ten to visit our hospital-ship, the *Solace*, and I must now arise and buckle me up for a long day. I have a white silk tailor-made costume and various fresh blouses to choose from. Nelson is busy with newspaper men, who have discovered the car.

January 10th, Morning.

Before I was dressed yesterday morning Mr. Lind appeared with a steward from Captain Delaney, bringing me some delicious hams and bacons and other good things from the supply-ship to take to Mexico City. Then Captain Niblack appeared, looking very smart. He was our naval *attaché* in Berlin, relieved only last summer, I think, and is a charming man of the world. I was out of my state-room by this time and fresh myself, but the state-room looked like Messina after the earthquake. General Maass, military governor or Commander of the Port, and his aide, were next to appear. He shows his German blood in various ways (*not* in that of language, however). He has light, upstanding hair, German eyes, and much manner. There

were many bows and palaverings, *a los pies de Vd.*, etc. He put his automobile at our disposition for the day, and it was *my* car by the time he had finished offering it after the courteous Spanish custom. The interview finally ended by my arranging to call on his señora in the afternoon, and by N. escorting him from the car and down the platform. Lieutenant Courts then arrived to take me to the *Solace.* All the officers look so smart in their fresh linens. The *Solace* was lying quite inside the breakwater, looking very cool and inviting. She was painted white, with a broad, green stripe around her—her official colors. Dr. von Wedekin was waiting on deck with his staff. I was most interested in seeing the perfect arrangements for the care of all that is mortal of man; even eyes, teeth, ears, are looked after in a most efficient and up-to-date way. The wards are fine, large, and beautifully ventilated, the air as sweet and as fresh as that on deck; twenty-eight cases of malaria were being treated after the seven days' bout at Tampico, and half a dozen of appendicitis. The ship carries no cargo, having the medical stores for the whole fleet. The captain told me he had not lost a case of anything for fourteen months. His operating-room can compare with that of any hospital I have ever seen and the ship also has a fine laboratory. She is well-named the *Solace.*

She was leaving that afternoon for Tampico, which is one of the dreariest spots on the earth, despite the mighty forces at work there. Mexico's oil is at once her riches and her ruin. The place is malaria-ridden, infested with mosquitoes, and the inhabitants, I am told, have the weary, melancholy expression peculiar to fever districts. The ships that go there are as well screened as possible, but men on duty can't always be protected. I understand the mosquito that does the

ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK

ADMIRAL F. F. FLETCHER

damage is a gauzy, diaphanous, rather large kind, and the "female of the species is deadlier than the male."

On leaving, Lieutenant Courts took me for a little turn about the harbor, as it was too early for the *Suffolk* lunch. We went around the ill-famed prison of San Juan Ulua. Its six desolate palms are almost the first thing one sees on entering the harbor. I regret that I did not get a pass from General Maass to visit it. I saw a few pale, hopeless-looking prisoners in dull blue and white stripes, standing on the parapets or working in the dry dock, the guns of soldiers always poking in their faces. These are the "better class" of criminals; there are those in dark, oozing, terrible holes who are never allowed outside of them, and it is said that those who survive lose in a few years all human semblance. The foundations of the fortress were laid in early Cortés days and the fortunes and misfortunes of the town have always centered round it. It was from its tower that the last Spanish flag was lowered at the time of the Mexican independence, 1821. When first in Mexico I used to hear that Madero was to close the prison; but, like many of his intentions, this never became a fact. Peace to his soul!

We got back to the Sanidad landing at half past twelve. Admiral Cradock's flag-lieutenant was waiting with the barge and I was delivered into his hands. N. came up at the same time and we put out for the *Suffolk*, which has a berth inside the breakwater. The admiral, very handsome and agreeable, not only immaculate, but effulgent, received us on deck and we went down to his delightful room. It contains really good things from all parts of the world—old silver from Malta, a beautiful twelfth-century carving (suitable for a museum) from Greece, fine enamels from Pekin, where Sir Christopher distinguished himself during the siege,

and many other lovely things, besides books and easy-chairs. He is really a connoisseur, but he said that the ladies, God bless them, had robbed him of most of his possessions. After an excellent lunch Captain Niblack came in to say good-by, the *Michigan* having received sailing orders for New York. We had such a friendly talk with Sir Christopher, who said—and we quite concurred—that he didn't see any cause for feeling about British action in Mexico, adding that he had no politics, no idea in the world except to save British lives and property, and that he and Admiral Fletcher were working together, he hoped, in all sympathy and harmony. He wants to come up to Mexico again and jokingly lays it at Nelson's door that he can't. There is something so gallant about him, but with a note of sadness; and I am always conscious of a certain detachment in him from the personal aims of life. We left about three o'clock. The English use black powder for their salutes and the thirteen guns made a very imposing effect. The ship was enveloped in smoke, a sort of Turneresque effect, making one think of "Trafalgar," while the shots reverberated through the harbor.

I went back to the Consulate to have a little talk with Mr. Lind, then got into the Maass auto, which was waiting at the Consulate door, and proceeded to pay my respects to Señora Maass. General Maass has a breezy house at the barracks at the other end of the town, in front of the rather dreary Alameda, with its dusty palms and dry fountain and general wind-swept appearance. An endless time of parleying followed. My Spanish, after a long day, gets tired like myself. However, I saw them all—daughters, and nieces, and friends, and the parrot and the dog; the beasts were most useful conversationally. Then the family sang and played, and one of the daughters, pretty, with a clear soprano, gave me a good

deal of Tosti. Then more talk. I was getting desperate, no move being made to a large, well-spread, absolutely unavoidable, preordained table in the corner. I finally said that Captain Niblack, who was leaving for the United States in the morning, was waiting for me to go to the *Michigan*. That broke through the tea *impasse*, and, after partaking of the collation, I finally got away, escorted on General Maass's arm to "my" automobile.

I arrived at the Consulate, hot and tired, and without the sustaining feeling that "duty is a well-spring in the soul." I was thankful to find myself at last in the *Michigan's* boat with Captain Niblack and Nelson, going out across a bay of wondrous sunset effects—"twilight and evening hour and one last call for me." It was a marvelous "crossing the bar." Looking back, the outline of the Pico de Orizaba made a soft violet mass against the deepening sky, with a strange, red lighting up of the top. The bay was filled with ships of destruction from all over the world, but everything in nature for once was soft and merciful and seemed to dissolve and harmonize discordant and destructive meanings.

The *Michigan* is a huge ship, one of the first dreadnaughts, and Captain Niblack is both enthusiastic and earnest about his work. After a glass of something—for a lady inclined to temperance I have drained many pleasant cups to their cheerful lees these days—we all went over to the *Chester*, a ship of the scout type, that had just returned with Mr. Lind from the Pass Christian trip. There we picked up Captain Moffett—who also insisted on decocting something sustaining—and then turned shoreward, where Mr. Lind was giving another dinner for us, under the *portales* of the Diligencias. It was quite dark, but a thousand lights from a hundred boats made the harbor one vast jewel—not in the

"Ethiop's ear," but in Mexico's poor, battered, torn ear. At half after nine, after another pleasant dinner, I began to feel that my bed would be my best friend, and we went back to the car, through the quiet, well-lighted streets. Women were leaning over the little green balconies of the little pink houses in the classic Spanish style, with here and there a note of guitar or mandolin. I thought of the "Goyas" in the Louvre.

VERA CRUZ, *January 10th, 6.30* P.M.

Home to rest a little before dressing for Admiral Fletcher's dinner to-night, for which we decided to stay over. We spent the morning on the *Michigan*, Captain Niblack giving us an early luncheon, as he expected till noon to start for New York at one o'clock. The officers and crew were full of anticipations of home. Then the *Minnesota*, which had arrived in the morning, expecting to replace the *Michigan*, found orders awaiting her to coal immediately for a trip to Panama. Captain Simpson, her commander, had rushed in for lunch with Captain Niblack, and there got the wireless. Captain N. hated to tell the officers and the crew that after all the months of waiting at Vera Cruz they were not to leave, their hearts had been beating so high. The crews are never allowed ashore for fear of complications, and it is no light task to keep the thousands of sailors and marines in Vera Cruz harbor well occupied and content within the compass of their ships. They are, I can testify, magnificently fed. At lunch Captain Niblack ordered for us some of the soup the men were having, a delicious bean soup with pieces of sweet pork; also the meat served us was the same as theirs—a juicy, tender steak such as I couldn't get in Mexico City for love or money. I also got the printed menu for the week, three full, varied meals a day. Judging from that and the samples

tasted they have first-class fare, and all at an expense of thirty cents a day for each man.

We had taken on board with us Wallace, the moving-picture man, who had come with a letter to N. from John Bassett Moore. Captain Niblack had the drill, salutes, etc., for N. on leaving the boat, so I suppose that brief episode of our career will be duly chronicled in our native land. After leaving the *Michigan* we went again to the *Chester*, and sat on deck for an hour or so with Captain Moffett, who had many interesting things to tell about the Tampico fight. A heavenly breeze was blowing. Salutes were fired as usual when we left. Some one made the little joke that they could "hear us walking all over the harbor." Going from one ship to another, as we have been doing for three days, I have received a tremendous impression of the might and glory of our navy, and of the noble, clean, and wise lives which must be led by the men who command the ships.

At Orizaba, (*the Next Morning*), *January 11th, 10.30.*

Well, traveling in Mexico in revolutionary times is *all* that it is supposed to be! The rebels have destroyed the track at Maltrata ahead of us, sacked and burned fourteen provision-cars, damaged a bridge, and, officials say, we are held up until to-morrow. It is the first time anything has happened on this road, though all the other lines in Mexico have been cut times without number. Maltrata, above which the damage has been done, is the site of the most delicate and difficult engineering-work on the line and a tempting spot for havoc.

I am staying in my state-room, worn out with the comings and goings of the last three days. A drizzling rain is falling, the results of the norther at Vera Cruz. Orizaba is known politely as the watering-pot of Mexico. I say "politely," as against a somewhat similar name

which you will remember is applied to Rouen. N. is disgusted at not getting back to Mexico City, and I dare say the town is full of all sorts of rumors about us. He has just been to see the train-master, who has simply had orders to await instructions; no tickets are to be sold further than Orizaba.

I am glad of these moments for a little word with my precious mother. Last night the admiral's dinner was most agreeable. The Military Commander Maass and his wife were there, Admiral Cradock with two of his officers, Mr. Lind, the Consul, Yates Stirling, and others of the admiral's staff. I sat on Admiral Fletcher's left, with Maass next to me. The conversation was in Spanish, and I worked hard; I told the admiral that I deserved a trip to Panama as a recompense. The *norte* which had been announced from Tampico began creakingly and ominously to make itself felt and heard about half after nine. The admiral gave us an amusing picture of the life at Tampico with a hundred refugees, mostly women and children, on board. He said it was a sweet and touching sight to see certain baby garments hung out to dry on the cannon, and officers lulling the little innocents to sleep, or engaged in other and often unsuccessful attempts to keep the refugees pleased and happy.

At about ten o'clock, after sitting on deck awhile, the *norte* began to blow stronger. Señora Maass, stout, elderly, and placid, did not seem to like her own *nortes*, so we proceeded to do what was about my seventeenth gangway that day. The northers of Vera Cruz are a great feature of the climate. They have all sorts and degrees—the *nortes fuertes* that nearly blow the town away; the *nortes chocolateros* that are milder, last a long time, and keep the place healthy and bearable, and various others. I don't know what kind was developing last

night, but after an uncertain trip we were dashed up against the Sanidad pier, where the large Maass auto was waiting. We said good-by to Mr. Lind and Mr. Canada at the Consulate door, and in an instant they were blotted out in the thick darkness of the gathering *norte*. The Maasses took us on to the station, where we parted with all expressions of regard and compliments. I must say they have been more than polite.

I went to bed immediately. Jesus, who is a gem, had everything in order. I don't think I would have been able to don my filmy black gown for the dinner had it not been for his deftness and general efficiency. At six o'clock they hitched our car onto the morning train, with indescribable groanings and joltings, and this is our history up to the present moment.

Through the window I see only bits of a dreary station and crowds of Indians huddled under their *serapes* and *rebozos*. The poor wretches do so hate to get wet. It means hours of chill until the garments dry on them. Worried train employees are running about. I understand that Orizaba, in spite of the "watering-pot" effect, is a delightful resort. Many people from Yucatan come up to recuperate—rich *henequén* and sisal planters; there are all the beauties and marvels of the tropics in the way of flowers and fruits, orchids, convolvuli, ahuacate pears, pineapples, pomegranates, and a wonderfully tonic, even temperature. If it weren't for the downpour I would venture out for antiques. This is an old Spanish city and there are lovely things to be picked up in the way of ivory and wood inlaid-work if one is lucky. However, I don't feel like being watered. I haven't had the desire, since hearing of the hold-up, to tell you of the beauty of the scenery from Vera Cruz, but look at those first enchanting pages of Prescott's *Conquest*. He who never saw it, describes its

beauties as if they were spread before him. Though, for really up-to-date reading on Mexico give me Humboldt, 1807. He still seems to have said the last and latest word about Mexico and Mexicans as we know them to-day.

Two train-loads of Federal soldiers, well armed, have just pulled out of the station, where women were weeping and holding up baskets of food to them as they hung out of the windows. They were laughing and joking as befits warriors. Poor wretches! I couldn't help my eyes filling with tears. They go to reconnoiter the track for us. I suppose it is known everywhere by now that the American *chargé* and his wife are held up on that usually safe stretch between Orizaba and Mexico City. A group of armed men are standing in front of my window. They have black water-proof covers for their large hats, like chair covers; the hats underneath are doubtless gray felt, heavily trimmed with silver. One soldier, apparently as an incidental effect, has a poor, red-blanketed Indian attached to him by a lasso tightened around the waist. Nobody pays any attention to them; not even the women, with their babes completely concealed and tightly bound to their backs or breasts by the inevitable *rebozo*. One feels hopelessly sad at the thought of the world of chaos those little heads will, in their time, peep out upon.

A thick and heartbreaking book could be written upon the *soldadera*—the heroic woman who accompanies the army, carrying, in addition to her baby, any other mortal possession, such as a kettle, basket, goat, blanket, parrot, fruit, and the like. These women are the only visible commissariat for the soldiers; they accompany them in their marches; they forage for them and they cook for them; they nurse them, bury them; they receive their money *when* it is paid. All this they do and keep up with the march of the army, besides rendering

any other service the male may happen to require. It is appalling what self-abnegation is involved in this life. And they keep it up until, like poor beasts, they uncomplainingly drop in their tracks—to arise, I hope, in Heaven.

3 o'clock.

There is some idea that we may start. Men with ropes and hatchets and picks are getting on our train.

Later.

We arrived at Maltrata to be met by dozens of wet Indian women selling lemons, *tortillas*, and *enchiladas*. Each wore the eternal blue *rebozo* and a pre-Spanish cut of skirt—a straight piece of cloth bound around the hips, held somewhat fuller in front. They are called *enredadas*, from the fashion of folding the stuff about them. Each, of course, had a baby on her back.

Long lines of rurales came into sight on horseback. With full black capes or brilliant red blankets thrown about their shoulders, their big-brimmed, high-peaked hats, with their black rain-proof covers, these men made a startling and gaudy picture with the underthrill of death and destruction. We have been moving along at a snail's pace. In a narrow defile we came on one of the train-loads of Federals we had seen leave Orizaba, their guns pointed, ready to fire.

Well, so far, so good. We hear that it was a band of several hundred revolutionaries who attacked the train. The train officials managed to escape under cover of the darkness.

5.30.

We have just passed the scene of pillage. Dozens of Indians—men, women, and children—are digging out hot bottles of beer, boxes of sardines and other conserves from the smoking wreck. Cars, engine, and everything

in them were destroyed after the brigands had selected what they could carry away.

A white mist has settled over the mountain. Many of the Indians are wearing a sort of circular cape made of a thatch of bamboo or grass hanging from their shoulders—a kind of garment often seen in wet weather in this altitude. It is marvelous that in so few hours a new track could be laid by the old one. We are passing gingerly over it, and if nothing else happens we shall be in Mexico City after midnight. I am too tired to feel adventurous to-day and shall be glad to find myself with my babe in the comfortable Embassy, instead of witnessing Zapatista ravages at first hand in a cold, gray mist which tones down not only the local color, but one's enthusiasm.

MEXICO CITY, *January 12th.*

We finally arrived about one o'clock in the morning, to be met by many newspaper men and the staff of the Embassy, who received us as from the wars. About fifty soldiers got out of the train when we did; and really, in the unsparing station light they had the appearance of assailants rather than of protectors. In a fight it would have been so easy to confuse the rôles. I thought they had long since given up putting forces on passenger-trains; it usually invites attack on account of the guns and ammunition.

However, all's well that ends well, and I have just had my breakfast in my comfortable bed with my precious boy. They tell me he has been "good" while his mother was away. Mrs. Parker says he insisted on having the lights put out before saying his prayers at night. He was so dead with sleep when I got in that he didn't open his eyes; only cuddled up to me when he felt me near.

The newspaper gives details of the Maltrata wrecking.

The attacking band placed a huge pile of stones on the rails at the entrance to the tunnel, fired on the train, robbed the employees, took what they could of the provisions (they were all mounted and provided with ammunition), and disappeared into the night. Hundreds of workmen have been sent to repair the damage, and a thousand rurales to guard and pursue. The "Mexican" is the big artery between this city and Vera Cruz, and if that line is destroyed we would be entirely cut off. Nothing gets to us from anywhere now except from Vera Cruz. The other line to Vera Cruz—the Interoceanic—has often been held up and is not in favor with levanting families. It is about time for one of the periodical scares, when they leave their comfortable homes with their children and other valuables, for the expensive discomforts of the "Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz."

XII

Ojinaga evacuated—Tepozotlan's beautiful old church and convent—Azcapotzalco—A Mexican christening—The release of Vera Estañol—Necaxa—The friars—The wonderful Garcia Pimentel library.

January 14th.

YESTERDAY Huerta decided to suspend payment on the interest on the national debt for six months, which will free about three million pesos a month for pacification purposes. He denies anything approaching repudiation, but says this step was forced on him by the attitude of the United States. It will make the European investors rather restive under "watchful waiting," though they can employ the time by making large and frequent additions to the bill they intend to present to Uncle Sam, *pobrecito*.

Ojinaga has been evacuated by General Mercado, who would better look out for his head. Huerta says he is going to have him shot. Villa will use Ojinaga for strategic purposes, and the refugees, four thousand officers and soldiers and about two thousand five hundred women and children, are eventually to be interned at Fort Bliss. Uncle Sam will present the bill to Mexico later on. They have been started on a four days' march to Marfa, where they will at last get a train. Mercado says he only surrendered and passed on to American soil when his ammunition gave out. The soldiers and generals—six of these last were in Ojinaga—will not be permitted to return to Mexico until *peace* is effected.

From the head-lines in some *Heralds* I am sending you, you can see that that won't be immediately.

Of course our delay on the journey made a sensation. Dr. Ryan heard that we were held up in a tunnel and was planning to get to our relief by hook or crook. He is "without fear and without reproach." I am very glad to be safe again in this big, comfortable, sun-bathed house.

N. went to see Huerta a day or two ago. The President was most relieved to have him safely back. He asked him the results of his visit to Vera Cruz and N. told him there was no change in the attitude of his government. Huerta remained impassive, and there was no further political conversation. He promised, however, that he would attend to several matters of the United States, in regard to claims, etc., affecting rather large interests. There are some advantages in living under a dictator, if you enjoy his favor, and Huerta would barter his soul to please the United States to the point of recognition.

While not convinced of the necessity, or even advisability, of formal recognition, N. does realize that everything for Mexico and the United States could have been accomplished by diplomacy in the early stages of Huerta's incumbency. Now the bullying and collusive and secret arrangements with his enemies, the revolutionaries, to overthrow him, must eventually succeed, and in his fall we fear Huerta will take down with him the entire fabric of state. How often he has said, "I don't ask your help; but don't help my enemies!"

Sunday Evening, January 18th.

To-day we had a long motor trip to the old church and convent of Tepozotlan, with Seeger, Hay, the Tozzers, and Elim. There were pistols under the seats, of course,

though the road (the old post-road to the north) is not a haunt of the Zapatistas. We drove two hours or more through the dazzling air, the road running for miles between picturesque fields planted with maguey, the Indian's all, including his perdition. Here and there are collections of adobe huts, with bright-eyed, naked children playing by fences of *nopal*, and sometimes a lovely candelabra cactus standing guard. We passed through Cuauhtitlan—a most interesting place, with its deserted, picturesque hostelries that used to do a lively relay trade in the old coaching days. Each carved door, with glimpses of the big courtyard within, seems to tell the tale of past activities.

Tepozotlan is celebrated for its beautiful old church, with a fine carved façade, built by the Jesuits at the end of the sixteenth century. It was suppressed in 1857, under the Juarez laws of reform, and is now neglected, solitary, and lovely. Cypresses guard the entrance to its grass-grown *patio*, adorned by a few pepper-trees, with here and there an occasional bit of maguey. It was all sun-baked and radiant, receiving the many-colored light and seeming to give it forth again in the magic way of the Mexican plateau. We wandered through the church, which preserves its marvelous altar-pieces in the Churrigueresque style, and admired the gilded, high-relief wood carvings, to which time has lent a marvelous red *patine*. Some of the old chapels are still most beautifully adorned with rich blue Puebla tiles, now loosened and falling from neglected ceilings and walls. The adjoining *seminario*, with its endless corridors and rooms, is dim and deserted, except for spiders and millions of fleas; I thought at first, in my innocence, that these were gnats, as they settled on my white gloves. We lunched in the enchanting old *patio* of the cloisters, where orange-trees and a *Noche Buena* tree, with

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HUERTA'S SOLDIERS WATCHING THE REBEL ADVANCE

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A GROUP OF OJINAGA REFUGEES

its brilliant red flowers, were growing around an old stone well in the middle. For those hours, at least, we felt that all was well with the world. Afterward we climbed the belfry and feasted our eyes on the beauty unfolded to our sight. East, west, south, and north other pink belfries pressed themselves against other blue hills, repeating the loveliness until one could have wept for the beauty of it all. The almost deserted village, straggling up to the *patio* of the church, is where Madre Matiana was born at the end of the seventeenth century. She made, on her death-bed, the celebrated prophecies which have been so strangely confirmed by subsequent events in Mexican history.

The Ojinaga refugees, garrison, and civilians are just arriving after the four days' march through the desert to Marfa and Fort Bliss. This affair has cost $142,000 up to date, and $40,000 were spent for new equipments for officers. I think every officer in Mexico will contemplate, for a brief moment, the idea of crossing the frontier. There will be a good deal of disillusionment and suffering in the detention camp, however, if the soldiers are called on to comply with the hygienic rules of the American army.

Jesus Flores Magon, whom we knew as Minister of Gobernación under Madero, a strong and clever man of pronounced Zapoteca Indian type, is going to Vera Cruz at N.'s suggestion, to see Mr. Lind. Flores Magon, who knows his people, says there is no use in "trying out" another government here. Though he was in Madero's cabinet, he is now for the sustaining of Huerta. He thinks another government would only mean another set of traitors, who would, in turn, be betrayed. N. asked him if he were convinced that Huerta had other aims in view than the graft and personal aggrandizement his enemies credit him with. Though not unreservedly enthusiastic,

he answered that he thought he had within him the elements necessary to control in Mexico, but that, like all Indians, he was cruel. Lind is out-and-out for recognizing the northern rebels, or, at least, raising the embargo on arms and ammunition. A terrible policy, it seems to me. Taking from the possessors to give to those desirous of possessing can hardly mend things—here or anywhere. Nothing that Mr. Lind has seen or heard has modified in the slightest the ideas with which he arrived.

Delendus est Huerta is the *mot d'ordre*, and I find myself assisting at the spectacle. I am dazed at this flying in the face of every screaming fact in the situation. N. went to see Moheno yesterday, with the usual bundle of claims against the government, and M. said, in a wild, distraught way: "My God! When are you going to intervene? You are strangling us by this policy."

We hear from a railroad man (they are always informed) that there are two thousand well-armed men in Oaxaca, doing nothing—simply awaiting orders. They are Felicistas. Everybody is waiting to betray everybody else.

I had to stop writing for a few minutes; one of those strange accompaniments of life in Mexico has just manifested itself—a slight earthquake. The doors that were ajar swung quietly open and as quietly closed themselves. The chandeliers were thrown out of plumb in a rhythmic way; there was a sliding sound of small objects from their position and then back. I had an unpleasant sort of depolarized sensation. It is all over now—the *temblor*, as they call it. But I feel as if some ghost has passed through the room, leaving me not quite the same.

January 20th.

The papers have the report of the five hours' conversation between Flores Magon and Lind at Vera Cruz.

Lind is reported as saying: "Flores Magon is a splendid gentleman, with the welfare of Mexico at heart."

We continually ask ourselves what is going to happen. Mexico is not, by any means, starved out; there is plenty of food, there is money for oil stock and bull-fights, and other necessaries. We may have to see Pancho Villa in a dress-suit. He has collected wives, as he would anything else, in his *paso de vencedor* through Mexico, and I understand that some of them are curios. I suppose accident will decide which one he will turn up with as "first lady in the land." A recent portrait of one of them drove a woman we knew nearly crazy. It showed the "bride" decked out in an old family necklace forcibly taken from our friend, with other valuables, before her flight from Torreon.

Yesterday I went to the christening of the Corcuera Pimentel baby. The young mother, very pretty, was still in bed, enveloped in beautiful and costly laces, and the house was full of handsome relatives. After I had congratulated her, Don Luis, her father, took me out to tea. The table was laden with all sorts of delicacies, foreign and domestic. I partook of the delicious *tamales*, appetizingly done up and cooked in corn-husks *à la Mexicaine*, and drank *atolli aurora*, a thick, pink drink of corn-meal and milk, flavored with cinnamon and colored with a dash of carmine—though less exotic dainties were pressed on me.

January 21st.

Yesterday was a busy day. To show you how difficult it often is to get hold of Huerta,—N. was up and out at seven-thirty, looking for him. He went to his house—gone. He went to Popotla, a place Huerta has in the suburbs near the *Noche Triste*[1] tree. Not there. N. came

[1] The celebrated *Arbol de la Noche Triste* is an old, weather-beaten cypress, which has been cherished and doctored by botanical commis-

home. I was just starting down-town, so I drove him to the Palace, where one of the aides said the President might be found at Chapultepec—the restaurant, not the castle, which he does not affect. We again went the length of the city, from the Zocalo, through Plateros, up the beautiful, broad *Paseo*. Huerta was just passing through the entrance to the Park in a big limousine, followed by two other automobiles containing secretaries and aides. N. got out of our auto and went into that of the President, the others keeping their distance. There is always more or less "waiting around" on royalty. They sat there for an hour, I remaining in our auto, during which time N. procured the release of Vera Estañol, one of the most brilliant of the Deputies, imprisoned since the *coup d'état* of October 10th. Huerta also sent one of his aides with a note to the Supreme Court, written and signed by him, telling the judges to render a just decision in a case affecting American interests, which is now before the court. This case has been in the Embassy nearly twenty years, and four of our administrations have tried, without result, to get justice done through the Embassy, using every form of diplomatic representation. Though N. saw him write the order, and the auto which took the note started off in the direction of the Supreme Court, and returned, having delivered it, no one can tell what wink may later be given the judges.

I came home and ordered a room to be prepared for Vera Estañol, as, of course, he must remain with us

sioners and outraged by mobs. Under it Cortés is supposed to have sat and wept as he saw defile before him the tattered remnants of his army after the terrible retreat from Tenochtitlan, July 2, 1520. There are three of these especially historic trees which survived the horrors of the Conquest—the others are the *Arbol de Montezuma*, in the Chapultepec park, and the great Tree of Tule, in Oaxaca, which sheltered Cortés and his venturesome company on their way to Honduras.—E. O'S.

until he can be shipped to the States or to Europe. I imagine that the clean bed and the hot water and the reading-lamp and desk will look very pleasant, after three months in jail. N. wrote and signed a letter to Huerta, in which he guarantees that Vera Estañol will not mix in politics and will immediately leave the country with his family. He is one of the most prominent and gifted lawyers in the republic, liberal and enlightened, and head of the Evolucionista party. N. was out until midnight trying to find the President, to get the final order for his release, but was, in the end, obliged to give it up. The old man has ways of disappearing when no one can track him to ground. This morning, N. is after him again, and, I suppose, will bring Vera Estañol to the house, whence he will take the well-worn route of hastily departing patriots to Vera Cruz.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Tozzer, Mr. Seeger, and I motored out beyond Azcapotzalco, where Tozzer and Hay are excavating. Anywhere one digs in these suburbs may be found countless relics of Aztec civilization. Azcapotzalco was once a teeming center, a great capital, and there were then, as now, many cypress groves. One of them is still supposed to be haunted by Marina, Cortés' Indian love.

Built on the site of the temple, *teocalli*, is an interesting old Dominican church of the sixteenth century; its great *patio*, planted with olive and cypress trees is inclosed by a pink scalloped wall, marvelously *patiné*. Here the Indians came in masses, were baptized, had their wounds bound up, their ailments treated, their strifes allayed, by the patient friars. As we went slowly over the broken, neglected road little boys offered us beads and idols and bits of pottery, which are so abundant in the fields that it is scarcely necessary to dig

for them. T. and C. H., for their work, simply chose a likely-looking sun-baked mound, planted with maguey, like dozens of others, and with twenty-five or thirty picturesque and untrustworthy descendants of Montezuma (one skips back six or seven hundred years with the greatest ease when one looks at them) they dug out an old palace. When we demanded *regalitos* (presents), our friends drew, unwillingly, from their dusty pockets some hideous heads and grotesque forms, caressed them lovingly, and then put them back, unable, when it came to the scratch, to part with them.

It is a heavenly spot. Here and there a pink belfry showed itself, its outline broken by a dead black cypress; the marvelous, indescribable hills, both near and far, swam in a strange transparency.

We sat long among the grubby, mixed Toltec and Aztec ruins, and made tea, and, in what may have been some patrician's parlor, watched the sun go down in a blaze of colors, reappearing, as it were, to fling a last, unexpected glory over the snow-covered volcanoes and the violet hills. Every shaft of maguey was outlined with light, the whole universe a soft spectrum. A mysterious, blue-lined darkness fell upon us as we drove toward the city.

January 23d.

N. was only able to get Vera Estañol out of the *Penitenciaría* on Wednesday afternoon. He didn't come here, but was taken immediately to the station, caught the night train to Vera Cruz, and sailed yesterday, Thursday, by the Ward Line steamer. When N. went to the prison with the President's aide, carrying the order for his release and the duly signed safe-conduct, Estañol came into the waiting-room with a volume of Taine's *Histoire Contemporaine* in his hand, and the detached air acquired by persons who have long been in jail. There

was scarcely any conversation, his one idea being to leave the building and get to the train under American cover.

Huerta told N. yesterday that General Mercado had been bribed by wealthy persons in Chihuahua to go to Ojinaga on the frontier, instead of going to Jimenez, where he had been ordered. He feels very bitter toward Mercado, who cost him 4,000 good soldiers. Mercado makes all sorts of counter-charges against the other generals, especially against Orozco—of cowardice, of placing drunken officers in important positions, and of robbing their own Federal trains of provisions. General Inez Salazar's fate is tragi-comic. He was arrested for playing "a little game of cards" on the Texas train, never suspecting that in a free country you could not do such a thing. After escaping the rebels and the American authorities he was most chagrined to be jailed and consequently identified just as he was about to recross the border into Mexico.

Wednesday we had a pleasant lunch at the Norwegian Legation. The Norwegian minister is the son of Jonas Lie. He and his wife are cultivated people of the world, and kind friends. Madame Lie always has delicious things to eat, very handsomely served. One knows that when things are well done here it means that the lady of the house has given them her personal care. In the evening there was bridge at Mme. Bonilla's. The lights suddenly went out, as we were playing, and remained out. As is usual in such occurrences, the cry was, "At last the Zapatistas are cutting the wires!" Madame B. got out some beautiful old silver candlesticks and we played on recklessly, with our fate, perhaps, upon us. The street lamps were also dark.

Mexico City is lighted from Necaxa, nearly a hundred miles away, and one of the loveliest spots in the world. In a day one drops down from the plateau into the hot

country; the train seems to follow the river, which flows through a wild and beautiful *barranca*, and at Necaxa are the great falls supplying the power for this wonderful feat of engineering. In my mind it is a memory of blue skies, enchanting vistas of blue mountains, myriads of blue butterflies against falling water, bright singing birds, and the most gorgeous and richest of tropical vegetation, vine-twisted trees, orchids, morning-glories of all kinds, and countless other magnificences. I sometimes think that it is because Mother Earth is so lavish here, asking only to give, demanding nothing of her children, that they have become rather like spoiled children. Every mountain oozes with precious ores. On the coast, any accidental hole in the earth may reveal the oil for which the world is so greedy; and each green thing left to itself will come up a thousandfold. Marvelous, magical Mexico! A white moon is shining in through the windows of the front *salon*, making my electric lamp seem a dull thing. At this altitude the moonlight cuts out objects as if with a steel point.

Yesterday, Mr. Prince, Aunt Laura's friend, and brother-in-law of Mr. C., came to lunch. Mr. C. died during the bombardment, and in his last illness was moved from house to hospital, and from the hospital, when that was shelled, to another house, opposite the Embassy. During the armistice Mr. P. was able to go out for a coffin, and to take it himself on a cab to the cemetery. This was the only way to dispose of it, the town being under fire at the time. That same week one of the little boys had his foot crushed by the tramway, and it had to be amputated while shot and shell were falling and his father was lying dead. Emma, the child who fell through my glass roof, two years ago, has never since walked. A chapter of tragedies! Mrs. C. is now in the States, trying to recuperate.

Hanihara, the bright secretary from the Japanese Foreign Office, who is here to look into the conditions and, doubtless, the possibilities of the Japanese situation in Mexico, turned up yesterday; we used to know him in Washington. He speaks English perfectly, and is Europeanized, externally, to an unusual extent, but, of course, he remains completely Japanese at bottom. I shall give a luncheon for him at Chapultepec, with his minister, the retiring Austrian *chargé*, and the new Italian minister, who fell at my door, the day before yesterday, and was laid up with a bad knee. I had him bound up by Dr. Ryan.

I saw a man yesterday who had known Villa in his purely peon days; he said some mental, if not moral, evolution had been going on; among other things, he generally keeps to the regulation amount of clothing, but a collar gets on his nerves almost as much as the mention of Porfirio Diaz—his pet abomination. He keeps himself fairly clean, and has shown himself clever about finding capable agents to whom he is willing to leave the gentler mysteries of the three R's. We wonder who is getting out certain polished political statements appearing under his name. What he once did to an official document, on an official occasion, instead of signing his name, pen cannot relate. He evidently has military gifts, but remains, unfortunately, one of the most ignorant, sanguinary, and ruthless men in Mexico's history, knowing nothing of the amenities of life, nothing of statesmanship, nor of government in any form except force. And he may inhabit Chapultepec.

D'Antin brought home a beautiful *saltillo*, a hand-woven, woolen sort of *serape*, about a hundred years old, that he got from an Indian at a price so small I hate to think of it. He saw it on the Indian on the street, one cold night, and his clever eye realized what it was. I am

not quite happy about it; but I have had it disinfected and cleaned. I can only bring myself to use it because some one said the Indian had probably stolen it.

Elim is singing at the top of his voice the popular air, "*Marieta, no seas coqueta porque los hombres son muy malos*" ("Marieta, don't be a coquette, because men are very wicked").

January 23d, Evening.

I spent a quiet evening reading the fascinating book Don L. Garcia Pimentel sent me yesterday, *Bibliografia Mexicana de lo Siglo XVI.* I am impressed anew with the wonderful work done by that handful of friars, Franciscans and Dominicans, who came over immediately after Cortés and began with the Conquistadores the work of Spanish civilization in the new world. Their first acts, as they made their way through the country, were to do away with the bloody sacrificial rites which disgraced and discredited the Aztec civilization. They built everywhere churches, hospitals, and schools, teaching gentler truths to the Indians, who gathered by thousands for instruction in the beautiful old *patios* to be found in front of all the colonial churches.

One might almost say that Mexico was civilized by that handful of friars, sixteen or seventeen in all, who came over during the first eight or ten years following the Conquest. Their burning zeal to give the true faith to the Indians dotted this beautiful land with countless churches, and an energy of which we can have no conception changed the gorgeous wilderness into a great kingdom. Padre Gante, one of the greatest of them, who arrived in 1522, was related to the Emperor Charles V. He had been a man of the world, and was a musician and an artist. He had his celebrated school at Tlaltelolco, now the Plaza de Santiago, which, shabby and shorn of all its ancient beauty, is used as the city customs headquarters.

He wrote his *Doctrina Christiana* and baptized hundreds of thousands of Indians during his fifty years' work. He not only taught them to read and write, but started schools of drawing and painting, at which he found them very apt. They already possessed formulas for all sorts of beautiful colors, and had their own arts, such as the glazing and painting of potteries, the making of marvelous garments of bright birds' feathers, and of objects in gold and silver, of the finest workmanship. In the museum one can see beautiful old maps of Mexico City when she was Anahuac, the glory of the Aztecs, painted on cloth made from the maguey.

Fray Bartolomé de las Casas worked with Fray Gante, and they were greatly aided by the first viceroys. Fray Motolinía came later, and his *Historia de los Indios* is the reference book of all succeeding works on *Nueva Espagna*. The friars tried by every means to alleviate the miseries of the Indians, and hospitals, homes for the aged and decrepit, orphanages and asylums of all kinds were established. The generation which immediately succeeded the Conquest must have been a tragic spectacle, exhausted by resistance and later on by the pitiless work of rebuilding cities, especially Mexico City, which was done in four years—to the sound of the whip. The viceroys were responsible only to the *Consejo de las Indias*, in far-away Spain, and their success came naturally to be judged by the riches they secured from this treasure-house of the world, at the expense, of course, of the Indians, though many of the viceroys tried honestly, in conjunction with the friars, to alleviate the Indian lot. Seven or eight volumes of hitherto unpublished works are waiting for me from Don Luis Garcia Pimentel, to one of whose ancestors, Conde de Benavente, Motolinía dedicated his *Historia de los Indios*. I have simply steeped myself in *Mexicana*—from the letters of Cortés, the re-

citals of Bernal Diaz, who came over with him, down to Aleman and Madame Calderon de la Barca.

Well, it is getting late and I must stop, but the history of Mexico is without exception the most fascinating, the most romantic, and the most improbable in the world; and the seed of Spanish civilization implanted in this marvelous land has produced a florescence so magnetic, so magical, that the dullest feel its charm. All that has been done for Mexico the Spaniards did, despite their cruelties, their greeds, and their passions. We, of the north, have used it only as a quarry, leaving no monuments to God nor testaments to man in place of the treasure that we have piled on departing ship or train. Now we seem to be handing back to Indians very like those the Spaniards found, the fruits of a great civilization, for them to trample in the dust. Let us *not* call it human service.

January 24th.

Von Hintze came in for a while this morning. Like all the foreign representatives, he is weary of his work here; so many *ennuis*, so much waiting for what they all believe alone can be the outcome now—American supremacy in some form.

Shots were heard in town last night. Dr. Ryan, who is making his home with us, thought it might be the long-threatened *cuartelazo* (barracks' revolution), and went out to see, but it turned out to be only a little private shooting. The Burnsides have gone to live at Vera Cruz.

January 26th.

Only a word before beginning a busy day. I must go out to Chapultepec to see that the luncheon of twelve, for Hanihara and Cambiaggio, is all right. The town is filling with Japanese officers from the *Idzuma*, lying at Manzanillo. There will be a veritable demonstration for

them, indicating very completely the anti-American feeling. There is an enormous official program for every hour until Friday night, when they return to their ship.

Evening.

My luncheon for Hanihara went off very pleasantly, at Chapultepec. That restaurant is the knife with which I have cut the gordion knot of entertaining. The new Italian minister was there, the Norwegians, Mr. E. N. Brown, president of the National Railways, Parra, from the Foreign Office, and others. We reached home at four o'clock, and I drove immediately to the Garcia Pimentels, where Don Luis was waiting to show me some of the special treasures in his library. Up-stairs, the handsome daughters and their equally handsome friends, married and single, were sewing for the Red Cross. We meet there every Tuesday. Each daughter had a beautifully embroidered *rebozo* thrown over her smart Paris gown *à la Mexicana*—heirlooms of the family.

The house is one of the noble, old-style Mexican edifices, with a large *patio*, and a fine stairway leading up to the corridor that winds around its four palm- and flower-banked sides. Large, handsome rooms, with pictures, rare engravings, priceless porcelains, and old brocades, open from the corridor. I merely put my head in at the door of the big drawing-room where they were working, as Don Luis was waiting for me in his library down-stairs. I spent a couple of delightful hours with him, among his treasures, so lovingly guarded through generations. Oh, those fascinating title-pages in reds and blacks, that thick, rich-feeling hand-woven paper, that changeless ink, fit to perpetuate those romantic histories and the superhuman achievement of the men of God! I could scarcely put down the beautifully written letter of Cortés to Charles V., wherein he tells of the

Indians as he found them. They so closely resemble the Indians as *I* have found them.

Many of Don Luis's most valuable books and manuscripts were found in Spain, and his library of *Mexicana* embraces everything obtainable down to our own time.[1] His wife is a charming woman, very *grande dame*, cultivated, and handsome. She and her daughters are always busy with countless works of charity. Just now they are busy making up little bundles of layettes for the maternity home. It does make one's fingers nimble to see Indian women obliged to wrap their babies in newspapers!

I had just time to get home and dress for dinner at the British Legation, but we came away at half past nine, leaving the rest of the party playing bridge. I had on again the gray-and-silver Worth dress, but I feel sad without my black things.

Evening, January 27th.

This afternoon I went with de Soto to see Mme. Lefaivre at the Museo Nacional, where she is copying an old Spanish screen. It is always a pleasure to go through the lovely, sun-baked *patio*, filled with gods and altars

[1] This noble house has since passed into alien hands, and the great library is scattered. Señora Garcia Pimentel was, fortunately, able to send a few of the most valuable manuscripts to England—the Cortés letters, the famous Motolinía manuscript, dedicated to the Conde de Benavente, a first edition of Cervantes, the "Dialogos" of Salazar, and a volume or two of Padre de la Vera Cruz and Padre Sahagun. She and her unmarried daughter took these away, concealed under shawls, when they were obliged to leave the house. There had been a sudden loud knocking at the door in the dead of night, followed by the entry of Carranzista officials. Madame Garcia Pimentel and her beautiful daughter were alone in the house at the time; the father and sons, in danger of their lives, had been secretly got to Vera Cruz, some time before.

The far-famed library of Casasus has also been scattered, its treasures destroyed. Sometimes a priceless volume has been bought for a few cents from a street vender, by some one on the lookout, but mostly these treasures have forever disappeared.—E.O'S.

of a lost race. Many of them, found in the *Zocalo*, have made but a short journey to their resting-place. De Soto is always an agreeable companion for any little excursion into the past—though it isn't the *past* we are dreaming about, these days. And as for his looks, put a lace ruff and a velvet doublet on him and he would be a "Velasquez" of the best epoch.

Mme. Lefaivre, enveloped in an apron, was sitting on a little step-ladder before the largest screen I have ever seen, its eight mammoth leaves representing various amorous scenes, lovers, balconies, guitars, etc.—all most decorative and truly ambassadorial. I told her that nothing but the Farnese Palace would be big enough for it, and the light of dreams—the kind of dreams we all dream—appeared in her eyes. The big sala was getting a bit dim, so she left her work and we started for a turn through the museum. When we found ourselves talking of Huerta by the "Morning Star," a mysterious, hard-faced, green god (his little name is Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli), I thought we might as well take a turn in the motor; so we went up to Chapultepec and continued the discourse under the cypresses, which are growing, though slowly, with the living events that alone really interest one. The past is for those with peace and leisure.

Evening.

A quiet day, but we are distressed beyond words at the renewed reports of a lifting of the embargo on arms and ammunition for the rebels. I feel as if I couldn't stand it, and N. even felt that he ought to resign if it happens. The ship of state is going so inevitably on the rocks. He will make some sort of protest to Washington against the advisability of this move. Villa's cry is "On to Mexico," and he may get there, or rather, here—if we decide to carry him.

It appears that he is becoming daily more intoxicated by the favors of the United States. No one is more surprised than he at his success with the powers that be, and as for the vogue he has with the confidential agents, they tell me his face is one broad grin whenever their names are mentioned. However, this doesn't mean he is going to try to please them. Just now he wants Huerta's head, but that foxy old head can have asylum here. Shouts and shots were heard an hour or so ago, but probably only from some Zapatistas near town.

XIII

Gamboa—Fêtes for the Japanese officers—The Pius Fund—The Toluca road—Brown, of the National Railways—President Wilson raises the embargo on arms and ammunition—Hunting for Zapatistas.

January 29th.

YESTERDAY the handsome Mexican set came for bridge, and in the evening we went to dine at Señor Pardo's house. He is the clever attorney for the "Mexican" railways. Federico Gamboa and his wife were there. Gamboa is most amusing, with one of those minds that answer to the point in conversation, what the French call *le don de la réplique*. He was Minister for Foreign Affairs last summer, and resigned to run for President, as choice of the Clerical party. Huerta said, quite frankly, of him to N. a few days ago, "I told him I liked him and wished him well, but if he had been elected President I should have had him shot."

Gamboa's answer to Mr. L. last August, though not satisfactory to *us* when laid by Mr. Wilson before Congress, remains a dignified, clever, and unimpeachable *exposé* of the Mexican situation from *their* point of view, which is that the United States, by every international law, is unwarranted in interfering in their interior affairs, as these, however unfortunate, are those of a sovereign state. They never got over the fact that the communications Mr. Lind brought with him were tactfully addressed to no one in particular, and referred to the government as "the persons who at the present time have authority or exercise influence in Mexico." They

consider that if they even once allowed such counsel from the United States they would compromise indefinitely their destinies as a sovereign state.

As for the phrase "the United States will not hesitate to consummate matters, especially in times of domestic trouble, in the way that they, the United States, consider best for Mexico"—it is graven on the mind of every Mexican who can read and write. Concerning our professions of friendship, which left them decidedly cold, Gamboa neatly said that never could there be a more propitious time for displaying it, that we had "only to watch that no material or military assistance of any kind be given to the rebels who find refuge, conspire, and provide themselves with arms and food on the other side of the border." He further quietly states that he is greatly surprised that Mr. Lind's mission should be termed a "mission of peace," as, fortunately, neither then nor to-day had there existed any state of war between Mexico and the United States. The whole document is the tragic and bootless appeal of a weak nation to a strong.

Gamboa has had numerous diplomatic posts. He was minister to Brussels and to The Hague, and special ambassador to Spain to thank the King for participation in the Centenary of 1910. . . .

After the Pardo dinner, two bright-eyed, clear-voiced Mexican girls, one of them Pardo's daughter, sang Mexican songs with the true beat and lilt to them. Hanihara was also there, listening to the music in the usual detached, Oriental manner. The Japanese officers are being tremendously *fêted*, fed by each and every department of the government, till I should think their abstemious "little Marys" would rebel.

After dinner we walked home, a short distance, in the mild night, under a strangely low and starry sky. It

seemed to me that by reaching out I could have had a planet for my own. The streets were deserted, save for an occasional Mexican, hurrying home, with his scarf across his mouth. There is a tradition here about not inhaling the night air. Here and there a *guardia* shivered in the shadows, as he watched his lantern, which he always places in the middle of the four crossings. One can walk with jewels gleaming, and without fear, under the Dictator.

Dr. Ryan left last night for Washington. I don't like to interfere with any one's *premier mouvement*, but I know it for an expensive, bootless trip. No one will care what he thinks about the certain consequences of the raising of the embargo.

The rebels have just destroyed twenty-two huge tanks of oil near Tampico, destined for the running of the railroad between San Luis Potosí and the coast. I think I told you Mr. Brown said that the gross receipts had never been so big on his lines as last month, in spite of the danger in traveling, but that they could not keep pace with the immense damage going on all the time. Mr. Brown is the self-made man of story. He began at the foot of the ladder and is now the president of the "National Railways"; quiet, poised, shrewd, and agreeable. Mexico owes him much.

Evening.

The Mexican papers come out with the statement that President Wilson can't raise the embargo on arms and ammunition without the consent of Congress, which, if true, removes it as an immediate calamity.

This morning they rang up from the American grocery to say that the stores ordered yesterday had not arrived, as the man who was delivering them was taken by the press-gang, with all the provisions. A nice way to popularize a government!

Nelson has been requested by the powers that be to use his influence about the release of a certain American, the suggestion being added that he should not be too cordial with Huerta in public, as the United States was on official, *not* friendly terms with Mexico. The old man would shut up like a clam and never raise a finger for N., or any American, or any American interests, if N. did not treat him with *both* public and private courtesy. In these difficult days the position here is almost entirely a personal equation. N. has danced the tight-rope, up to now, to the satisfaction of almost everybody, in spite of the inevitable jealousies and enmities. It is entirely due to N.'s personal efforts that the Pius Fund of $43,000, has just been paid; due to him that many prisoners have been released, and that many material ends have been gained for the United States.

I think history will testify that Huerta showed much tact in dealing with us. His latest remark is, "If our great and important neighbor to the north chooses to withhold her friendship, we can but deplore it—and try to perform our task without her."

Elim asked me, yesterday, "Where is our Uncle Sam, that everybody talks about?" He thought he was on the track of a new relative.

Later.

A military revolt is brewing here—Felicista. N. got wind of it. If it comes, they must give us Huerta, and have so promised. We have had comparative, very comparative, quiet for a few weeks, and now things are seething again.

There is a room here always ready, which we call *nacht asyl*, and various uneasy heads have rested there in the famous "bed of the murderess." Yesterday I bought a lot of lovely dull blue-and-white *serapes* for the floor and couch.

On returning from bridge at Madame Lefaivre's, where I left de Soto losing with more than his usual melancholy distinction, I found the Japanese minister with the captain of the *Idzuma*, in full regimentals, come to call—but N. was out. The captain said he wanted to express especially and officially to N. his appreciation of all the courtesies he had received from Admiral Cowles, and the other officers of our ships at Manzanillo. He spoke French and English only fairly well, as they do. I was very cordial, of course, and said that in these difficult moments all must be friends, must stand by one another, and show mutual understanding of difficulties. As I looked at him I thought, for some reason, of the horrors suffered and the deeds of valor performed by his race in the Russo-Japanese War, without question or thought of individuals. He espied Iswolsky's photograph and Adatchi showed him Demidoff's picture, saying that Elim was his namesake. They never forget *anything*.

The officers had all been out to the celebrated pyramid of San Juan Teotihuacan to-day, with the Minister of Public Instruction. It is a fatiguing trip, but an excursion always arranged for strangers of distinction. (I made it with Madero, mounting those last great steps, exhausted and dripping, on his arm.) They, the Japanese, were going to the Jockey Club, where Moheno, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is to give them a dinner. The government is so in debt to the various restaurants here that they couldn't get credit for the dinner at Silvain's, as first planned.

I met Lady Carden at bridge this afternoon. She feels badly at the way things have developed for her husband. He has been called to London "to report"; *à la* Henry Lane Wilson to Washington, I suppose. Hohler, who was *chargé* when we first came to Mexico,

is already *en route* from England to take over the Legation during Sir Lionel's absence—but I suppose Sir L. will never return. I told Lady Carden to give Sir Lionel my best regards, and added that it wasn't, by any means, *all* beer and skittles at the Embassy.

Sir L. shouldn't have tried, however, to "buck" the United States. All the representatives have become a bit more cautious as to how they approach "the policy," since the unpleasant newspaper notoriety Sir Lionel and Paul May received. Lady Carden is not going, I am glad to say, and we are all making plans to console her for Sir L.'s absence.

January 31st.

Your cable "Love" received yesterday. I sent a cable, "*Bene*," in answer. I have been thinking all day of those hours, many years ago, when my precious mother was lying with me, her first-born, in her arms.

N. is in receipt of a proclamation from revolutionary agents in Mexico City. The part referring to foreigners states that any protection given by them to Huerta or to his intimates will result in their immediate execution, and that *no* flag will be respected in such cases. It is one of those nice, little, confidence-inspiring documents which induce one to ponder on the Mexican situation, not as it might be or ought to be, but as it *is*. Its caption, "*La revolución es revolución*," is completely expressive.

February 1st. Afternoon.

A few lines while waiting for tea and callers. This morning we made a wonderful run out the Toluca road with Seeger and Mr. and Madame Graux, our Belgian friends, *Chemins de fer secondaires*, as we call them. After Tacubaya the road rises high above the city, and for miles we motored along the heights, through stretches of dazzling white *tepetate* and pink *tezontle*, the building-

THE GUARD THAT STOPPED US

stones of the city from immemorial days. The road was fairly alive with Indians bringing in their wares, this Sunday morning. They came from Toluca, seventy kilometers distant, moving tirelessly over their roads with the quick, short Aztec trot, and bearing such loads of pottery, baskets, and wood, that nothing can be seen of them but their feet. This is also a Zapatista country, and we had provided ourselves with three pistols. High in the hills could be seen the smoke of camp-fires, Zapatistas *or* charcoal-burners. It was on this road that the son of the Minister of War, Blanquet, was held up about three weeks ago. His party was stripped and its members sent home as they were born, even that last possible covering, the floor-rug of the motor, being removed.

However, beyond being stopped at intervals by *gendarmes*, who tried, unsuccessfully, to make us leave our pistols at the *jefetura* of their little village, we were not interfered with. Our cry of *Embajada Americana*, though not over-popular now, had not lost all its potency. In spite of the dazzling sun it is very cold on the heights, and in the little village where we stopped to "water" our car a coughing, sneezing, sniffling crowd of half-naked, shivering Indians gathered around us, evidently suffering from one of those bronchial epidemics so prevalent in these thin, high atmospheres. I fear that our coppers, though acceptable, were not therapeutic, as, doubtless, they all rounded up at the nearest *pulquería* after our departure. We could not decide to turn luncheward, but kept on and on, until we had dipped into the Toluca Valley as far as the statue of Hidalgo, commemorating the spot where he met the viceregal forces in 1821. It always seems to me a sad spot, for when the Spaniards fell, with the exception of Diaz's thirty years, the last stable government of Mexico also fell.

At the base of the statue three Indian women were sitting—*enredadas*. Each had a baby slung over her back and a burden by her side, giving the scene the mysterious, changeless, lonely Indian note. In Mexico, nothing is ever missing from any picture to make it beautiful and peculiarly itself.

A very gratifying letter came to-day from Mr. John Bassett Moore, counselor of the State Department. There are so many difficulties, so many enmities ready to lift their poisoned heads, so many delicate transactions, so much hanging in the balance, that it is gratifying to have, sometimes, an appreciative word from headquarters. Also a very nice letter came from General Crozier. I am so glad of that Mexican visit of his two years ago. He will understand just what the situation is—and many things besides.

Nelson spent all Saturday morning getting the 1914 instalment of the Pius Fund, the twelfth payment since the Hague decision in 1902. Diaz intended to pay off the principal, but now, of course, the country is in no condition to do so. We went down to Hacienda (Treasury Department). I sat in the auto in the sun, in the historic *Zocalo*, from immemorial days the focus of Mexican events. The officials had only $37,000 of the $43,000, but told N. to return at half past twelve, and they would have the other six for him. I couldn't help wondering where they got it. Finally it was all safely deposited in the bank. We then picked up the Graux at the Hotel Sanz and motored out for luncheon and golf at the Country Club.

February 1st, 10.30 P.M.

To-night has come the long-feared cable from Washington stating that the President intends to raise the embargo on arms and ammunition. The note was for Nelson's special information, not for delivery to the

Foreign Office yet, but the hour will come when he will have to gird himself to do the deed. It has been sent to every chancery in Europe, where it will raise a storm, to blow hard or not, according to the amount of material investments in Mexico. We scarcely know what to think; we are dazed and aghast. I am glad that a few hours, at least, must elapse before the facts will get out. I shall hardly dare to venture forth unveiled. Courteous as the Mexicans have been to Nelson and myself, some day, in face of the terrible catastrophes we have brought upon them, their patience must fail. This act will not establish the rebels in Mexico City or anywhere else, but will indefinitely prolong this terrible civil war and swell the tide of the blood of men and women, "and the *children*—oh, my brothers."

I think Wilhelmstrasse, Downing Street, Quai d'Orsay, Ballplatz, and all the other *Ministères* will pick many a flaw in the President's document; but what can they do except anathematize us behind our backs?

February 2d.

My first thought, on awaking this morning, was of the irremediable catastrophe threatening this beautiful land. Nelson says he thinks Huerta will disregard it, as he has disregarded all other moves of Mr. Wilson; but it can be nothing but a further source of terrible embarrassment.

February 3d, 11 A.M.

The second telegram has just come, saying that the President intends, within a few hours, to raise the embargo, and that N. is to inform all Americans and foreigners. I keep repeating to myself: "God! God! God!" A generation of rich and poor alike will be at the mercy of the hordes that will have new strength and means to fight, and eat, and pillage, and rape their way through the country. There will be a stampede of

people leaving town to-night and to-morrow, but those in the interior, what of them? There is sure to be violent anti-American demonstration, especially in out-of-the-way places.

12.30.

The news previously leaked out from Vera Cruz last night. Nothing gets out from the Embassy, as our staff all happen to know how to keep their counsel. It is what Mr. Lind has wanted for months, and I suppose the news was too satisfactory to keep. You will read it in to-morrow's Paris *Herald* and the *Journal de Genève.* Don't worry about us. We will have first-class safeguard *if* Huerta declares war. He may not. It is his policy, and a strong one it has been, to ignore Washington's proclamations. On the other hand, he will have no intention of being caught by Villa, like a rat in a hole; and war with us may seem to him a glorious solution of his problems. Villa and Carranza will not arrive in the city together. No street is broad enough to permit the double entry of their contrary passions, violence, and greed.

It is "to laugh" when Villa is thanked publicly and officially for his kind promises in regard to life and property in the north.

February 3d. Evening.

A busy day—as you can well imagine. N. had to inform the various legations. I went down-town with him for luncheon, a thing I never do. We met the Spanish minister driving up the *Paseo* in his victoria—a pathetic figure. He has had so much worry and heartbreak over the situation and has been so helpless in the face of the disasters which have befallen his nationals that he is beyond surprise. Upon hearing the news he merely made a tired gesture of acquiescence. To him the raising of the embargo was, doubtless, only one more

inexplicable thing. Von Hintze was out, and we next stopped at the French Legation, just opposite the German. Ayguesparsse, the secretary, possessed of one of the most elegant silhouettes in the world, was more than polite, but quite impassive, as he came out with Nelson to speak a word to me. He is married to a handsome young Mexican—the sister of Rincon Gaillardo, Marqués de Guadalupe—whose time, strength, money, and life, if need be, are at the disposition of his country.

When we got to the restaurant in Plateros, the most public and alarm-allaying spot we could think of, the newspaper men assailed N. with questions. The "story" that they are after is what the relations of Huerta would be to N. and the Embassy, and they announce that they were not going to let the *chargé* out of their sight.

After lunch, at which Mr. S. joined us, we went to the British Legation. N. gave Sir L. the news, while I walked in the garden with Lady C., both of us wilted, with nerves on edge. I came home, rested for a few minutes, and then dressed, and went out to fulfil my afternoon program of calls, turning up late for bridge at Madame Simon's. She asked me squarely, though in the politest of French, "What is your government doing?" I saw many people during the afternoon, but, apart from her greeting, there was no word of politics. I think the matter is too distasteful to the public to be discussed with any one like myself, where care in the expression of feeling is necessary.

I drove home with Lady C., who was quietly aghast at the situation, just in time to get into a tea-gown and down-stairs for dinner. In the *salon* Seeger and the Graux (who leave to-morrow for Vera Cruz and New York) were waiting. N. telephoned that he was at the Palace, just going in to see Heurta. You can imagine that

we had a lively dinner of surmises. He returned barely in time to say good-by to the Graux, and after they left we sat up late to talk over the appalling situation.

Sir Lionel was with the President when N. got there. From the violent sounds coming through the half-opened door, N. thought that the old man was at last losing patience and control, and prepared himself for the worst. However, when N. finally went in Huerta was perfectly calm and had never been more friendly. He never mentioned President Wilson's name, and concerning the raising of the embargo quietly remarked that it would not change matters much, but would merely give a recognized name to the smuggling over the border that had been going on for three years. He kept repeating that the future would justify him; that he had had nothing to do with the killing of Madero; that the attitude of the administration toward him was simply "a persecution." N. said he never flinched. He terminated the interview by saying that he greatly appreciated N.'s public as well as private courtesies, and that he was "very necessary to the situation," whereupon he ordered *copitas*, and the embargo question was dismissed.

Apropos of *copitas*, while we were talking N. was rung up to hear that an English woman reporter and Wallace, the cine man, sent us from the State Department, had been put in prison for trying to take a photograph of Huerta at the Café Colon, while he was taking his *copita*. They were both released at a late, or rather an early hour, and I think they richly deserved their experience. Huerta's reputation for drinking is very much exaggerated.

The hall, stairway, and chancery were black with reporters all the evening, until one o'clock. It has been a long day of responsibility, excitement, and fatigue.

February 4th.

The newspapers have appalling head-lines about President Wilson. *El Puritano*, with his mask off, the avowed friend of bandits and assassins, is about the mildest sample.

Evening.

Another full day. I had errands all the morning. In the afternoon, after being undecided as to whether I would shine by my absence or turn the full light of my American countenance on my Mexican friends, I decided to make calls. I found everybody in. I went first to Señora Gamboa, where I had to talk Spanish. Fortunately, they have a few very good antiques on which to hang conversation. Then I went to see the Evanses. They have bought a handsome old Mexican house which we are all interested in seeing them modernize without spoiling. After that I drove out to Tacubaya, and on the way out the broad *calzada* saw the *leva* at work. There were about twenty men hedged in by lines of soldiers, and two or three disconsolate-looking women.

Señora Escandon's house is situated in the midst of one of the beautiful gardens for which Tacubaya is celebrated, inclosed by high walls over which run a riot of vines and flowers. I found her and her daughter, Señora Soriano, at home. The Spanish son-in-law is a mechanical genius and spends this revolutionary period peacefully constructing small, perfect models of war-ships and locomotives. I shall take Elim there when "the fleet" is on the little lake in the garden. The Escandons are people of immense wealth, agreeable and cultivated, but, like all their kind, aloof from politics. Their perfect and friendly courtesy made me more than a little sad.

Going home for a moment, I found Clarence Hay with Nelson at the gate, and drove him down-town. I enjoyed talking English and hearing it instead of speak-

ing broken Spanish or listening to broken French. We browsed about in an antique-shop and did a little refreshing haggling. I stopped at Madame Simon's on my way back, where I found Rincon Gaillardo, who is, among other things, chief of the *rurales*.

He had many interesting things to say about hunting for Zapatistas, which seems to be the biggest kind of "big-game" shooting. After descending unexpectedly upon sleeping villages the Zapatistas retreat to their mountain fastnesses. By the time word reaches the point where *rurales* are stationed, the worst has been done. The next day innocent-looking persons are begging for a centavo or working in the fields. They were the bandits of the night before! It needs a Hercules to clear this mountainous country of "the plague of brigandage." A gun, a horse, and full power are naturally more attractive than a plow and a corn-field.

There are rumors of a student demonstration tomorrow—it is Constitution Day—when they propose to march the streets crying, "Death to Wilson!" Everybody was not only polite, but even affectionate in their greetings to me. Whatever they thought of yesterday's raising of the embargo they kept to themselves or expressed when I was absent. Even Rincon Gaillardo, who is giving his *all*—time, money, brain—to the pacifying of the country *under* Huerta, maintained his exquisite calm.

XIV

A "neat little haul" for brigands—Tea at San Angel—A picnic and a burning village—The lesson of "Two Fools"—Austria-Hungary's new minister—Cigarettes in the making—Zapata's message.

February 6th.

THERE was no disturbance of any kind yesterday. Never were the streets more peaceful, nor the heavens more calmly beautiful. Madame Simon had a luncheon for the new Austro-Hungarian minister, and afterward we all motored out the Toluca road, driving on till from a high mountain place we could see the setting sun filling the stretches of the Toluca Valley with translucent flame colors, mauves, reds, and browns. It was like some new Jerusalem or any other promised glory. Every time we saw a group on horseback we wondered if it were the redoubtable Zapatistas who make that part of the world so unquiet. It was all carefully patrolled, however, with armed men at intervals, cartridge-belts full, and guns across their saddles.

Our party would have been a neat little haul for brigands: the Austro-Hungarian minister, the Italian minister, Joaquin Garcia Pimentel, Señor and Señora Ösi, Madame Simon, and myself. Señora Ösi had on a magnificent string of pearls, likewise a huge diamond pin that blazed in the setting sun. I left my jewels at home, and Madame Simon kept hers well covered. I wonder that we *did* get back as we went. It was marvelous, dropping down from the heights to the glistening town, in the mysterious Mexican half-light.

I wonder what President Wilson is going to do about the revolution in Peru? I see they have deported Billinghurst from Callao, and Augusto Durand, the revolutionary chief, has assumed the Presidency. There was a price on his head a day or two before. It will take more than one administration to cure the Latin-Americans of their taste for revolutions. Have sent you a *Cosmopolitan*, with a story, "Two Fools," by Frederick Palmer; it deals with a certain burning side of the Mexican situation, and has excited much comment.

February 8th. Evening.

Yesterday we went out to the beautiful San Angel Inn for tea, six of us in one motor, two empty motors following. Motoring about this marvelous plateau is one of the joys of Mexican life. We watched the sunset over the volcanoes until the rose-tinted "White Lady," Iztaccihuatl, was only a gigantic form lying against a purple sky, covered with a blue-white shroud; then we raced in to dine with Clarence Hay and the Tozzers, who had a box for a mild circus performance in the evening. The night before last, so von Hintze told N. (and he is always thoroughly informed), forty men and officers in the Guadalupe Hidalgo barracks were shot. They were accused, probably justly, of a plot against Huerta. For days there have been persistent rumors of a military uprising—*cuartelazo*, as they call it. Perhaps at the predestined hour one such rising will succeed. If Huerta is forced into bankruptcy and can't pay his troops, what will become of *us*, the foreigners? He stated the full truth about elections here when he said that conditions were such that the government of the nation must necessarily be in the hands of the few. A thoroughgoing dictatorship is what he doubtless thinks the best solution—from a close acquaintance with his own people.

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"THE WOMAN IN WHITE"—FROM SAN JUAN HILL

This morning, after Mass at nine o'clock, I started with Seeger, Hay, the Tozzers, and Elim for Texcoco. It was marvelous, speeding through the soft, yet brilliant, air, each turn of the wheel bringing us to historic spots. Texcoco was the "Athens" of Mexico in Aztec days, and the whole length of this now so-dusty road was done in canoes and barques. There is a great column near Chapingo which points the spot Cortés started from in his brigantine, in his last desperate and successful attempt at the conquest of the City of Mexico. It was from the ridge of hills beyond that the conquerors first looked down on the marvels of Tenochtitlan, set among its shining lakes and its myriad gardens.

We found it was market-day at Texcoco, and Indian life was beating its full around the old plaza with its Aztec sun-dial, palms, and eucalyptus. Here the Indians set up their innumerable booths with their potteries, baskets, blankets, fruits, and vegetables. We were most amused watching a crowd gathered about a steaming caldron. In it a pig, his outline still quite intact, was converting himself into soup as fast as fire and water could assist him. Cortés, in one of the famous letters, gives as detailed an account of an Indian market as if he were a modern traveling agent sending back data to the firm. In the near-by old church his venturesome heart lay for long years. Now only unlettered Indians crowd in and out of the place. There is a huge adjacent seminary of the Spanish period, unused since the "Laws of Reform." The most visible results of the "Laws of Reform" seem to be, as far as I have discovered, huge, dusty waste spaces, where schools had once been. All over Mexico there are such.

Texcoco doesn't offer many inducements to modern picnickers, so we motored back a short distance and

stopped at the hacienda of Chapingo, formerly belonging to Gonsalez, President of Mexico before Diaz's second administration. *He* was allowed to leave the country. As Dooley remarks, "There is no such word as 'ix-Prisidint' in Mexico. They are known as 'the late-lamented,' or 'the fugitive from justice'; and the only tr'uble the country has with those who remain is to keep the grass cut."

Beautiful avenues of eucalyptus adorn the entrance to the gaudy clap-clappy house, and the dozens of *peon* dwellings surrounding it. The *administrador* allowed us to have our luncheon in the grounds, and we sat around the dry, flower-grown basin of an old fountain. Hay recited; we picked bunches of violets without moving an inch, and watched cheerful lizards darting in and out. Coming home, great spiral pillars of dust reached up, with a regular rotary motion, to the sky over the lake, the results of the drainage works of the lake and valley of Texcoco.

As we passed the *Peñon* and got into the straight home road, some one remarked, "Nothing doing in the Zapatista line this time." A moment afterward, however, volleys were heard in the direction of Xochimilco, and puffs of smoke could be seen. Then about forty *rurales* galloped up. The sergeant, a fresh-complexioned, dull-witted fellow, stopped us and asked if we knew from where the firing came. We apparently knew more than he, little as it was. He continued, in a helpless way: "Those are Mauser shots, *pero no hay tren, no hay telefono. Como vamos a hacer?*" ("but we have no train, we have no telephone. What are we to do?") When we asked him the name of the village (*pueblo*) where it was going on, he shrugged his shoulders and answered, "*Quien sabe?*" Finally we left the *rurales* to their own devices and came upon a group of women running for

their lives and virtue. They all learn to get out of the way of the soldiers, as they are obliged to hear dreadful *groserías*, if nothing worse. A pink- or blue-skirted figure being chased in the maguey-fields is no uncommon sight.

We came back to the Embassy and had tea, learning that a huge fire we had seen burning on the side of a not-distant hill, and which we thought might be from a charcoal-burners' camp, was a village the Zapatistas had pillaged and set on fire at two o'clock, while we were peacefully picnicking in "violet-crowned" Chapingo.

The Tozzers and Clarence Hay leave for Oaxaca and Mitla, to-morrow night, for a week's trip. I would have loved to go, but "No traveling" is our motto. We must keep out of possible troubles. Later Kanya de Kanya, the new Austro-Hungarian minister, came to call. He has been ten years in the Foreign Office in Vienna, and is glad to be out of the turmoil of Near-East politics. For him Mexico is relatively quiet. There are only about five or six hundred of his nationals in the whole country, as there has been little or nothing here for them since the Maximilian tragedy. Kanya is a Hungarian. He will be a pleasant colleague, and I certainly hope the Magyar will show itself. He is said to be very musical.

In the evening Seeger came back for dinner; also Burnside, who is up from Vera Cruz for a day or so. We had a "political" evening. Going back over things, it does seem as if the United States, in conniving at the elimination of Diaz, three years ago, had begun the deadly work of disintegration here.

But all the time I kept before my mind's eye the enchanting background of blue hills and lakes shining in the slanting sun, millions of wild ducks flying across the Lake of Chalco, and, above it, the smoldering village, the reverberations of the Mauser rifles below!

February 9th.

There was a pleasant luncheon at the Lefaivres' for Kanya. They—the Lefaivres—are both worn out with their long Mexican sojourn, five years, and the heavy responsibilities entailed by the ever-increasing French material losses, and are planning to go on leave in March. They are good friends and I shall miss them greatly, but I have learned to be philosophic about partings. Life keeps filling up, like a miraculous pitcher.

The newspapers have been getting the details of the horrible disaster in the Cumbre tunnel in Chihuahua, a few days ago. A bandit chief, Castillo, set fire to it by running into it a burning lumber-train. A passenger-train came along, collided with the débris, and all that has been recovered is a few charred bones. It is near the frontier, and it is said that Villa allowed the rescue-party to have an escort of American soldiers. There were a number of American women and children on the train; but it is a momentous step—or may be—for American troops to get into Mexico. Castillo did the thing, it is said, to revenge himself on Villa. This latter is getting a taste of the responsibilities success entails. He has Chihuahua, and Juarez, and a long line of railway to protect, and I am sure he doesn't find guerilla warfare a recommendable pastime, when it is directed against himself and his ambitions.

February 10th.

This morning we went over the magnificent Buen Tono cigarette-factories. Pugibet, who sold cigarettes in the street forty years ago, is the founder and millionaire owner. The factory is a model in all ways, and a testimony to his brains, energy, and initiative. He showed us over the vast place himself. In one of the rooms he

had refrained from installing machinery, as it meant taking work from hundreds of women.

Oh, the deftness and skill of those beautiful Indian hands! Their motions were so quick that one hardly saw anything but the finished article. He loaded us with cigarettes and many souvenirs, and we drove home after a visit to the big church he had built near by. On arriving home, I found the words, "Papa," "Mama," "Elim," and "Kuss," written in white chalk, in high letters, on the entrance-door. I hated to have them removed.

N. has protested to the Foreign Office regarding the scurrilous language the *Imparcial* has used about the President, the *Imparcial* being a government organ. "Wicked Puritan with sorry horse teeth," "Exotic and nauseous Carranzista pedagogue," are samples of its style.

Evening.

I have had a stone for a heart all day, thinking of the horrors that are to be multiplied. Nelson went to see Gamboa this afternoon. Incidentally the raising of the embargo was mentioned, and Gamboa said he thought Huerta might declare war. Like all the rest, he is doubtless ready to desert the old man. *Après moi le déluge* and "the devil take the hindmost" are the sentiments governing people here. Mr. Jennings just rang up to ask if we had heard that the letter-bag of the Zapatistas had been seized. In it was a letter to President Wilson from Zapata, saying he upheld and was in perfect accord with his (Wilson's) policy toward Huerta. A smile on the face of every one!

I went to the Garcia Pimentels' at four o'clock, where we sewed till seven for the Red Cross. The women there were all wives or daughters of wealthy *hacendados*. They asked me if there was any news, and as usual,

I answered, "Nothing new," but I felt my eyes grow dim. This measure will strike them hard. The *hacendados* in this part of the country have made great sacrifices to co-operate with the Federal government (it is the only visible thing in the shape of government) in the hope of preserving their properties and helping toward peace.

There were crowds before the Church of the Profesa in "Plateros" as I drove home. The church had been gutted by fire the night before, its second misfortune since we arrived. Its great dome was rent during the terrific earthquake of the 7th of June, 1911—that unforgetable day on which I saw Madero make his triumphant entry into Mexico. At half past four in the morning the town was rocked like a ship in a gale, with a strange sound of great wind.

The Profesa, which has only just been repaired, was built late in the sixteenth century, and was a center of Jesuit activity. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the great marriages, baptisms, and functions took place in it. One can see in one's mind the array of proud viceroys and their jewel-decked spouses and all the glittering functionaries, and last, but not least, the inevitable accompaniment of the Indian population, wandering in and out. Yesterday, at San Felipe, Mass was celebrated by a priest with a pronounced Spanish eighteenth-century ascetic face of the Merry del Val type. As he turned to give the blessing, I thought of the many elect and beautiful priests of Spain who had in bygone days turned with that same gesture and expression to give the same blessing to like throngs of uplifted Indian faces. The Indians crowd the churches and I am thankful that Heaven can be foreshown to them, somewhere, somehow. They are but beasts of burden here below.

XV

Departure of the British minister—Guns and marines from Vera Cruz—Review at the Condesa—*Mister Lind*—The Benton case—Huerta predicts intervention—Villa at Chihuahua.

February 12th.

SIR LIONEL CARDEN is leaving next week. He feels (I think not without reason) very bitter about his experience down here. He is going to London *via* Washington. I suppose he means to tell the President a lot of things, but when he gets there he won't do it. Something in the air will make him feel that nothing is of any use. . . .

The protest Nelson made to the Foreign Office over the abusive language of the *Imparcial* was in big headlines in the newspapers yesterday. The Spanish language lends itself exceedingly well to abuse. Miron, the man who wrote the articles, now goes about declaring that he will shoot Nelson at the first opportunity. I don't think anything will come of this, however, though it keeps one a little uneasy in this land of surprises.

February 13th.

This morning we received a telegram that Nelson's father is seriously ill (pneumonia) and all day I have been broken with agonies of indecision. Ought I to go to New York, possibly in time to close those beautiful old eyes? Or ought I to stay here?

N. intends to have six marines come up from Vera Cruz. We could lodge them here. This house was

built for two very large apartments and was joined by doors and stairways when taken for an Embassy. The very large dining-room on the bedroom floor could easily hold six cots and the necessary washing apparatus. It is now used as a trunk-room, pressing-room, and general store-room. Personally I don't feel that anything will happen in Mexico City, beyond having a premonition that we may be giving asylum to Huerta some of these days. The scroll bearing his hour still lies folded upon the lap of the gods.

February 17th.

I decided this morning not to go to New York, though Berthe had my things in readiness for to-morrow night. I was afraid that when I wanted to return I might not be able to get up to the city from Vera Cruz.

I went to see von Hintze this morning about the circus performance on Friday night for the Red Cross. He had already sent out invitations for a big dinner for that night, but he will postpone this until Saturday. He thinks there will be trouble here, and *soon*, and that I would never have time to go and return. So are destinies decided. Suddenly it was clear to me that I was to stay with my boy and Nelson and await results. Von Hintze considers the situation desperate and has sent out a circular telling his nationals to leave the country. In that story, "Two Fools," you will see some of the disadvantages of leaving, faced by people whose all is here. Von Hintze is having Maxim quick-firing guns up from Vera Cruz. Three good mitrailleuses and the men to work them would be ample protection for any of the legations in case of riots.

Diaz Miron, who is threatening Nelson's life, has already killed three men. Another man he shot limps about town, and he himself has a bad arm. He is a poet, a neurotic, but wrote in his young days some of the most

beautiful Spanish verse that exists. Now he is old, violent, and eccentric. I hardly think anything will come of his threats. Huerta has other Diaz Mirons; he has but one American *chargé d'affaires;* and if necessary Diaz Miron can be put in the *Penitenciaría* or Belem. I only fear some fool may catch the idea and do what Miron wouldn't do.

A very nice cable came from Mr. Bryan this afternoon, saying that the President was deeply concerned at the threats against Nelson, and that we should arrange for secret-service men to follow him when he goes out of the Embassy; and also, if necessary, have a military guard at the house. There has been a secret-service man walking up and down outside for several days, and a dull time he must be having.

The morning was soft, yet brilliant, when I walked down to von Hintze's. It seems strange that blood and tragedy should be woven in such a beautiful woof. Von Hintze is not an alarmist, but by telling me to go to New York, on the theory that everybody that can should leave, he certainly decided me to stay. I *can't* be away if anything happens here. So now I am calm again. Having been ready to go, not dodging the hard duty, makes me able to remain in peace.

February 18th.

We have a new Minister for Foreign Affairs, a gentleman, to replace Moheno, the joyful bounder who has been in during the past few months. Portillo y Rojas, the new minister, is also supposed to be that white blackbird, an honest man. He has held various public offices without becoming rich, even when he was governor of the State of Jalisco. He, like all the rest, however, will do as Huerta dictates.

Maximo Castillo, the bandit responsible for the awful Cumbre tunnel disaster, was captured by American

troops yesterday. Twenty-one Americans perished in the disaster. I wonder what Washington will do with him? To which of the two unrecognized governments can he be turned over? He was making a big détour around a mountain range, with a few followers, when he was caught, trying to avoid Villa. This is another piece of good luck for "the tiger."

Huerta continues to believe in himself. N. says that unless von Hintze had information of a precise nature that Blanquet (Huerta's intimate friend and his Minister of War) is going to betray him, the end is by no means in sight. But treachery is as much a part of this landscape as the volcanoes are.

Had a wearing sort of day, full of corners and edges; also the first real dust-storm of the season, which helps to make nerves raw. The government sends down three Gatling-guns, which Nelson is to get into the country "anyway he thinks best." It will not be a simple matter. Everything is in a combustible condition here, needing but a match to ignite the whole.

Evening.

Just returned from Chapultepec from Señora Huerta's reception. It was her first in two months, as she had been in mourning for her brother. The "court" wore black. I found myself next to Huerta for tea, having been taken out by the Minister of Communicaciones—the Minister of "Highways and Buyways," he might be called. I had a little heart-to-heart talk with the President—unfortunately in my broken Spanish. He gave me some flowers and all the good things on the table, and in return I gave him a red carnation for his buttonhole. He called for *enchiladas* and *tamales*—pink jelly and fussy sandwiches don't appeal to him—but the majordomo, with a grin, said, "*No hay.*"

A few of the *gens du monde* were there. It seems cruel

for them to boycott their own government as they continually and consistently do. Huerta has promised to put a larger house at our disposition for the Red Cross, and I begged him to come, if only for a moment, to the benefit circus performance on Friday. He has some military engagement for that night. I think we will be able later to get up a really productive bull-fight for the Red Cross, if he will sanction it. There is always money for bull-fights in this country. If the bull-fighters didn't come so high, and if the bulls were not so dear, a bull-fight would be a wonderful way of putting any organization on its feet!

Huerta sat with Nelson the whole time after tea, in the bedroom next to the big *salon*, and Nelson broached to him the subject of the guns. He said he could bring in any blankety thing he pleased, or the Spanish equivalent, but he warned him to do it quietly. We were almost the last to leave and Huerta took me on his arm down the broad, red-carpeted stairs, telling me that Mexicans were the friends of everybody, and offering me a pony for Elim. When we got to the glass vestibule, in front of which the autos were waiting, he made us take *his* auto. "*Your* automobile," he insisted, when I said, "Oh, but this is yours!" What could I do but get in, to the salute of officers, our empty car following us. All his courtesies make it a bit hard for us. I felt like a vampire in a churchyard or some such awful thing, when I was sitting there in the big *salon*, knowing that Huerta is up against the world and can't but slip at the end, no matter how he digs in his feet. He needs fidelity. It is nowhere to be had, and never was to be had in Mexico, if history is to be believed. When Santa Ana left Mexico City with twelve thousand troops in 1847 to meet and engage Scott at Puebla, he finally arrived with a fourth of that num-

ber—the others vanishing along the road a few at a time.

There was a good deal of uniform up there this afternoon. I looked at those gold-braided chests with mingled feelings—pity at the thought of the uncertainty of life, and a sickening feeling of the undependability of the sentiments that fill them when the constitution is in question.

We hear that Diaz Miron leaves for Switzerland to-night; which, if true, ends *that* little flurry. The long arm of the Dictator moves the puppets as he wills, and I imagine he intends to take no risks concerning the brightest jewel in his crown—*i. e.*, N., the last link with the United States. I keep thinking what a "grand thing" a dictatorship is if it is on your side. Most of the dozen Huerta children were at the reception—from the youngest, a bright little girl of seven, to the fatuous eldest officer son of thirty or thereabouts. A big diamond in a gold ring, next to a still bigger one in platinum, were the most conspicuous things about him.

A new comic journal called *Mister Lind* made its first appearance to-day. It is insulting and unclean, with a caricature of Lind on the second page. I can't decide whether the name is bright or stupid.

The Mexicans are master-hands at caricature and play upon words, and there are generally some really trenchant political witticisms in their comic papers. There are wishes for Wilson's early demise scattered through the pages in various forms. But I imagine they are boomerang wishes, and the journal itself will have a short and unprofitable life. The big middle page has a picture, calling itself *El Reparto de Tierras* ("The Division of Lands"). It represents a graveyard; underneath are the words, "*tenemos 200,000 tierras tenientes*" ("we have 200,000 landholders")—a sad play upon the divi-

on of lands. Above it vultures are portrayed, wearing ncle Sam's hat. Another caricature shows the Mexi-ans carrying a coffin labeled *Asuntos Nacionales* (Na-onal Affairs), with President Wilson as a candle-bearer. he press gets more anti-American every day.

On one of N.'s visits to the President, at his famous

A BURIAL

MEXICO: "WHO GAVE *YOU* A CANDLE TO CARRY IN THIS FUNERAL?"

tle shack-like retreat set in among a collection of arket-gardens, at Popotla, he began to talk about the ision of lands, saying the Indian had inalienable hts to the soil, but that the lands should be returned him under circumstances of justice and order. On

no account should they be used as a reward for momentarily successful revolutionaries. He added that the United States had never respected the rights of their Indians, but had settled the whole question by force.

February 19th.

We went this morning to the big military *revue* at the Condesa, one of the most beautiful race-tracks in the world. I thought of Potsdam's strong men under dull skies. Now I am in this radiant paradise, watching more highly colored troops, who make a really fine show, and who perhaps are soon to fight with "the Colossus of the North." Certainly in another year many of them will have been laid low by brothers' hands. The President was very pleased with the 29th, the crack regiment that helped him to power a year ago. He addressed a few words to them, and his hands trembled as he decorated their flag, pinning the cross at the top of the flag-staff, and attaching a long red streamer instead of the rosette that generally goes with this decoration. They made a fine showing, and the *rurales*, under command of Rincon Gaillardo, on a beautiful horse, and in all the splendor of a yellow and silver-trimmed *charro* costume, were a picturesque and unforgetable sight. The *rurales* wear great peaked hats, yellow-gray costumes made with the tight *vaquero* trousers, short embroidered coats, and long, floating red-silk neckties—such a spot at which to aim! I suppose there were six or seven thousand troops in all. Everything was very spick and span—men, horses, and equipment. It was a testimony to Huerta's military qualities that in the face of his manifold enemies he could put up such an exhibition. I sat by Corona, governor of the Federal District, and watched the glittering *défilé* and listened to the stirring martial music. The Mexicans have probably the best brass in the world—

le beau côté de la guerre. But what horrors all that glitter covers! Twice, when Huerta's emotion was too much for him, he disappeared for a *copita*, which was to be had in a convenient back inclosure.

Evening.

I started out with Kanya and Madame Simon to motor to Xochimilco, and before getting out of town we ran down a poor *pelado*. It was a horrible sensation as the big motor struck him. I jumped out and ran to him and found him lying on his poor face, a great stream of blood gushing from a wound in his head.

They wouldn't let me touch him till a sergeant came. Then we turned him on his back, and I bound up his head as well as I could, with a handkerchief some one gave me, and with one of my long, purple veils. I took the motor—Kanya and Madame Simon are not used to blood—and went quickly to the *comisaría* and got a doctor. The chauffeur, whose fault it really was, was trembling like an aspen. When we got back, it seemed to me the whole *peon* world had turned out. Finally we got the victim laid on the *camilla;* and now, I suppose, his poor soul is with its Maker. As the motor is Kanya's, there will be no calling him up in court, and he will be very generous to the family. I am thankful, for various reasons, that it wasn't the Embassy motor. I am awfully upset about it; to think of starting out on this beautiful afternoon and being the instrument to send that poor soul into eternity.

Later I went to see Madame Lefaivre. She is in bed with a "synovite," and is trying to superintend her packing at the same time. I met von Hintze as I came out of the Legation. He informed me, with a wicked smile, that the review was to celebrate, or rather, commemorate, the mutiny of the celebrated Twenty-ninth against Madero last February. Well, I hope we won't get into trouble

with the powers that be. He addressed me, saying, "I hear you presided over the military commemoration of to-day."

I said, "Good heavens! *What* commemoration?" I knew nothing of it, and was only interested to see what sort of a showing the troops would make!

I write no more. I feel very *triste*, with the sight of that poor, bleeding head before my eyes and the memory of the impact of that body against the motor.

February 20th.

The poor man is still alive, but is going to die. The curious thing about the fatality (which is the only word for it) is that the man had just come from Querétaro, where he had sold a house for 4,200 pesos, which he had on him, and which were subsequently stolen from him at the *policía*. I noticed that when he was put on the stretcher his hand for a moment convulsively pressed his belt. I suppose moving him brought a momentary consciousness, and he thought weakly of his all. Doubtless he was the only *pelado* in town that had that or *any* amount on him. The chauffeur is in jail, and, after all, Kanya will have a lot of trouble before the matter has been arranged.

The comic journals of this week have just appeared. All take a shot at Mr. Wilson for his recognition of Peru. *Multicolor* has him, with a smile, handing the *Reconocimiento* to Peru—a handsome young woman, representing *la Revolución*—while with the other hand he tears the map of Mexico from the wall.

The other day Nelson had a most interesting talk with Huerta. He said he realized that the existence of any government in Mexico without the good-will of the United States was difficult, if not impossible; and that he was deeply distressed that they did not take into

account the manifold difficulties under which he was laboring. It was at this interview that N. arranged the question of getting in arms. Huerta pointed out that all the requests N. had made him on behalf of the United States had been granted, and that the entire Federal army had been ordered to give special consideration to Americans. He said that he did not desire to criticize the government of the United States, but did wish to point out that if it defeats him in pacifying the country it will be forced into the difficult and thankless task of armed intervention. He continued that, on looking at the Mexican situation, one must not lose sight of the fact that Mexico is an Indian country (mentioning the difficulties *we* had had with our Indians); that the Indian population here had been oppressed by the Spaniards and the landowning classes for centuries; that during the régime of Porfirio Diaz they had conceived the desire for material betterment, but were given no chance (the chances being for the few); that under the régime of Madero the revolutionary habit became general, as the sequel of unfulfillable promises. Also that the present task in Mexico was not to establish a democracy, but to establish order. He did not criticize the rebels of the north, but said they would never, in the event of victory, be able to establish a government in Mexico, and that one of their first acts would be to turn against the United States. From Maximilian to Huerta they have all known our friendship is essential.

The Benton case is going to make an untold amount of trouble, and the Mexican problem again comes into sight from the international point. A life is worth a life, perhaps, before God; but down here the murder of a wealthy British subject is of more account than that of some poor American or a thousand Mexicans. The best and most-to-be-believed version of Villa's shooting of him is that,

on Benton's expostulating with him about the confiscation of his property in Chihuahua, he was shot, then and there. That is the reason they have been unwilling to let his wife have the body, which shows bullet-wounds in the *wrong places*. Villa claims he was shot after a court-martial had declared him guilty of an attempt on his, Villa's life. You can imagine a wealthy Britisher attempting Villa's life! All any foreigner up there wants is to be let alone. Whatever the true history may be, there is intense indignation on the frontier. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice has made formal protestations to the State Department. The English press is aroused, and it was told us by one correspondent that Sir Edward Grey will be called on to answer questions in Parliament. The fat is, at last, in the fire.

Dr. Ryan returned yesterday, more or less discouraged with his Washington trip. Everything for the rebels. Mr. Lind is so fascinated by them that I understand he is counseling direct financial aid—a loan. He hasn't perceived the shape and color of events here, but has become obsessed by the idea of getting rid of Huerta. That and his hallucination about Villa cover the whole situation for him. What is to be done afterward if Huerta is squeezed out? That is what we all want to know—the afterward. One long vista of bloodshed and heartbreak and devastation presents itself.

February 22d.

Elim has gone to his first and, I hope, his *last* bull-fight, with Dr. Ryan. He has clamored so to go that I finally yielded. I feel rather uncertain about it. There was a very *chic* dinner at von Hintze's last night, for Sir Lionel, who leaves on Wednesday. I feel awfully sorry for him, but this Benton matter may be a justification, to a certain extent. He says he is only to be gone six

weeks—but *quién sabe?* Hohler has arrived—a good friend of ours. His are safe hands in which to leave matters.

Nelson is busy getting one of the American correspondents out of that terrible Belem. He has been put in there with all those vermin-covered people, with their typhoid and other germs, and must have had some bad hours.

February 24th.

Just a line this morning. Am getting ready for my American bridge party, with prizes, this afternoon. I have some lovely large Ravell photographs in good old frames.

Last night Patchin, the very agreeable young *Tribune* correspondent, came for dinner; we had the usual political conversation afterward. Clarence Hay read a poem of his (which I will later inclose) on the murder of young Gen. Gabriel Hernandez, last July, by Enrique Zepeda, then governor of the Federal district. Zepeda is called a "nephew" of Huerta, but is supposed to be his son. Zepeda gave a supper to which N. was invited; at the last moment, press of work made him unable to assist. The gods were with him that time, for, after the supper, at midnight, Zepeda, very much *allumé*, went to the *Penitenciaría* where General Hernandez was imprisoned, took him out into the *patio*, and shot him dead. His men then burned the body, over which they were thoughtful enough to first pour kerosene. Zepeda was put in jail for eight months, and is just out. When he isn't intoxicated he is almost "American" in his ideas, it appears.

Wednesday, February 25th.

Last night we went to the station to see Sir Lionel off. I thought the cheers that went up as the train moved out of the station were for him, but it seems they

were for some departing bull-fighters, who are always first in the hearts of their countrymen. It appears that Sir Lionel is carrying with him documents, plans, maps, etc., with a collection of fully authenticated horrors committed by the rebels in their campaign. He may not get an opportunity of laying them before President Wilson, but he will enjoy showing them to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

Yesterday, from the governor's palace in Chihuahua, Villa gave forth a statement about the killing of Benton. He was seated on a throne-like chair on a raised dais, in almost regal style, his followers surrounding him and doing him homage. The gubernatorial palace is fitted up with the greatest luxury, the houses of the wealthiest residents of the town having been sacked for the purpose. Consider the picture of that untutored, bloody-handed brigand, surrounded by his spoils and his "courtiers." He has never heard how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but he will doubtless have some practical experience of it. He has contradicted himself repeatedly in his statements about the killing of Benton. The body, bearing its mute testimony of being riddled with bullets by a firing-squad, lies under a heap of refuse.

XVI

Huerta's impressive review for the special correspondents—The *Grito de Dolores*—Tons of "stationery" for the Embassy—Villa and Carranza disagree—The Embassy guard finds itself occupied.

February 26th. Noon.

WE are just home, after seeing the review (from Chapultepec through town to the *Zocalo*) of all the troops now in the city. They were turned out for the benefit of the special correspondents, invited to the gay scene by Huerta, and the government is paying all the expenses. The regular correspondents in town feel rather peeved about the matter. We sat in the motor in the *Zocalo*, under the cloudless sky and soft, penetrating sun, and watched the *défilé*. The banner of the Twenty-ninth bore the long, red streamer that Huerta had tied on the other day, with trembling fingers. The troops were all well armed. They had new rifles and new, well-filled cartridge-belts, and the effect was most encouraging—for *Huerta*. The special correspondents, from the windows of the Palace, had their cameras and cine machines in action. Really, Huerta has done wonders to keep the troops together so well and so long, in the face of such overwhelming odds. The bugle-calls and the martial music echoed over the Plaza—the setting for so many centuries of the hopes and fears, the beginnings and the endings, of these Mexican people.

I thought of the 1911 anniversary of the *Grito de Dolores*—that night of the 16th of September when I stood on the middle balcony of the *Palacio*, with de la

Barra and Madero, when the former was still President *ad interim*, and the latter was hoping all things. There we looked down on fifty or sixty thousand upturned faces, while the celebrated *Campana de la Independencia* (Independence bell) rang above our heads, followed by the great bells from the illuminated towers of the cathedral. The present is nearer the past in Mexico than anywhere else.[1] As we came home we were snapshotted a dozen times by the disconsolate correspondents who had not been invited to the Palace to "assist" at the parade. Coming up "Plateros," Nelson saw Huerta's automobile outside of "El Globo" restaurant, and left me, to go in to speak to him.

This morning the big banana-tree in the front garden was released from its winter wrappings, if one can call these cloudless days winter. The most wonderful banners of purest, palest yellow are gently waving against the perfect sky. I am now waiting for Hohler to come to lunch. Sir Lionel went off (during a tremendous *norte*), in the battle-ship *Essex*, which is taking him to Galveston. His country is treating him almost to the honors we give fleeing Maderistas.

Villa has not yet given up the body of Benton. If there is much more delay it will not be able to bear testimony to the truth. Unfortunately, a Federal officer, it is rumored, has hanged an American citizen, Vergara, at Piedras Negras. His pardon, sent from headquarters, came too late. Huerta will probably make an example of the hasty officer, if the deed has really been committed. We heard this morning that Carranza is

[1] This is the famous bell the priest Hidalgo rang from his church in the village of Dolores, in the State of Guanajauto, in the early morning of September 16th, 1810, sounding the appeal known as the "Grito de Dolores" (cry from Dolores)—the first cry of Mexican independence, to be continued through more than a century of blood and disaster.

going to make short work of O'Shaughnessy when *he* gets here. When!

I had a very interesting conversation with Hohler, who is thoroughly sincere and trustworthy, and able to look at things as they are. We sat long over our coffee, talking of the international web, of which Mexico is now so uncertain and frail a mesh. He intends to do what he can for *his* nationals. He is without fear, in a practical, unnervous way.

The reverse of the medal is that he is a tireless collector and connoisseur of beautiful things, and what he doesn't get, the Belgian minister does. Between them, there is very little left for anybody else.

February 27th.

Villa is still refusing to deliver up the body of Benton, even at the risk of offending the United States. Huerta expects Villa to hang himself with his own rope. He says he is a *tonto*, violent, undisciplined, and *can't* do what he ought. The rumors that he is refusing to receive orders from Carranza are taking more explicit shape. He says that Carranza has never once put himself in danger; that he (Villa) has done all; that he receives commands from no one. He has repeatedly and vainly been asked to go to confer with Carranza, and we now hear that the mountain of all constitutional virtues is going to Mohammed. The deadly wine of success is mounting to Villa's head. He now has wealth to the extent of some millions of pesos. The Torreon and Chihuahua confiscations were enormous, not counting what he and his followers have taken in all the small towns looted. He has not the sense to perceive in what difficulties his killing of Benton has placed the people who are anxious to be his friends. He evidently thinks that a man who cannot write or read must "make his mark" in other ways.

Our Gatling-guns, with ammunition, are arriving today in Vera Cruz, by the Ward Line steamer. They are to be got up here under the head of Embassy supplies—stationery, and the like. Huerta knows they are, but wants the thing done in a manner that he can wink at. The "stationery" will weigh tons.

February 28th.

Elim had his curls shockingly cut this morning, but his bang has been left. He is as proud as a puppy with two tails. The "crime" was committed by a soft-speaking Haitian barber, who won't get another chance at my only child. Elim knows nothing of death and dissolution; has been calling "*Mima*," all over the house, and has just dashed into the drawing-room, where I am writing, to ask for a trumpet. He is so clever about music that I am almost tempted to sacrifice every one in the house and get him one. He will soon be playing the national air.

Yesterday I had tea with Madame B. She was looking very handsome, lying among her costly blue-ribboned laces. The baby, born ten days ago, looks like a miniature "conqueror," with its severe Spanish features and glossy black hair. Madame B.'s father, who is one of the wealthiest *hacendados*, spoke with Huerta for the first time several weeks ago at the Jockey Club. The President asked him, "How are matters in Morelos?" (The Zapatista country where they have immense sugar haciendas.) Don L. answered, "You are killing us with your demands for contributions." Huerta grew rather excited. "You do nothing for the country," he declared, "neither you nor your sons." Don L. answered, "I have lost one and a half millions in the past year." "Lucky man to have it to lose," commented Huerta, grimly. "Great sugar crops are now ready for harvesting, but I can get no men,"

THE "DIGGINGS" (AZCAPOTZALCO)

THE PYRAMID OF SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACAN

Don L. went on; "they are all in the army. Give me men and I will give you contributions."

Huerta immediately sent the men needed, the sugar is being harvested, and Don L. feels convinced that Huerta is doing what he can; but his daughter, who told me all this, added, with a smile and flash of white teeth, "Pardon me; but what *can* we do with your Mr. Wilson on our backs?"

Evening.

We have had such a day of agitation. Telegrams from New York tell us that Nelson's father has received the last sacraments. We have telegraphed to Vera Cruz to know if one of the smaller fast ships is in the harbor. I might go in it to New Orleans and thence by rail to New York—in all seventy-eight or eighty hours from Vera Cruz. Berthe has been packing my things. I know lives must end, but my heart is very sad.

I kept my engagement to take the Russian and Austrian ministers out to Tozzer's Aztec diggings. Their governments have subscribed money for archæological work in Mexico (I have never *quite* understood why), and Tozzer was most anxious to have them see what he had done. We had tea, and *regalitos* of heads of idols, dug up on the spot—spontaneously offered, this time. There was a dust-storm blowing—the volcanoes were invisible—and things were generally gritty. All the time my thoughts were turning toward the life-and-death issue, and I was so anxious to get home.

The Lefaivres leave definitely on the 12th. The Legation is dismantled, and Madame Lefaivre is still lying with her knee in plaster. Their secretary and his wife naturally see them leave with mixed feelings. We all know how *that* is, for what greater benefit can a chief bestow than absence? Madame Lefaivre said to the secretary: "What if the ship doesn't sail on the 12th?"

He made the most polite of disclaimers, but she answered, smilingly, "Oh, I know the hearts of secretaries!"

March 1st.

I have just come from Mass, wondering how it is with the soul and body of Nelson's father. * * *

This morning Washington must be thinking "how sharper than a serpent's tooth"! Carranza and Villa are defying the supreme powers. They even deny our rights to ask information regarding Benton, who, they say, is a British subject—adding that they will listen to only such representations as are made to them by Great Britain herself "through the proper diplomatic channels." No one knew any such channels existed. They add, further, that this ruling applies to other nations desiring redress for their people. The Frankenstein monster is certainly growing. Carranza also says that he has already investigated the Benton affair, but only for use in case Great Britain desires to take up the matter with him as head of the revolution. The matter of Gustav Bauch, American citizen, he will be kind enough to discuss with Mr. Bryan, stating that he "greatly laments his death." This turn is most unexpected, though Villa and Carranza were very uppish several months ago when William Bayard Hale was sent to treat with them. Now that the embargo is lifted, their arrogance knows no bounds.

Vergara, the *supposed* American citizen, *supposed* to have been put to death at Piedras Negras by a Federal officer, and whose death so greatly outraged Washington, has simply escaped and rejoined the rebel forces. It appears, on investigation, that he was the chief of a gang of eighteen bandits, and his occupation was the getting in of arms and ammunition across the border for the rebels, or the driving of large herds of stolen cattle over to the

American side. The Federals would have had a perfect right to shoot him.

Yours of January 31st, understanding all so deeply, says nothing of my typewritten letter about the Vera Cruz trip. It must be a relief to you to get a legible letter. McKenna, N.'s new young secretary, discreet and competent, copied it for me.

Your report of having seen a statement in the newspapers about "rushing the troops up to Mexico" reminds me of a correspondent of one of the big New York newspapers. He appeared here the other day, saying he had been sent hurriedly to Vera Cruz on inside information from Washington to be ready to go up to Mexico City with the troops.

Last night Huerta, in view of the safety of his crown jewel—*i. e.*, Nelson—said he was going to send a guard to the Embassy. There was an *equivocación* (there always *is* some mistake in Mexico) and an armed guard of eight was sent to the American Club, a place Nelson rarely goes to. About half past nine we had excited telephone calls that the Club was guarded by these soldiers, as riots were evidently feared by the authorities. The newspaper men sent telegrams about it to New York, but it was simply a case of going to the wrong place. This morning four soldiers with rifles appeared as permanent "guests," but we don't need them. We have nice old Francisco and the new young *gendarme*, Manuel, who was added some months ago. Each legation here has one guard. I am glad to have Francisco and Manuel, on Elim's account. They always seem to know just what he is doing in the garden.

We were so thankful to see, in one of the newspapers, the head-line, "Huerta snubs O'Shaughnessy." Of course it isn't true, but it will make an excellent impression at home; and it may even give N.'s first-hand, accurate in-

formation about matters some weight. The same newspaper also shows a picture of Huerta at some charity performance with his wife and daughters and Naranjo, Minister of Public Instruction. He looks (and doubtless felt) the personification of boredom. The head-lines are, "Huerta enjoying social life while riots rage in capital."

March 2d.

Your letter of the 5th, sent after the raising of the embargo, is received. I can well understand your worrying about our remaining in Mexico. We worried for a few minutes, but by now you will have received my letter telling all about it. It will take something gigantic, something outside of Huerta, to cause him to give Nelson his passports, no matter how often fiery, enraged Cabinet Ministers may urge it.

Last night, on returning home, we found that Huerta had sent us six more soldiers with a sergeant. It made me feel as if the house were the setting for an act from some *opéra bouffe*. We gave the soldiers packages of cigarettes and a drink apiece, and I suppose they rested on the sofas or floors of the parterre. N. never leaves the house without his secret-service man, a decent fellow, but dressed to the rôle in a loud, tight, bright-blue suit with white stripes, and pistols—the last articles outlined against his person every time he makes a motion. We have a beautiful new motor—low, smooth-running, painted black, with a smart dark-gray band about it. He occupies the seat beside Jesus, gets out when N. gets out, and waits around ostentatiously while N. attends to whatever he has on hand. He is an awful bore, and quite unnecessary, but Huerta answered, when N. protested, "*Es mejor*" ("It is better so").

XVII

The torture of Terrazas—Mexico's banking eccentricities—Departure of the Lefaivres—Zapatista methods—Gustavo Madero's death—First experience of Latin-American revolutions—Huerta's witty speech.

March 4th. Afternoon.

LAST night we received the news that Nelson's father was indeed approaching his mortal end. This morning, at seven o'clock, after a sleepless night of "vanishings and finalities," I went down-stairs in answer to a telephone call from Mr. Jennings, of the Hearst newspapers—who is always very nice about everything—to say that he had passed away peacefully at half past six. You know the days of death—how strained, how busy, how exhausting. The first thing I did was to go to Father Reis, at San Lorenzo, the San Sylvester of Mexico, and arrange for a requiem Mass on Saturday next, the 7th, to which we will invite the Cabinet, the *Corps Diplomatique*, and friends. Now I am at home again, in the mourning garments I wore for my precious brother.

March 4th. Evening.

The house seems very quiet to-night. No more looking for telegrams. He is lying on his death-bed, looking very handsome, I know. The fatigue of the busy, aching day is on me. Many people have been here to-day to tender their sympathies. Hohler, the last, came in for tea after seeing Nelson, and has just gone.

Now the pouch is closed and everybody and every-

thing has departed. Elim is lying on the floor in front of my little electric stove. The chords so strongly moved by the passing of my beloved brother are vibrating again, not alone because of death and parting, but because of life and the imperfections of its relationships. Nelson has accepted his father's death, has pulled himself together, and is going on with his work, of which there is more than sufficient.

How true it is that men follow their destinies rather than their interests; a something innate and unalterable drives each one along. *Genio y figura hasta la sepultura*—a Spanish saying to the effect that mind, temperament, inclination, are unchanged by the circumstances of life, even to the grave.

March 5th.

As I was reading last night, waiting for dinner to be served, a visitant, rather than a visitor, appeared in my drawing-room *incognito*—a simple "Mr. Johnson," eager, intrepid, dynamic, efficient, unshaven! * * *

Young Terrazas, the son of the former great man of Chihuahua, of whom I wrote you when first he was captured by Villa at the taking of Chihuahua, several months ago, has not yet been released, and Villa threatens to execute him to-morrow if the half-million of ransom money is not forthcoming. The father has raised, half the sum, with the greatest difficulty, but, fearing some trick (and he has every reason for distrust), he won't give the money till he receives his son. It appears the son has been horribly treated, several times hung up until he was nearly dead, then taken down and beaten. Young Hyde, of the *Mexican Herald*, said yesterday, apropos of like matters, that he had seen a man brought last night to Mexico City who had been tortured by the rebels; the soles of his feet were sliced off, his ears and tongue were gone, and there were other and nameless

mutilations, but the victim was still living. The only difference between the rebels and the Federals is that the former have *carte blanche* to torture, loot, and kill, and the Federals *must* behave, to a certain extent, whether they want to or not. It is their existence that is at stake. Huerta, though he may not be troubled with scruples or morals other than those that expediency dictates, has his prestige before the world to uphold, and is sagacious enough to realize its value. The rebels go to pieces as soon as there is any question of government or order. Villa is without doubt a wonderful bandit, if bandits are what the United States are after. I see by the newspapers that Mr. Bryan is begging the Foreign Relations Committee to keep the Mexican situation off the floor of Congress. * * *

One by one, the Mexicans to whom we have given asylum and safe-conducts to Vera Cruz, upon receiving their word of honor not to intrigue against the government, break that word and go over to the rebels. We have just seen the name of Dr. Silva (formerly governor of Michoacan, whom we had convoyed to Vera Cruz) as one of the somewhat tardy commission appointed by Carranza to investigate the murder of Benton.

We are aghast at the resignation of Mr. John Bassett Moore as counselor to the State Department. He is learned, perfectly understanding, and very experienced in a practical way about Latin-American affairs.

Yesterday the Minister for Foreign Affairs came to present his condolences to Nelson, and also to protest against the bringing up to the Embassy of our Gatling-guns and ammunition, which are still in the customs at Vera Cruz. There are seventy cases—and *not* feather-weights. He fell over the threshold, as he entered, and was picked up by Nelson and the butler. (It was his first visit. I don't know if he is superstitious.) Huerta,

as you may remember, in the famous bedchamber conversation at Chapultepec, had told Nelson he could get in all the guns he wanted, but to do it quietly. It is now all over the country and is making a row among Mexicans. In these days of grief and agitation, N. has happened to have an unusual amount of official work.

I have been busy all day with the list for to-morrow's requiem Mass, and it is almost finished. My little Shorn Locks has gone up-stairs, and I am resting myself by writing these lines to you.

March 7th.

We are waiting to start for the church. You will know all the thoughts and memories that fill my heart —that descent from fog-enveloped hills into the cold, gray town to lay away my precious brother. Now I am about to start through this shimmering, wondrous morning to the black-hung church. In the end it is all the same.

March 9th.

I have not written since Saturday morning, before starting to the requiem Mass. I have been so busy seeing people and attending to hundreds of cards, telegrams, and notes. Huerta did not appear at the church, as people thought he might do. Instead, Portillo y Rojas, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, sat by us. All was beautiful and sad. Afterward we went into the sacristy to receive the condolences of our friends, as is the custom here. Though *he* had never trod the threshold of our Mexican dwelling, it still seemed inexpressibly empty as we returned to it. I was glad of the heaped-up desk and the living decisions awaiting N.

Huerta was very nice on seeing him to-day, called him "*hijo*" ("son"), gave him an affectionate *abrazo*, and all his sympathy. Subsequently, Nelson had a long talk with him in a little private room of the Café Colon, that

Huerta approached from the back entrance. Huerta is broad in his ideas and very careful as to any remarks about the United States, in Nelson's presence. He always speaks of President Wilson as *Su Excelencia, el Señor Presidente Wilson;* there are no diatribes of any kind. The thing that has really got on his nerves is our keeping his 4,000 soldiers at Fort Bliss and expecting him to pay for them. He says Mexico is not at war with the United States; that the rebels are allowed to go and come as they please, and even to organize on the frontier. Why this discrimination? He says that our government thinks he is a bandit, like Villa, but that if Washington would be just it would see that he keeps his mouth shut, does his work as well as he can in the face of the terrible injustice done him, and asks nothing of any one except to be let alone; that he could have had the power in Mexico long before he took it. He repeated that many a person of influence had urged him to put an end to the disastrous Madero administration; that he is not in politics for personal ends; that his wants are few, his habits those of an old soldier. He always insists that he did not kill Madero. * * *

As for that, one can talk for hours and hours with all sorts of people without finding any direct evidence of any direct participation by Huerta in the death of Madero. I have come to think it an inexcusable and fatal negligence on his part, incidental to the excitement and preoccupation of those tragic days. He was astute enough to have realized that Madero dead would be even more embarrassing to him than living, and should have insisted on asylum for him where alone it was to be had. There is, however, at times a strange suspension of mental processes in Mexico; with everything possible and yet nothing appearing probable, nobody ever foresees any situation.

I had a long call yesterday from Rincon Gaillardo, Marqués de Guadalupe, the smart, youngish general. Besides his military work, he is doing something that all the members of the upper class should co-operate in—*i. e.*, helping to amalgamate the classes. His father, Duca de Regla and "Grand d'Espagne," was the first man in society here to receive Diaz when he came to power. In fact, in his house Diaz met Doña Carmen. He told me that Diaz wasn't then, by any means, the kind of man he is now, after thirty years of power and knowledge.

Last night, at midnight, Nelson, who had gone to sleep early, was called down-stairs by urgent telephone messages, to hear that the Texas Rangers had dashed over the border to Sabinas Hidalgo to recover the body of the pseudo-American cattle-rustler, Vergara. Whether the report is true is not known, but of course it is an act that would be resented by all classes here, and every class really hates us.

Villa, not being able to get the full amount of the ransom out of Terrazas *père*, has decided not to execute the son, but to take him with him when he besieges Torreon, and to place him wherever the bullets are thickest. The mad dance of death goes on, and I feel as if we were the fiddlers. Mr. Lind has so idealized the rebels in the north that he has come to think them capable of all the civic virtues, and he is obsessed by the old tradition of north beating south whenever there is an issue. His deduction is not borne out by facts, as in Mexico it is the south that has produced the greatest number of great men—"the governmental minds"; the south has come nearer to loving peace; the south has shown the greatest degree of prosperity and advancement. Vera Cruz is the poorest possible vantage-ground for a study of conditions; it is a clearing-house for malcontents of all kinds, mostly rebels, fleeing from

the consequences of *some* act against *some* authority. My heart is heavy at the grim fatality that has permitted our policy to be shaped *from there*.

A dust-storm this afternoon, with all the color gone out of the air, and a few thick drops of cold rain. I left cards for an hour or two, then came home. I am glad to be here in my comfortable home, though I can't help a shiver as I think of the horrors sanctioned, even encouraged, by us on every side. B. said once that the policy of the United States in lifting the embargo was to really give Mexicans a taste of civil war! There were some chirpings from Carranza the other day, to the effect that "I understand Villa, and Villa understands me." Doubtless this is true; but they say that after their rare meetings the old gentleman has to go to bed for several days.

I have just been reading an article by Mr. Creelman on Lind. He has caught the spirit of Vera Cruz and described exactly Mr. Lind and his *ambiente* there. He speaks of him as "Mr. Wilson's cloistered agent." "In a small, dark room with a red-tiled floor, opening on a shabby Mexican courtyard," he adds, "in the rear of the American Consulate in Vera Cruz, sits John Lind, the personal representative of the President of the United States, as he has sat for seven months, smilingly watching and waiting, while Mexico and her 15,000,000 men, women, and children have moved to ruin." It makes me "creepy," it is so true!

March 10th, 5 P.M.

I am back from saying good-by to dear Madame Lefaivre; she starts off to-night with swollen foot and leg, and I am very much fearing the long voyage for her. With her usual good nature she had had her paint-box unpacked and was sitting on a trunk, putting some restoring touches to a Madonna of most uncertain value,

just discovered by the German consul-general. The Lefaivres have a *pied-à-terre* in Paris, with beautiful things inherited from Madame Lefaivre's father. Lefaivre has decided to go, if the heavens fall, and, as we laughingly told him, if his wife falls, too, for that matter. I besought him to delay, for political reasons, but the long sojourn is on his nerves, and he has a bad throat. I am sorry to see them go, on my own account—such good friends. I am writing this, expecting Hohler and a woman special correspondent for tea. Burnside tells me she has been in many storm-centers and is bright and discreet.

March 11th.

N. is pretty hot about the arms which are in the customs here in Mexico City. The officials keep him running from one to the other; they don't really want us to have them, though the French, German, English, and Japanese legations have long since been well stocked. I came down-stairs to hunt for literature, about four o'clock this morning, and heard the "Pretorian guard" in the parterre, laughing and joking, as guards in all ages have done. There are unlimited cigarettes and limited *pulque* to make their watch easy.

Later.

We hear that Mr. Lind is having parleyings with the Zapatistas! If he is going to dream this dream and pass it on to his friends in Washington, they will all have the most awful nightmare ever visited on dreamers. Zapata has been the terror of every President—Diaz, de la Barra, Madero, and Huerta—for nearly five years. His crimes and depredations are committed under the banner of "Land for the People," and there has been a certain consistency about his proceedings, always "agin the government"; but that he has, after these years of bloodshed, rapine, and loot, rendered

conditions more tolerable for any except the rapers and looters, is most debatable. I once saw some *living* remains brought to the Red Cross after one of his acts at Tres Marias, about fifty kilometers from here. A train was attacked, looted, oil was poured on the passengers, and the train was set on fire. The doctors who went to the station to get the remains out of the train say the sight was unforgetable. The name Zapata has now become a symbol of brigandage, and many operate under it. No general sent into Morelos has ever brought order. For instance, one was sent to Michoacan with two thousand cavalry, to put down a small force of several hundred brigands; though he had the grazing free, he charged the government 50 centavos per horse! It became a vicious, but profitable, circle, as you can well see.

There has been a great break in exchange. The peso, which was two to one when we first came to Mexico, and lately has been three to one, or nearly that, broke Saturday, and went to four and a half to the gold dollar. Various explanations. Huerta has been threatening to found a bank of his own if the bankers did not do something for him. Some say that the bankers brought on the break in exchange to scare him, and others that Huerta proposed establishing a bank of his own to scare them! Anyway, exchange broke. During his conversation with the bankers, apropos of the loans they were loath to give him, Huerta is said to have jocularly remarked that there were trees enough in Chapultepec Park to hang them all on without crowding. Those old cypresses have witnessed a good deal, but a consignment of indigenous and foreign bankers hanging with the long, gray moss from their branches would have savored of novelty.

A gusty day on this usually wind-still plateau. The pale yellow streamers of the banana-tree are torn to

tatters, but one must forgive an occasional vagary in this climate, unsurpassed in its steady beauty, and which has the further recommendation that one can count on wearing one's winter clothes in summer, and one's summer clothes in winter. * * *

Disorder here has been most prejudicial to French interests. Since Maximilian's time, especially, they have had the habit of investments in Mexico. Now billions of francs are unproductive. It will be a fine bill poor old Uncle Sam will get from *la belle* France!

7.30.

My callers are all gone, and Elim is playing bull-fight with a red-velvet square from one of the tables, talking Spanish to himself and making every gesture of his game true to life. I am thankful the bull-fight season is over. No more doleful-faced servants of a Sunday, heart-broken, like children, because they are not swelling the gay throng passing the Embassy to the Ring, and making me feel like a wretch because they aren't *all* there.

Nelson went down to try to look at his guns, presumably at the customs. At least, he is as near as that, with ears full of promises.

A telegram from Aunt L. says she starts up from the Hot Country in a day or two. I am having the lovely corner room next mine made ready for her.

March 14th.

We learn that the guns and ammunition supposed to be got in *quietly*, as Embassy stores, bore on the invoice the name of the colonel in charge at the Springfield arsenal. Hence these tears! They are now reposing in a deserted church near the military station, outside the city. There would have been no trouble had they been sent as Nelson requested. Now endless runnings are necessary.

My house is overrun with children. They tell me

it looks like an orphanage, at the back. Such nice, little, bright-eyed Aztecs. In this stricken land how can I deny shelter and food to little children who are, so to speak, washed up at my door? The cook has three, the washerwoman two, and the chambermaid is going to present us with another. *La recherche de la paternité* shows the responsible person to have been our quiet, trusty messenger, Pablo. I will deduct ten pesos a month from his wages for six months—a salutary *proclama* to everybody else of my sentiments. I will send her to the hospital, and she will soon be back. The washerwoman has just borrowed ten dollars to change her lodgings, as the *leva* are after her husband. I sometimes feel like one of the early friars. Nothing that is Indian is foreign to me.

Last night Dr. Ryan was telling us, after dinner (Patchin, who is returning to New York, also was here), of the killing of Gustavo Madero, of which he was an eye-witness and concerning whose death so many versions are current. Shortly after one o'clock, on going back to the Ciudadela, where Felix Diaz was quartered, to attend to wounded who had been brought in, Ryan encountered Madero being brought out with a guard of twelve men. Diaz didn't want him there, saying he was not his prisoner, but Huerta's. Madero was gesticulating in a hysterical manner and waving his arms in the air. As Ryan afterward learned, he was offering the guards money if they would see him safely out of town. His nerve seemed suddenly to leave him and he began to run, whereupon one of the guards fired, hitting him in the eye as he turned his head to look behind him. The other eye was glass. This gave rise afterward to stories that his eyes had been gouged out. On his continuing to run, the whole guard fired at him, and he fell, riddled with bullets. Ryan afterward examined the body

and found ten or twelve wounds. It all took place in the little park before the Ciudadela. This is the authentic account, and at least we know that Huerta was in no way responsible for *his* death. Doubtless had Gustavo kept his nerve, instead of trying to run, he would be alive to-day. He was an awful bounder, but had qualities of vitality, intellect, and a certain animal magnetism. His is the famous remark that "out of a family of clever men, the only fool was chosen for President." He wasn't more than thirty-five or thirty-six, and *loved* life. He had a power of quick repartee, a glancing eye, and hands seeking treasure. Well, that is all over, but it remains part of the unalterable history of Mexico. Poor, revolution-ridden Mexico! Everybody here has been one kind, generally two kinds, of revolutionist. Huerta served under Diaz, was gotten rid of, and served under Madero, whom he got rid of. Orozco was the friend of Madero against Diaz, then against Madero under Huerta, and so it goes. The history of almost every public man shows like changes of banner, and as for revolution *fomenters*, the United States have certainly played a consistent and persistent rôle for three years, outdone by no individual or faction *here*.

I shall never forget my first experience of Latin-American revolutions. It was a beautiful May afternoon, now nearly three years ago, when a howling mob of several thousands went through the streets, shouting "Death to Diaz!" finally collecting in the *Zocalo* under the windows of the apartment in the Palacio Nacional, where Diaz was lying with a badly ulcerated tooth and jaw. Two days later, in the wee, small hours, the once-feared, adored, all-powerful, great man of Mexico, with the immediate members of his family, was smuggled on board a train secretly provided by Mr. Brown, under the

escort of Huerta, and was taken to Vera Cruz. From there he embarked on the *Ypiranga*, to join other kings in exile, having said good-by, probably forever, to the land of his triumphs and glories. It was touch and go with *him* during those days, and he had created modern Mexico out of blood and chaos.

When Madero is put out—in the almost automatic fashion by which governments are overthrown in Latin America—we refuse to recognize the man who, by armed force, put him out, as he himself got in. Put a revolution in the slot and out comes a President. We isolate Huerta; we cut him off completely from the help of other nations; we destroy his credit; we tell him he *must* go, because we tolerate no man coming to power through bloodshed. Huerta, it appears, was amusing but unquotable about the recognition of Peru, saying in part that both he and Benavides were military leaders, and that both executed a *coup d'état* resulting in the overthrow of the existing government. In Peru the *révolution du palais* cost the lives of eight functionaries, among them the Ministers of War and Marine, the exile of President Billinghurst, and ended in the setting up of a junta government. As for the Peruvians themselves, they are said to have had the vertigo, they were recognized so suddenly—and so unexpectedly.

You will remember that months ago we gave asylum for a week to Manuel Bonilla, and then conveyed him to Vera Cruz, under dramatic circumstances, on his promise not to join the rebels. Well, he joined the rebels as quickly as time and space would allow, and we read in this morning's newspaper that he has now been hailed by Carranza for plotting against *him*. I suppose he got dissatisfied with what he was getting out of the rebels, and tried something subversive that looked promising. If Carranza gets any kind of proof against him—or prob-

ably without it—he will execute him some morning, in the dawn. Oh, the thousands of men who have walked out in the chilly, pale, Mexican dawn to render their last accounts!

March 17th.

Yesterday I did not write. Aunt L. arrived unexpectedly, at eight o'clock, and no one was at the station to meet her. However, all's well that ends well, and she is now up in her red-carpeted, red-and-gold-papered, sun-flooded room, and I hope will take a good rest. By way of variety, not that I have much to choose from, I put *Marius the Epicurean* and *The Passionate Friends* on her night-table, with a single white rose. She has ridden her own situation so courageously and so wittily all these years, that I am thankful to have her here where she can turn that charming blue eye of hers, which so makes me think of yours, on *my* situation. When I looked into her face this morning, I quite understood why they call her the "Angel of the Isthmus."

News from the north shows slow, but sure, disintegration of the rebel ranks. It is the old story of the house divided against itself. Also, Villa may be yielding to the Capuan-like delights of Chihuahua and hesitating to undertake a new, and perhaps inglorious, campaign against Torreon. Just how Mr. Lind takes the slump in rebels — for a slump there certainly has been — I don't know. We are beginning to see the results of the long months of cabling his dreams to the President, who, I am sure, if he ever awakes to the real kind of bedfellows, that he has been dreaming with, will nearly die. The Washington cerebration doesn't take in readily the kind of things that happen here. All is known about burglars, white-slave trade, wicked corporations, unfaithful stewards, defaulting Sunday-school superintendents, baseball cheats, and

the like; but the murky, exotic passions that move Villa are entirely outside consciousness.

Poor, old, frightened Carranza must feel more than uneasy at the thought of that great, lowering brute in the flush of triumph, who is waiting for him on the raised dais in the government house at Chihuahua. His "cause" is dead if he listens to Villa—and *he* is dead if he doesn't.

I had a call from the —— minister this morning, and a talk about the matters none of us can keep away from. He looks at politics without illusion and in a rather Bismarckian way. He says we Americans are in the act of destroying a people which is just becoming conscious of itself and could, in a few generations, become a nation; but that it never will do so, because we are going to strangle its first cry. He considers that it is a geographical and ethical necessity for us to have no armed nation between us and Panama, and if we can have the patience and the iron nerves to watch its dissolution on the lines we are now pursuing, it will be ours without a shot. But he adds that we will get nervous, as all moderns do, watching a people on the rack, and our policy will break. He added, with a smile, that nations are like women, nervous and inconsistent; and that, happily for the Mexicans and foreign Powers interested, we won't be able to stand the strain of watching the horrors our policy would entail. I cried out against this parting shot, but he went off with an unconvinced gesture.

March 19th.

Yesterday we went to Chapultepec for the *fiançailles* of the second son of Huerta and the daughter of General Hernandez, now at the front. It was a large gathering, at which many elements of the old society were present. The powerful, wealthy, *chic* Rincon Gaillardo clan are

playing the part in the Huerta government that the Escandons did in the Diaz régime—a work of amalgamation, though they consistently boycotted the Madero régime. Of course, there were many "curiosities." The two spinster sisters of Huerta were there with their flat, strong Indian faces and thick, dark wigs *or* hair, naturally steered one of them toward old gold for a costume, and the other toward shot blue and red; but they were dignified and smiling. Señora Blanquet is another curiosity. Blanquet himself is one of the handsomest and most *distingué*-looking elderly men I have ever seen; but his wife, was squat, and flat-faced, and very dark, seeming to have come out of some long-hidden corner of his history. Madame Huerta looked very handsome and amiable in a good dress of white silk veiled with fine, black lace, the famous big, round diamond hung by a slender chain about her neck.

The prospective bridegroom, twenty-three, had his mother's eyes; and the family seemed happy in a nice, simple way in the midst of their grandeur. The "tearless" old man was in high spirits, and his speech at the tea was a great success of spontaneity, with a few fundamental truths and many flashes of humor. He began by telling the young couple not to count on him, or his position, but on their own efforts to create position and honor; and to begin modestly.

"You know how I began," he added, with what I can only call a grin illuminating his whole face, "and look at me now!"

Of course everybody applauded and laughed. Then he became grave again. "Struggle," he said, "is the essence of life, and those who are not called on to struggle are forgotten of Heaven. You all know what I am carrying." He told them, also, to honor and respect each other, and to try to be models; adding, with another

flash, "I have been a model, but a mediocre one!" (*"Yo he sido un modelo—pero mediano!"*)

It all passed off very genially, with much drinking of healths. Huerta has a way of moving his hands and arms when he speaks, sometimes his whole body, without giving any impression of animation; but those old eyes look at any one he addresses in the concentrated manner of the born leader. He had had a meeting of many of the big *hacendados*, to beg their moral support in the national crisis, and I imagine their attitude had been very satisfactory. They are to contribute, among other things, one hundred and sixty horses to haul the new cannon and field-pieces shortly coming from France. They are each to supply ten men, etc. He was wise enough to ask them to do things they *could* do. * * *

I saw a silver rebel peso the other day. It had *ejercito constitucionalista* for part of its device, and the rest was *"Muera Huerta!"* ("Death to Huerta!") instead of some more gentle thought, as "In God we trust."

The stories of rebel excesses brought here, by refugees from Durango, pass all description. It was the Constitutionalistas under General Tomas Urbina who had the first "go" at the town, and it was the priests, especially, that suffered. The Jesuit and Carmelite churches were looted, and when they got to the cathedral they had the finest little game of *saqueo*[1] imaginable, breaking open the tombs of long-dead bishops and prying the dusty remains out with their bayonets, in the hunt for valuables, after having rifled the sacristy of the holy vessels and priceless old vestments. The wife of the rebel *cabecilla* wore, in her carriage (or, rather, in somebody else's carriage), the velvet mantle taken from the Virgen del Carmen, in the cathedral. The priests can't even get into the churches to say Mass, and their principal

[1] *Saqueo* (sacking).

occupation seems to be ringing the bells on the saint's day of any little chieftain who happens to find himself in Durango. The orgies that go on in the Government house are a combination of drunkenness, revelings with women of the town (who are decked out in the jewels and clothes of the former society women of Durango), breaking furniture and window-panes, and brawlings. The once well-to-do people of the town go about in *peon* clothes; anything else would be stripped from them. This seems to be "constitutionalism" in its fullest Mexican sense, and what crimes are committed in its name! Heaps of handsome furniture, bronzes, pianos, and paintings, once the appurtenances of the upper-class homes, fill the plaza, or are thrown on dust-heaps outside the town, too cumbersome to be handled by the rebels and too far from the border to sell to the Texans,—to whom, I understand, much of the loot of Chihuahua goes for absurd prices.

XVIII

Back to Vera Cruz—Luncheon on the *Chester*—San Juan's prison horrors—Tea on the *Mayflower*—The ministry of war and the commissary methods—Torreon falls again?—Don Eduardo Iturbide.

VERA CRUZ, *March 21st.*

N.'S sciatica is so bad that Dr. Fichtner told him to get to sea-level immediately. So last night we left, Dr. Ryan coming with us. At the station we found a guard of fifty of the crack Twenty-ninth Regiment to "protect" us, and a car placed at our disposal by Huerta. We had already arranged to go with Hohler and Mr. Easton, who is the secretary of the National lines, in his private car, thinking we wouldn't put the government to the expense of one specially for us—though, as the government already owes some millions to the railroads, a few hundreds more or less would make little difference. We were half an hour late, as we insisted upon having the government car put off; but the fifty soldiers, with a nice young captain, suffering from an acute attack of tonsilitis, we could not shake.

At Vera Cruz we found a norther blowing, and I was glad to have my tailor-made suits. Mr. Lind seemed not quite so well as before. I think eight months of Vera Cruz food and monotony have told on him, besides the evident failure of his policy. He feels dreadfully about the Creelman article. He cast one look of supreme chagrin at me when I mentioned Shanklin's disgust at being quoted as having found Huerta in the

coulisses of a theater, with an actress on each knee, and with another hanging around his neck, feeding him brandy. The truth being that Shanklin went to pay his respects to him in his box at some charity representation, and found Huerta, mightily bored, sitting alone with two aides. The Lind thing is not so easy to refute. He *did* write the letter to the rebel, Medina, and he has dreamed dreams, and sent them on to Washington. His policy is a dead failure, and I think its ghost walks with him at night.

We lunched on the *Chester* with Captain Moffett, who is most discriminating about the whole situation, and, after an hour on the wind-swept deck, came back to the car, where we found delightful, spontaneous Captain McDougall, of the *Mayflower*, come to ask us if we wouldn't transfer our bags and ourselves and servant over to his ship. The annoying part of the whole trip is that Admiral Fletcher is in Mexico City. We did not tell any one of our coming down to Vera Cruz, nor did he announce that he was coming up, with Mrs. Fletcher and his two daughters. However, it is simply one of those annoying *contretemps* for which there is no help. They went up by the "Interoceanic" route as we came down by the "Mexican." I would have returned myself, leaving N. on the *Mayflower;* but he feels that he must carry out the plan of returning to-morrow night, as he has correspondence that he wants to show the admiral.

Sunday.

Last night we dined on the *Essex*, to which Admiral Cradock has transferred his flag, the *Suffolk* having gone to Bermuda for a new coat of paint and other furbishings. Admiral Cradock is always the same delightful friend and companion. I played bridge till a late hour, with the admiral, Hohler, and Captain Wat-

son. Watson has just come from Berlin, where for three years he was naval *attaché*. I saw many photographs of old friends—the Granvilles, Sir Edward Goschen, the Grews, the Kaiser. After a rather uncertain trip back to the shore, Hohler, Nelson, and myself threaded our way along the dark interstices of the Vera Cruz wharves and terminal tracks to the car—I, in long dress and thin slippers, bowed to the *norte*.

We can't get out to the *Florida*, Captain Rush in command, on account of the high sea. I went to Mass with Ryan in the cathedral, which they have painted a hideous, cold gray, with white trimmings, since I saw it last. Then it had its *belle patine* of pinkish-brown, that shone like bronze in the setting sun, and it was beautiful at all hours. However, the winds and the storms and the hot sun will again beautify man's hideous work.

In the Car. Sunday Evening.

We had lunch for Admiral Cradock and several of his staff in the car, to which we had also asked Captain Moffett and Captain McDougall—a rather "close," but merry company of nine officers and myself, in the little dining-room. After dinner we started out to San Juan Ulua.

Monday, 10.30 A.M.

I am comfortably writing in my state-room. We are not yet near Mexico City. My beloved volcanoes are a little unradiant, a dusty veil hangs over everything. It is often that way a month before the rains begin.

When we got to the station at seven, last night, we found that the train, which, according to schedule, was to leave at 7.20, had departed, with our private car and the servants, at 6.55. The servants had begged at least to have our car uncoupled, but no! You can imagine the faces of the *chargés* who *had* to be in Mexico

City Monday morning. The upshot of it all was that a locomotive was finally got ready, sent to catch the train and to bring back our car. After the telegraph and telephone, the whole station, and the town, for that matter, were up on end, we got off at ten o'clock. If the car had not come back, we intended to board a locomotive and to chase the train through the tropical night. The locomotive we finally secured broke down later on. On one of the steep, dark, flower-scented inclines, strange, dusky silhouettes gathered silently to watch the repairing, which was finally accomplished in the uncertain light of torch and lantern. Now we are due at the city at 12.30, the locomotive, our car, the car containing the fifty soldiers, and the poor officer who hasn't had even a drop of water since he left Mexico City, Friday night. We sent pillows and blankets out to him and tried to make him comfortable, but of the good cheer, wine and viands he could take none.

I must tell you about the visit to the prison of San Juan. After lunch, Dr. Ryan, Captain McDougall, Dr. Hart, Mr. Easton, and I got into the *Mayflower's* boat and were taken to the landing of that most miserable of places. A strong wind was blowing from the purifying sea, which must help, from October to April, at least, to keep San Juan from being an unmitigated pest-hole. It is a huge place, composed of buildings of different periods, from the Conquerors to Diaz, with intersecting canals between great masses of masonry. To get to the commandant's quarters we were obliged to skirt the water's edge, where narrow slits of about three inches' width, in walls a meter and a half thick, lead into otherwise unlighted and unaired dungeons. Human sounds came faintly from these apertures.

Entering through the portcullis, we found ourselves in the big courtyard where the official life of the prison

goes on, overlooked by the apartments of the colonel and the closely guarded cells for big political prisoners. Good-conduct men, with bits of braid on one arm, solicited us to buy the finely carved fruit-stones and cocoanuts. To us these represented monkeys, heads, and the like; to the men that make them they represent sanity and occupation for the horrible hours—though God alone knows how they work the fine and intricate patterns in the semi-darkness of even the "best" dungeons.

Afterward we went up on the great parapets, the *norte* blowing fiercely—I in my black Jeanne Hallé hobble-skirt and a black tulle hat, as later we were to go to tea on the *Mayflower*. We walked over great, flat roofs of masonry in which were occasional square, barred holes. Peering down in the darkness, thirty feet or so, of any one of these, there would be, at first, no sound, only a horrible, indescribable stench mingling with the salt air. But as we threw boxes of cigarettes into the foul blackness there came vague, human groans and rumbling noises, and we could see, in the blackness, human hands upstretched or the gleam of an eye. If above, in that strong norther, we could scarcely stand the stench that arose, what must it have been in the depths below? About eight hundred men live in those holes.

When we got back to the central court, our hearts sick with the knowledge of misery we could do nothing to alleviate, the prison afternoon meal was being served—coffee, watery bean soup, and a piece of bread. Oh, the pale, malaria-stricken Juans and Ramons and Josés that answered to the roll-call, carrying their tin cups and dishes, as they passed the great caldrons. They filed out, blinking and stumbling, before the armed sentinels, to return in a moment to the filthy darkness! Captain McDougall, a very human sort of person, tasted of the

coffee from one of their tin cups. He said it wasn't bad, and he gave the men a friendly word and packages of cigarettes as they passed.

We bought all the little objects they had to sell, and distributed among them dozens of boxes of cigarettes. But we, with liberty, honors, opulence, and hopes, felt the foolishness of our presence, our blessing of liberty being all that any one of them would ask. The prisoners are there for every crime imaginable, but many of the faces were sorrowful and fever-stamped, rather than brutal. *All* were apparently forgotten of Heaven and unconsidered of man. We also visited the little, wind-swept cemetery, with its few graves. The eternal hot tides wash in and out of the short, sandy stretch that bounds it. About the only "healing" worked here is what the salt sea does to the poor bodies raked out of those prison holes. There is a stone to mark the place where some of our men were buried when they took the fortress in 1847. Dr. Ryan discovered a foot in a good American boot—evidently the remains of an individual recently eaten by a shark.

That fortress has been the home of generations of horrors, and there is no one in God's world to break through that oozing masonry and alleviate the suffering it conceals. It was one of the cries of Madero to open up the prison, but he came, and passed, and San Juan Ulua persists. I haven't described one-tenth of the horrors. I know there *must* be prisons and there *must* be abuses in all communities; but this pest-hole at the entrance to the great harbor where our ships lie within a stone's-throw seems incredible.

Afterward, the contrast of tea, music, and smart, ready-to-dance young officers on the beautiful *Mayflower* rather inclined me to stillness. I was finding it difficult to let God take care of *His* world!

March 24th.

I am sitting in the motor, jotting this down in the shade of some trees by the beautiful Alameda, waiting for N. to finish at the Foreign Office. Afterward he goes to "*Guerra*" and I to shop.

Yesterday afternoon, on our return from Vera Cruz, N. dashed to the telephone and communicated with the Fletchers. They came to tea at four. Later Nelson went out with the admiral, and I drove to San Angel with Mrs. Fletcher and her two pretty daughters. She is most agreeable. Her appreciation of the sunset on the volcanoes, which were in their most splendid array for the occasion, was all my heart could have asked. They return to Vera Cruz to-night.

I am feeling very fit, after a good night's rest; the air envelops me like a luminous wrap, and the sun is softly penetrating.

The arms and ammunition are not yet delivered. Nothing was done in N.'s absence, of course. He didn't want them, anyway; of what use are they in civilian hands? * * *

The War Ministry is just off the *Zocalo*, in one side of the great, square building of the Palacio Nacional. From where I am sitting I see the soft, pink towers of the cathedral, in their lacy outlines. On the left is the Museo Nacional—a beautiful old building of the pink, *tezontle* stone the Spaniards used to such effect in their buildings. It contains all the Aztec treasures still remaining after centuries of destruction, and has a cozy, sun-warmed *patio* where the sacrificial altars and the larger pieces are grouped. Most of them were found in the very site of the cathedral, which replaced the *teocalli* of the Aztecs—the first thing the Spaniards destroyed, to rear on its site the beautiful cathedral. I am surrounded by an increasing crowd of beggars, drawn by a

few indiscreet centavos given to an old Indian woman, who too loudly blessed me; cries of "*Niña, por el amor de Dios!*" and "*Niña, por la Santa Madre de Dios!*" make me feel that I would better move on. The name of God is invoked so unceasingly by the beggars here that the word *pordiosero* (for-Godsaker, beggar,) has passed into the language.

At Home, before Lunch.

N. came out of *Guerra,* having met in the corridor the immensely tall Colonel Cardenas, the best shot in Mexico. He is supposed to know just how Madero's mortal coil was hustled off. He was in command of the squad transporting him and Pino Suarez from the Palacio to the *Penitenciaría* when they were shot. We then went to the third side of the Palacio Nacional, where the zapadores barracks is, to see how the officer of the Twenty-ninth, who went down with us to Vera Cruz, is getting on. It was very interesting, at twelve o'clock, to watch the various persons who bring food into the barracks. The guards search them all—men, women, and children —by passing their hands down their sides. The prettier young women get pinches or pokes anywhere the guard happens to fancy bestowing them, and they all give little squeals and jumps, sometimes annoyed, sometimes pleased. They bring in great baskets of *tortillas, enchiladas, frijoles,* fruits, etc. The men in the barracks are absolutely dependent on them for food, as there is no other army supply. Another guard kept off troublesome, too solicitous small boys with a bit of twisted twine, flicking them, with a stinging sound, about the legs. I found it most amusing. Finally the young captain himself came out to thank us and to tell us he was almost well—with an expectant look on his pale face. He wants N. to have him made a major. Why not, when every officer seems to have been promoted—a

clever trick of Huerta's. He has made several extra grades at the top to give himself room. He will need space for manœuvers of an army largely composed of higher officers. He is going to get the interior loan of fifty millions, with the guarantee of the Paris loan. * * * The Austro-Hungarian minister has just come to ask me to go out to San Angel with him, so adieu.

March 25th.

We have just had a beautiful motor-drive out to San Angel Inn, talking politics and scenery. The volcanoes had great lengths of clouds, thrown like twisted scarfs, about their dazzling heads.

Kanya de Kanya was with Count Aerenthal during his four years in Vienna, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and during that time made copious notes relating to the burning questions of the Near East, which will, of course, throw light on the big international issues of that period. He is hoping for a quiet time out here, to get them in order, though he can't publish them until a lot more water has flowed under the Austro-Hungarian mill.

I got home in time to sit with Aunt Laura awhile before dressing for dinner, for which I was expecting Hohler. The meal was somewhat unquiet. One of the newspaper men called up to say that Torreon had fallen, and gave a few convincing details, such as that of Velasco's life being spared. The fifty-million-dollar loan receded into the dim distance. We immediately pictured to ourselves the pillaging, ravishing hordes of Villa—the "human tiger," as some of our newspapers mildly put it—falling down upon Mexico City, the peaceful. Nelson ordered the motor, and he and Hohler went out, as soon as dinner was over, to get some news at the War Department. A big fight, we know, is going on. As I write, brother is killing and mutilating brother,

in the fertile *laguna* district, and horrors unspeakable are taking place. Velasco is said to be honest and capable, and he has money and ammunition.

General Maure, who left for the front a few days ago, wouldn't start until he had money enough for two months for his men. He also is supposed to be honest, and if he *does* feed his men, instead of putting the money in some bank in the States (if they would *all* feed their men, instead of asking worn, empty-stomached men to do the work), he may, perhaps, proceed toward victory. The corruption of the officers is what nullifies the work of the army, and Huerta says he is powerless against it. Any man he might court-martial is sure of the support of the United States. In order to remain faithful the troops only ask enough food to keep life in their bodies during the campaign. The picture of starving troops, locked in box-cars during the night, to prevent their deserting, and then being called on to fight when they are let out in the morning, makes one fairly sick. A free hand at loot and a full stomach on food belonging to somebody else are naturally irresistible when the chance comes.

Such an appreciative letter has come from Archbishop Riordan, thanking Nelson for his Pius Fund achievement.

Mexico has declined, upon good international law, to take upon herself the board bill (now amounting to hundreds of thousands in gold) for the interned refugees at Fort Bliss. We wonder how long Uncle Sam will feel like playing host? This situation, among many tragic ones growing out of our policy, is the only thing that calls an unrestrained grin to the face—a grin at Uncle Sam's expense.

March 27th. Morning.

I am sitting in the motor in Chapultepec Park, under the shade of a great cypress, while N. converses with the

Dictator in his motor down the avenue. All sorts of birds are singing, and a wonderful little humming-bird (*chupamirtos*, the Indians call them) is so near I can hear it "hum." Elim is running over the green grass with his butterfly-net. I am thinking, "Sweet day, so soft, so cool, so bright." This seems the city of peace. In the north the great combat continues. The rebels use almost exclusively expansive bullets, which give no chance to the wounded. Huerta, whom Nelson saw last night, is calm and imperturbable. His loan of 50,000,000 pesos is an accomplished fact. This won't suit Washington.

Nelson was speaking this morning of the famous interview between Lind, Gamboa (then Minister for Foreign Affairs), and himself—that interview which has now become part of history. Lind has a characteristic gesture —that of tapping with his right hand on his left wrist. With this gesture to emphasize his words he said to Gamboa, "Three things we can do if Huerta does not resign: First, use the financial boycott." (This has been done.) "Second, recognize the rebels." (This has been done to the fullest extent by raising the embargo, giving them full moral support and being ready to give them financial aid with the slightest co-operation and decency on their part). "Third, intervene."

These propositions were set forth nearly eight months ago, and to-day Huerta's position is better, by far, than it that time. He has kept law and order in his provinces. The big third thing—intervention—yet remains, but on what decent grounds can we intervene?

If, by any remote chance, the rebels should get here, what desecrations, what violations of Mexico City—the peaceful, the beautiful!

At Home. Afternoon.

I waited a long time for Nelson this morning. Gen. Rincon Gaillardo came up to speak to me, looking very

smart in his khaki riding-clothes with a touch of gold braid. He is an erect, light-haired, straight-featured Anglo-Saxon-looking man. He had just returned from a tour of inspection in Hidalgo; had ridden through the state with a couple of aides, and had found everything most peaceful. I asked, of course, if there was any news from the north; but everywhere wire and communication of any kind is cut, and no one knows. Eduardo Iturbide (he is spoken of as governor of the Federal district to succeed Corona), also came up to speak to me. A lot of people were waiting to see Huerta, but he never hurries. After he had seen Rincon Gaillardo and Nelson, he went away, ignoring discomfited occupants of half a dozen motors.

Iturbide always says he has no political talents, but it was inevitable that he be drawn into events here. He would give prestige and dignity to any office. There is a description of the Emperor Augustin Iturbide, "brave, active, handsome, in the prime of life," that entirely applies to him. I wonder, sometimes, if Don Eduardo's fate may not be as tragic as that of the man whose name he bears. The ingredients of tragedy are never missing from any Mexican political situation. The only variation lies in the way they are mixed. What I call Mexican magic has a way of arresting judgment. One never thinks a thing will happen here until it has happened—not though a thousand analogous situations have worked themselves out to their inevitable, tragic end. It was Don Eduardo who made to me the profound and tragedy-pointing remark, "We understand you better than you understand us." [1]

[1] Later, under President Gutierrez, Don Eduardo made a most hazardous exit from Mexico. With Zapata and Villa both threatening his life, he lay concealed for some days in one of the foreign legations at Mexico City. A safe-conduct from Gutierrez was finally procured, and

Huerta keeps very calm, these days, Nelson says; no nerves *there* while waiting for news. I suppose he knows just how bad his men are, and also the very indefinite quality of the rebels. He talked of two years' work being necessary for pacification, and then of going to live in Washington, to prove that he is neither a wild Indian nor a brigand. He is very pleased to get his loan; the money is here, and he has known how to get hold of it.

At the outset Huerta was surrounded by experienced and responsible men, but when it became generally understood that the United States would not recognize his government, intrigues were started against him, and he was forced to make changes in his Cabinet. Later on, when a friend reproached him with this, he answered, quite frankly, "No one regrets it more than I; for now, unfortunately, all my friends are thieves!"

Yesterday's copy of *Mister Lind* has, as a frontispiece, Mr. Wilson and Villa, standing in a red pool, drinking each other's health from cups dripping with blood. It is awful to think such things can exist, even in imagination. N. has protested to the Federal authorities.

March 28th.

This morning the newspapers give the "sad" news that Carranza seems to be lost in the desert—the mountain lost on its way to Mohammed! General Aquevedo, who knows that country as he knows his pocket, is supposed to be after him with 1,200 men. I don't think Villa would weep other than crocodile tears if anything happened to Carranza; but what would Washington do

he left the city with Mr. Canova, one of our agents. Villa got news of his departure and pursued him to Aguascalientes, Torreon, and Chihuahua, finally coming up with him at Ortiz. Here, in the darkness, Don Eduardo was able to escape from the train, wandering over that northern desert for eight days before reaching the Rio Grande, which he swam, between Mulato and Polvon.—E. O'S.

without that noble old man to bear the banner of Constitutionalism? "One year of Bryan makes the whole world grin!" The idealization of a pettifogging old lawyer (*licenciado*), who had already laid his plans to turn against Madero, and the sanctification of a bloodthirsty bandit, might well make the whole world grin, if the agony of a people were not involved.

I went with Dr. Ryan, this morning, to visit the General Hospital. It is a magnificent establishment, modeled on the General Hospital in Paris, with complete electrical, hydro-therapeutic, and mechanical appliances, thirty-two large sun- and air-flooded pavilions, operating-rooms, and special buildings for tuberculosis patients, children, and contagious diseases. The sad part of it is that it is only about a third full. The *leva* (press-gang) always rakes in a lot of men here. They hang about the handsome doors and grab the dismissed patients, which makes the poor wretches prefer to suffer and die in their nameless holes.

On returning, I went down to the Palacio Nacional with N., who was on a still hunt for the President. The arms are not yet in the Embassy. As I was sitting in the motor with Elim, the French *chargé* got out of his motor with Captain de Bertier, the French military *attaché* just arrived from Washington, and looking very smart in his spick-and-span uniform, ready for his official presentation to Huerta. They had their appointment for twelve, which had already struck, but the President was not there, having departed to Popotla. Huerta works along his own lines, and a missed appointment is little to him.

Just home. Mr. de Soto has called me up to tell me there is bad news from the front; but I think even the bad news is a rumor, as every line around Torreon has been cut for days.

March 28th. 11.30 P.M.

At last news is in from the north (by the Associated Press), from Gomez Palacio and Ciudad Juarez. Two train-loads of rebel wounded had arrived, and Villa had hastily telegraphed for more hospital supplies, though he had taken with him an enormous quantity. At the end of five days' continuous fighting the rebels had failed to make any break in the almost impregnable defenses of Torreon and Gomez Palacio. Wounded troopers say that by order of Villa they charged into almost certain death at Gomez Palacio, bringing upon themselves the heavy cannonading from the Federal guns; that they were deliberately sacrificed in order that other forces might be able to attack the town at other points without encountering much resistance. And there are strange rumors of Villa's succumbing to temptation from the "movie" men, and holding the attack back till daybreak! It is terrible to contemplate the slaughter of unquestioning and innocent Pepes and Juans. I burn to go with the hospital service. There will be terrible need on both sides, and a wounded man is neither rebel nor Federal.

This is largely an agrarian revolution, and Huerta was the first to realize it. He says that everybody has made promises to the people, and nobody has kept them. I wonder, if the people ever get a chance to make promises, will *they* keep them? *Quién sabe?* However, all this is not a question of taking sides, but of stating facts.

The invitation of the United States to Huerta to attend the Hague Conference has been solemnly accepted by him; now international jurists are called on to decide if the very sending of the invitation does not imply technical recognition. It is one of those slips which occasionally happen, and Huerta is too astute to let that, or any other opportunity, pass where he can

score against the United States. Things being equal, he could *rouler* Washington as it has never been *rouléd* before; but things aren't equal, and he can only show immense courage, sustained indifference, and indomitable will in whatever may come up. Just now more and more troops are being rushed to the north.

We are delighted to hear that Warren Robbins and Jack White are to be sent here as second and third secretaries. There is ample work for all, and it will be pleasant to have friends and co-workers. It has been a wearing time for N., single-handed in all official decisions and representations.

News from the north is more encouraging, but a horrible struggle is going on. Elim and I went with Nelson to Chapultepec. Though the park is no longer crowded in the morning, as in the old days, the band having disappeared, with a lot of other things, there is still much strolling about the cypress-shaded alleys. A shining freshness filters through the old trees, the birds sing, the children play. Its beauty makes one's heart both glad and sick. As we expected, we found the President sitting in his motor, which was surrounded by half a dozen others full of petitioners of all sorts. General Corral, in his khaki, came up to salute me and to say good-by. He had just taken leave of the President and was on his way to the station, whence he was starting to the north with 2,000 men. I pressed his hand and wished him Godspeed; but he may never again stand under those trees with a smile on his face and hope in his heart.

The President got out of his auto and I out of ours, and we had a talk, I presenting Elim. Huerta really is a *charming* old fellow! I told him I was anxious to go to Saltillo with the *Cruz Roja*. He said, "There will be work to do here in town, and I will make you head of

the International League. You are very kind!" ("*Vd. es muy buena, Señora.*") And he pressed my hand with those small, velvety paws of his. He has discarded the slouch-hat and now wears with his long, loose frock-coat a top-hat—("*que da mas dignidad*") "for the sake of dignity," he said, when Nelson told him he was "very stunning."

Afterward we went down to the Buena Vista station, where General Corral's troops were being entrained. We found a very busy scene. There were long lines of baggage-cars, with fresh straw covering the floors; other baggage-cars containing army women, with their small children, babes at the breast, and the bigger children, who may be of service. Infants between two and ten are left behind. There is a good deal of heterogeneous impedimenta. Having no homes, these women are wont to take all their possessions with them—bird-cages, goats, old oil-cans, filled with Heaven knows what. The soldiers were laughing and joking, and the venders of fruits, highly colored bonbons, and still more highly colored sweet drinks, were having a busy time. The sun was terribly hot, so we came away, I with a prayer in my heart for the poor devils. *Is* "God in His heaven"? *Is* "all well with the world"?

Monday Morning.

I am advising Dr. Ryan to get off to Torreon. I myself telegraphed to Admiral Fletcher, asking that a box of hospital stores, bandages, cotton, iodine, adhesive tape, and bichloride tablets be sent up by the officer who is coming up to stay with us. Dr. Ryan can get off to-morrow afternoon. There is work, much work, to do, and I am sick that "my position" prevents me from going with him. My hands are trembling for work.

As to news, everybody in town is pleased, Huertistas

and Villistas alike. The former have had word of complete victory—and the latter hears that the rebel forces had taken every gate in Torreon and that the Federals were in full retreat!

XIX

Congress meets without the United States representative — Huerta makes his "profession of faith"—Exit Mr. Lind—Ryan leaves for the front—French and German military *attachés*—The Jockey Club.

April 1st. Morning.

YESTERDAY Lieutenant Courts (one of Admiral Fletcher's flag lieutenants) arrived for an indefinite time. He is a shrewd and capable young officer, ready to study the situation intelligently and dispassionately. The big house is again full.

Yesterday we lunched at the German Legation. The luncheon was given for the French military *attaché*, Count de Bertier de Sauvigny, and the German, Herr von Papen, both from Washington for a few weeks. The Simons were there, the von Hillers, and various others, everybody trying to enlighten the two new arrivals as to *la situacion*. Both find themselves in a position requiring some tact and agility to keep their seats—*à cheval* as they are between Washington and Mexico City. Von Hintze has never cared for Huerta. Occasionally, very occasionally, he has given him grudging praise; but a man of von Hintze's fastidiousness would always find himself *fluide contraire* to a man of just Huerta's defects —defects which, I have sometimes argued with von Hintze, become qualities in Mexico. All came to tea with me later. De Bertier is a very handsome man, of the tall, distinguished, fine-featured Gallic type; von

Papen, with a pleasant and inquiring smile, is the quintessence of the Teuton, his square head and every face bone in relief against the Mexican amalgam type my eyes are accustomed to.

The story about the loan, Simon says, is true. Huerta remarked to the banking magnates that he had, outside the door, two soldiers apiece for each gentleman; that there were plenty of trees in Chapultepec; that he would give them ten minutes to decide what they would do. He got the loan.

In the evening Hay and Courts and H. Walker and Ryan dined with us, all staying late. Dr. Ryan fears he can't get up to Torreon. The road between Monterey and Saltillo was blown up the night before last, and it is useless to try to get through that desert afoot or on horseback.

Later.

I went out to Chapultepec with N. and Courts. I wanted to show Courts the administrative tableau set in the morning beauty of the park, and N. had urgent business with the President. There was the usual array of autos there, the President in his own, talking with de la Lama, Minister of Finance. Afterward Hohler, Manuel del Campo, and the two García Pimentel men, black-clad, came up, having been to the *honras* of Ignacio Algara, brother of the Mexican *chargé* in Washington. They were going to have a sandwich, and asked Courts and me to go into the restaurant, which we did. N. appeared a few minutes later, the President with him. The much-advertised *copitas* were immediately served, the President scarcely touching his glass. After much badinage between Huerta and N. the *jeunesse doré* looking on rather embarrassed, Huerta departed, with an obeisance to me, and a large, circular gesture to the others. He had a telegram from Ciudad Por-

firio Diaz, telling of immense losses of the rebels and of the Federals still holding their ground—which may or may not be true. The little story I paste here is indicative of Mexicans in general, and of the situation in particular:

The safest bet regarding the many stories about Torreon yesterday, was the answer of a Mexican mozo to his master's query as to whether it would rain. After a careful survey of the heavens Juan replied: "Puede que si, o puede que no, pero lo mas probable es, quien sabe?" (Perhaps it will—perhaps it won't; but the most probable is "*who knows?*")

April 2d.

Congress reopened yesterday. Huerta showed some emotion when, in the morning, Nelson informed him that he could not be present. In the same room that saw its dissolution, the same old Indian, in a business-like speech that would do credit to any ruler, briefly outlined to Congress the work of government, pending detailed reports by the departments. There is a tragic note in the fact that this persecuted government, in the midst of all its anxieties, can discuss such matters as the subterranean hydrology of the plateau, and the sending of delegates to the electro-technic congress, in Berlin. Huerta wound up his speech with these solemn and stirring words:

"Before I leave this hall I must engrave upon your hearts this, my purpose, which on another occasion I communicated to the National Assembly in the most explicit manner—the peace of the republic. If, in order to secure it, the sacrifice of you and of me becomes indispensable, know, once for all, that you and I shall know how to sacrifice ourselves. This is my purpose, my profession of political faith."

There was immense applause. But his task seems superhuman. To fight the rebels *and* the United States is not simply difficult—it is impossible.

April 2d. Evening.

Villa talks freely about his plan when he triumphs: first and foremost, it is to execute Huerta and his whole political family, on the principle that the first duty of a "Mexican executive is to execute"; then to set up a dictatorship for a year. The program drips with blood; and these are the people we are bolstering up!

Lind leaves to-night for Washington, so exit from the tragic scene Don Juan Lindo (I sometimes feel like calling him Don Juan Blindo), who commenced life in a Scandinavian town as Jon Lind, and who has ended by dreaming northern dreams in Vera Cruz, in the hour of Mexico's agony. My heart is unspeakably bewildered at this trick of fate; and, too, he would have long since precipitated *us* into war had it not been for the shrewd common sense and trained knowledge of the gifted man at the head of the fleet in Vera Cruz. * * *

A hot indignation invades me as Mr. Lind drops out of the most disastrous chapter of Mexican history and returns to Minnesota. (Oh, what a far cry!) Upon his hands the blood of those killed with the weapons of the raising of the embargo—those weapons that, in some day and hour unknown to us, must inevitably be turned against their donors. It is all as certain as death, though there are many who refuse to look even *that* fact in the face.

I am not keen about the confidential agent system, anyway. With more standing in the community than spies, and much less information, they are in an unrivaled position to mislead (wittingly or unwittingly is a detail) any one who depends on them for information. Apropos of Mr. Lind, one of the foreigners here said it was as if Washington kept a Frenchman in San Francisco to inform them concerning our Japanese relations. For some strange reason, any information delivered by confi-

dential agents, is generally swallowed, hook and all, but unfortunately, the mere designating of them does not bestow upon them any sacramental grace.

April 5th.

Domingo de Ramos (Palm Sunday), with soft wind and warm sun. The palms were blessed at the nine-o'clock Mass in the cathedral. The great pillars of the church were hung with purple; thousands of palms were waving from devout hands, the hands of beggars and the rich alike, and there was some good Gregorian music, instead of the generally rather florid compositions. Near where I knelt was a paralyzed Indian girl, crawling along on the most beautiful hands I have ever seen. Her Calvary is constant.

Wonderful palm plaitings, of all shapes and patterns, are offered by the Indians as one enters the church. I bought a beautiful sort of Greek-cross design, with silvery grasses depending from it. It now hangs over my bed.

We hear that the Bishop of Chilapa is held by Zapata for a big ransom. As all the well-to-do families have either fled from that part of the country or been robbed of all they had, the ransom may not be paid. There is a threat to crucify him on Good Friday, if it is not forthcoming, but I hardly think he is in danger, as such an act would certainly be thought to bring a curse upon the people and the place. This is the second time he has been made prisoner. He was rescued by Federal soldiers only a few weeks ago.

Monday Evening.

We had a pleasant luncheon at Chapultepec restaurant, on the veranda—von Hintze, Kanya de Kanya, Stalewski, the Bonillas, Courts, Strawbensie (the young naval officer up from the *Essex*, who is supposed to be training the British colony volunteers), Lady C., von Papen, and

ourselves; de Bertier, the French military *attaché*, did not materialize. They think, apropos of Torreon ("the key of the *south*," for the rebels; "the key of the *north*," for the Federals), that the Federals may have been obliged to evacuate it and are now fighting to get it back. Any one seems able to take Torreon, and no one seems able to hold it.

Tuesday Evening.

At two o'clock Dr. Ryan left for the front, von Papen with him. Ryan has learned to travel light, but von Papen took a lot of impedimenta—eating-utensils, uniform, blanket, pungaree hat, etc. He will drop his possessions, one by one, as—after Saltillo, which they should reach to-morrow night—they may be on horseback, or afoot. I was deeply touched to see Dr. Ryan go off. I made the sign of the cross on his shoulder [1] and commended him to Heaven as we stood at the gate under the brilliant sky. He is so pleased to be taking all those stores with him—enough for two hundred and fifty or three hundred dressings, not including the other materials.

I received calls all afternoon. At four the two handsome Garcia Pimentel sisters came—Lola Riba and Rafaela Bernal. At five the Japanese minister brought his wife for her first formal call. They are cultivated people, with the quality that makes one feel they are used to the best at home. I *made* conversation till six, when Clarence Hay saved my life. At seven, just as I had gone up-stairs, a Frenchman—a banker—appeared. At eight I was too tired for dinner, which N. and I ignored. The "doves of peace" are beginning to

[1] When we saw Dr. Ryan off to Serbia he suggested laughingly that I omit the cross, as he was in jail twice, and once led out to be shot, between that Mexican parting and our meeting in Washington six weeks later!—E. O'S.

settle in the Embassy dove-cote to-night—about a *ton* of them already here.

Wednesday Morning. April 8th.

A Federal officer, Colonel Arce, got in from Torreon last night. He says that on Friday, the third, it was still in the hands of the Federals. Chieftain Urbina, a notorious rebel, had been captured and forced, with other Revolutionists, to parade the streets of Torreon, between a detachment of Federal troops. Then he was summarily executed in the presence of an immense crowd. The railway lines are open between San Pedro and Saltillo, and on to Mexico City. Unless they are again blown up, Dr. Ryan and von Papen will be able to get to San Pedro, where Generals de Maure, Hidalgo, Corral (the one I saw off), are stationed, with large reinforcements. We'll take the report for what it is worth. One thing we know: the carnage is going on.

The story just now is that General Velasco, the very competent Federal in command of Torreon, voluntarily evacuated, took his army and his field-guns to the hills above Torreon, with non-combatants and women and children, cut the water-supply, and is now waiting orders from Huerta to bombard the town. He, of course, has plenty of water where he is; but Torreon dry must be a thing of horror. This story agrees with a good deal we have been hearing. If true, it will really be a great *coup* on the part of the Federals.

April 9th. Holy Thursday.

The churches are full to overflowing, these holy days. Men, women, and children, of all strata of society, are faithful in the discharge of their duties. In this city of peace, how contrasting the tales of sacrilege in the rebel territory! Five priests were killed and three held for ransom in Tamaulipas, last month; a convent was sacked and burned and the nuns were outraged; a

cathedral was looted, the rebels getting off with the old Spanish gold and silver utensils. What kind of adults will develop out of the children to whom the desecration of churches and the outraging of women are ordinary sights; who, in tender years, see the streets red with blood, and property arbitrarily passing into the hands of those momentarily in power? The children seem the pity of it, and it is a bitter fruit the next generation will bear. Let him who can, take; and him who can, hold; is the device the Constitutionalists really fly.

In the old days, before the Laws of Reform, there used to be the most gorgeous religious processions; but even now, with all that splendor in abeyance, there remains something that is unsuppressed and unsuppressable. To-day the population has streamed in and out of the churches and visited the repositories (with their blaze of light and bankings of orange-trees, roses, and lilies, and countless varieties of beautiful palms), with all the ardor of the old days. No restrictions can prevent the Indian from being supremely picturesque at the slightest opportunity.

I went, as usual, to San Felipe, named after the Mexican saint who, in the sixteenth century, found martyrdom in Japan. It is just opposite the Jockey Club. Outside the *zaguan*, on the chairs generally placed on the pavement for the members, were sitting various males of the smart set. All, without exception (I *think* I could put my hand in the fire for them), had been to Mass; which, however, didn't prevent their usual close scrutiny of the small, beautiful feet of the passing Mexican women; two and one-half C is the usual size of a Mexicana's shoes.

This Casa de los Azujelos, where the Jockey Club has had its being for generations, is a most lovely old house. It is covered with beautiful blue-and-white Puebla tiles,

appliquéd by an extravagant and æsthetic Mexican in the seventeenth century, and is perfectly preserved, in spite of the many kinds of *revolucionarios* who have surged up the Avenida San Francisco, which, with the *Paseo*, forms the thoroughfare between the *Palacio* and Chapultepec. The men of the club play high and there are stories of fabulous losses, as well as of occasional shootings to death. It is the *chic*, aristocratic club of Mexico, the last and inviolable retreat of husbands. Anybody who *is* any one belongs to it.[1]

A telegram from Dr. Ryan this morning reports: "The Federals have lost Torreon. Velasco, retreating, met Maure, Maass, and Hidalgo, at San Pedro; army reorganized, and it is now attacking Torreon, and will surely take it back." He and von Papen got as far as Saltillo by rail. There, communications had been cut. There had been a big encounter at San Pedro de las Colonias, and I hope that even as I write faithful Ryan is proceeding with his work of mercy among the wounded.

There was a meeting at the Embassy to-day, to discuss ways and means of defense among the Americans if anything happens in the city. Von Hintze and von Papen have tried to do some organizing among their colony. The Japanese have long since had *carte blanche* from the government in the way of ammunition and marines from their ships at Manzanillo. Sir Christopher, some time ago, sent Lieutenant Strawbensie up from Vera Cruz, to teach the English colony a few rudiments—and the French have also had a naval officer here for several weeks.

Last night, it appears, the boat taking 480,000 pesos to the north coast to pay the troops was captured by

[1] Now the club is stripped of its sumptuous fittings and historic pictures and library, and is a working-man's home (*casa de obreros*) under the philanthropic and broad-minded *Constitucionalistas*. The beautiful old *patio* is used for stabling horses.

rebels. "Juan and José" always come out at the little end of the horn. There are immense geographical difficulties in the way of transporting money to the army in the north, over mountain chains and deserts, besides the strategic difficulty of getting it to the proper place without the rebels or bandits seizing it. After that, there is the further possibility of the officers putting it in their own pockets. What wonder that "Juan and José" sell their rifles and ammunition or go over to the rebels, where looting is permitted and encouraged? *They* are always hungry, no matter what are the intentions and desires of the central government.

Telegrams from the north are very contradictory, and generally unfavorable to the government. The foreign correspondents were warned this morning, by a note from the Foreign Office (and it was to be the last warning), that they were not to send out false reports favorable to the rebels and redounding to the injury of both foreigners and Federals. They will get the famous "33" applied to them, if they don't "walk Spanish." No joking here now; much depends, psychologically, if not actually, on the issues at Torreon.

The clever editor of the *Mexican Herald* remarks, apropos of the Presidential message of last week: "Our idea of a smart thing for Carranza to do would be to read President Huerta's message to Villa. The array of things a President has to worry about, besides war and confiscation, are enough to remove the glamour."

All Villa knows about revenue is embodied in the word loot. Even in this fertile land, where every mountain is oozing with gold, silver, and copper, and every seed committed to the earth is ready to spring up a hundredfold, he who neglects to plant and dig can't reap or garner. The whole north is one vast devastation and invitation to the specters of famine.

XX

Good Friday — Mexican toys with symbolic sounds — "The Tampico incident"—Sabado de Gloria and Easter—An international photograph — The last reception at Chapultepec.

Viernes Santo Afternoon.

AS I came home from church this morning the sacred day seemed to be a day of noise. The Indians were busy in their booths along the Alameda. Thousands of small, wooden carts are bought by thousands of small boys and girls; *metracas*, they are called, and so constructed that, in addition to the usual noise, every revolution of the wheels makes a sound like the breaking of wood. This noise is supposed to typify the breaking of the bones of Judas. There are also appalling tin objects, like nutmeg-graters, that revolve on sticks, with the same symbolic sound. Little boys and girls outside the churches sell pious leaflets, crying in their shrill voices, "*Las siete palabras de nuestro Señor Jesus Christo*," or "*El pesame de nuestra Señora Madre de Dios.*"

Something is brewing here, and it was with a heart somewhat perturbed by earthly happenings that I again went to the cathedral, at three o'clock. At the doors the little venders of the holy words were as insistent as ever. Thousands were filing in and out, going up with whatever burden of babe or bundle they happened to be carrying, to kiss the great cross laid on the steps of the high altar. I bethought me of last Good Friday in Rome, and of hearing Father Benson preach the "Three Hours" at San Sylvestro.

April 10th. Good Friday Night.

Events succeed each other in kaleidoscopic fashion in Latin America, but I have, at last, a moment in which to tell you of the especial turn to-day.

This morning N. was informed, through the Foreign Office, of something referred to as "the Tampico incident." The Foreign Office was decidedly in the air about it. On returning home, at one o'clock, however, N. found a very definite telegram from Admiral Fletcher, and there is sure to be trouble. * * *

N. took the penciled reading and dashed off to find Huerta. Potential war lies in any incident here. He was away all the afternoon, hunting Huerta, but only found him at six o'clock. Huerta's written answer was in the usual clever, Latin-American manner; his verbal remarks on the subject to a foreigner were beyond editing. The newspaper men were coming in, all the afternoon, and were disappointed not to find the "source of light and heat."

* * * * * * *

The final touch was put on the nerves of everybody by Elim's dragging his *metraca* about the halls. With howls of protestation he was separated from it.

* * * * * * *

N. said he might possibly have arranged the matter except for the little Sub-Secretary, who had never met the President before, and who wanted, all during the interview, to prove he was very much of a man. Portillo y Rojas is away for the Easter holidays. At the President's door a big, sullen Indian told N. he could not see the President, who was taking a *siesta*. As N. could not entirely follow the injunction about sleeping dogs, he compromised on a little tour, returning to find the President about to get into his motor. He asked N. to come with him, which N. did, sitting by his side, the

THE SIESTA

secretary facing them on the *strapontin*. N. told the President he had something "very delicate" ("*un asunto muy delicado*") to speak to him about. The President made one of his waving gestures, and the ball opened. Huerta said he would apologize for "the Tampico incident." N. indicated that his government would not consider that sufficient. Huerta asked, squarely: "What do you want?" N. answered, "The salutes," saying he might arrange the matter quietly, giving the salutes some morning at sunrise, for instance. The President began to ponder the matter; whereupon the secretary, thinking his chance had come, broke in upon the silence with the remark that it would be derogatory to the national honor to salute, and that there was no guarantee that the salutes would be returned, that Mexico's sovereignty was in question, and the like. The President immediately stiffened up.—So can a nobody turn a nation's destinies!

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There is talk of providing a neutral zone in Tampico during the fighting. Every time an oil-tank is damaged, not only are several hundred thousand dollars gone, but there is immense danger of the oil flowing down the river and being set fire to. You can imagine the result to the shipping in the harbor, as well as to the town.

It is now ten o'clock; the answer of Huerta has been sent off to the State Department and to Admiral Fletcher. Many newspaper men have interviewed Nelson, and he has gone up-stairs. These days of delicate negotiations—when a word too much or a word too little would make trouble—are wearying, to say the least. But so is fame made. * * * It seemed to me the only thing I *didn't* do to-day was to buy an imitation devil, also representing Judas, of which thousands in clay, in cardboard, in every conceivable form, are offered on every street corner.

Sabado de Gloria.

To-day the *papier-maché* "Judases" were burned, on the street corners, to the great joy of children and adults, while cannon and torpedoes and firecrackers of all kinds made things rather noisy. I remembered again the old Roman days, and the quiet of Holy Saturday, "hidden in the tomb with Christ."

There is going to be a lot of trouble about the Tampico incident. The "Old Man" is recalcitrant and feels that the public apology by General Zaragoza should be sufficient. What we will do can only be surmised. Recently, one of the newspapers had a cartoon of Mr. Bryan speaking to "Mexico." Under the picture was this pleasing caption, "I may say, I am most annoyed; and if you do not immediately reform, I hesitate to say what I may not be inclined to decide, perhaps!"

Easter Sunday Morning.

A heavenly sky looks down on the Resurrection morn, and it is, indeed, the resurrection of a good many Mexicans who, these last days, have spilled their life's blood for reasons unknown to them. The Sub-Secretary for Foreign Affairs spent the night hour from two to three with Nelson. The Mexican government does not want to salute the flag, though, of course, it will have to yield to our demand. Fighting continues at Tampico. The American war-ships are crowded with unfortunate refugees, and there is increasing animosity against the Americans. General Zaragoza has expressed official regret at the arrest, but the salute to the flag has been postponed.

Nelson has already been twice to the Foreign Office. He told the sub-secretary to tell the President the salute must be given. He has looked up precedents in the international-law books at the Embassy, to soothe their

feelings, their *cultura* and *bizarría*. If the sub-secretary says that Huerta still persists in refusing, N. is going to try a personal appeal. It is a salute or intervention, I suppose.

It appears that Mr. Bryan has said he can see no reason why the Mexican government should not "cheerfully salute," and "that doubtless the church holidays have interfered with the transaction of business." Is it the end, or not? *Quien sabe?*

April 12th. 5 P.M.

A written reply, very clever indeed, was received at one o'clock, refusing categorically to give the desired, or rather, *demanded*, salute of twenty-one guns, at Tampico. The Mexicans say that the whaleboat landed at a part of the town then in the military zone, and without permission; that fighting was going on at the time; that the city was under martial law. The men had been sent in to get gasoline for the ship with the paymaster (usually it is only a petty officer who accompanies the men on such errands). The reply ends with an *acuerdo especial* (especial message) from Huerta to the effect that he could not comply with the United States' demands without wounding Mexico's national honor and dignity and infringing on her sovereignty, which he is ready to defend at all times and in all ways. Now what are we going to do? The clerks have been working like mad all day, and endless cables have gone out of the Embassy. Nelson says he will not go to Huerta, though when we passed Chapultepec restaurant, coming from the Reforma Club near by, where we had been lunching, he saw the President's motor, and got out of our car and strolled through the restaurant, to give Huerta a chance to speak, if he was so minded, without seeking him out. However, Huerta was dining with the officers of the *rural* guard, and Nelson left immediately. Huerta

had been at the automobile races all the morning, we, in our Anglo-Saxon preoccupation, having, of course, forgotten about them. The situation is again very tense; again war and destruction loom up—a specter to us, as well as to this strange Indian republic that we are trying to mold to our image and likeness.

Nelson has told all newspaper men that he gives no information to any one; that he is a "dry spring," and that they must cable to their home offices for news. As, since nine-thirty, there has been the strictest censorship, they won't get or give much. Even the Embassy cables were delayed until Nelson went to the office and made his arrangements.

The white pony and the Mexican saddle that the President has asked to present to Elim, fortunately, have not appeared. You can imagine the juicy dish of news that gift would make at home! Refusal or acceptance would be equally delicate.

April 13th. Evening.

No news has come. I wonder what they did in Tampico at six o'clock. A very insistent note has come from the Foreign Office, recounting, I think for the first time, Mexico's many grievances against us—troubles caused by the raising of the embargo and the consequent supplying of arms to the rebels; claiming the Federals' right to conduct the fight at Tampico any way they see fit; saying that they will tolerate no interference in their national affairs, etc. We, having armed the rebels, can hardly take exception to the Federals' defending themselves. They insist that the whaleboat of the *Dolphin was* on forbidden territory when the men were arrested, but the statement is not official. Washington is to-day either finding a way out of the affair or looking into the grim, cold eyes of intervention.

I had an Easter-egg hunt in the garden, for Elim, at

which nine little darlings assisted. Then we had tea, with many flashes of Spanish wit. All the foreign children here prefer to speak Spanish. The mothers and other ladies left at six, after which the French military *attaché*, de Bertier, and Letellier, came in, and we talked *Mexicana* till eight. De Bertier said this was the second most interesting situation he had ever watched. The first was the beginning of the French power in Morocco—that clear flame of French civilization, at first trembling and uncertain, in the deserts and mountains of North Africa, but ever increasing, carried to the Arabs, a "race pure," by a handful of brave and dashing soldiers, also of a "race pure." He finds the problem much more complicated in Mexico, where a *salade* of races is involved.

April 14th. 2 P.M.

This morning, like so many mornings here, had its own special color. Nelson had not seen Huerta since the interview on Friday night, about the saluting of the flag. We drove out to Chapultepec, where, before the restaurant steps, the usual *petit lever* was being held—generals, Cabinet Ministers, and other officials. Nelson went over to the President, while the motor, with Clarence Hay and myself in it, retreated out of the blazing sun under the shade of some convenient and beautiful ahuahuetes. From afar we saw the President get out of his motor and Nelson go up to him; then both walked up the broad stairs of the restaurant. In a few minutes Ramon Corona, now chief of staff, walked quickly over to our motor.

"I come from the President to ask you to go to the *fiesta militar* in the Pereda *cuartel*," he said. The President took Nelson in his motor, I following in ours, with Corona. Hay vanished from the somewhat complicated situation. I got to the barracks to find that we

were the only foreigners, and I the only lady on the raised dais (where generals and Cabinet Ministers were even thicker than at Chapultepec), to watch the various exercises the well-trained *gendarme* corps gave for the President. They are for the moment without horses, the lack of which is a great problem here. We watched the various steps, drills, and exercises for a couple of hours with great interest, I sitting between Corona and charming young Eduardo Iturbide, the present governor of the Federal district. It is wonderful what those Indians did, having been gathered in only during the last month. I told one or two little stories of things I had seen in Berlin and Rome. You remember how the raw recruits used to pass Alsenstrasse on the way to those big barracks, just over the Spree—great, hulking, awkward, ignorant peasants who after six weeks could stand straight, look an officer in the eye, and answer "Yes" or "No" to a question. The Italian story was one once told me by a lieutenant who had been drilling some recruits back of the Pamfili-Doria Villa. After several weeks' instruction, he asked a man, "Who lives over there?" pointing to the Vatican. "I don't know," was the answer. He called another man, who responded, promptly, "The Pope." The officer, much encouraged, asked further, "What is his name?" "Victor Emmanuele," was the unhappy response. This last story especially appealed to the officers. They told me their greatest difficulty is to get any kind of mental concentration from the Indians.

The exercises finally came to an end, with the Police Band—one of the finest I have ever heard—playing the waltz tune of "Bachimba," composed in honor of Huerta's great victory when fighting for Madero against Orozco. Huerta gave me his arm and we went in to an elaborate collation—champagne, cold *patés*, and sweets

—I sitting on the President's right. Huerta then made a speech that seemed as if it might have come from the lips of Emperor William, on the necessity of discipline, and the great results therefrom to the country. He said that when the country was pacified the almost countless thousands of the army would, he hoped, return to the fields, the mines, the factories, stronger and better able to fight the battle of life for having been trained to obedience, concentration, and understanding. When the speech was over, and all the healths had been drunk (mine coming first!), the President gave the sign and I turned to leave. We were standing in the middle of the flower-laden horseshoe table, and I moved to go out by the side I had come in. He stopped me.

"No, señora," he said, "never take the road back—always onward. *Adelante.*"

Repeating, "*Adelante,*" I took the indicated way. As we went down the steps and into the *patio* we found *four* cameras ready, about three yards in front of us! I felt that Huerta was rather surprised, and I myself stiffened up a bit, but—what could "a perfect lady" do? It was not the moment for me to flinch, so we stood there and let them do their worst. I could not show him the discourtesy of refusing to be photographed—but here, on the edge of war, it was a curious situation for us both. Well, the *censura* can sometimes be a friend; the photograph won't be in every newspaper in the States to-morrow. If, in a few days, diplomatic relations are broken off, that will be an historic photograph.

The Old Man is always delightful in his courtesy and tact. As for his international attitude, it has been flawless. On all occasions where there has been any mistake made it has been made by others, not by him. His national political attitude has perhaps left "much to be desired," though I scarcely feel like criticizing him in

any way. He has held up, desperately and determinedly, the tattered fabric of this state and stands before the world without a single international obligation. Who has done anything for him? Betrayed at home and neglected or handicapped abroad, he bears this whole republic on his shoulders.

5.30 P.M.

I am trembling with excitement. On getting out of the motor, I met Hyde, of the *Herald*. He has just had a telegram (the real sense made clear by reading every other word—thus outwitting the censor) that the whole North Atlantic fleet was being rushed to the Gulf, and that a thousand marines were being shipped from Pensacola. Hyde says that Huerta said to-day, "Is it a calamity? No, it is the best thing that could happen to us!"

I hear Hohler's voice in the anteroom. * * *

April 14th. 6.30 P.M.

Burnside and Courts came in just after Hohler, and the inevitable powwow on the situation followed. Burnside says we all have the Mexico City point of view, and perhaps we have. Hohler was very much annoyed at a hasty pencil scrawl just received from the north, informing him that Villa had confiscated many car-loads of British cotton and that many cruelties to Spaniards had been committed in connection with it. Certainly there is not much "mine and thine," in the Constitutionalist territory, and not much protection. Here property and life are respected.

There is a report that Huerta wants to send the "Tampico incident" to The Hague for settlement. He insists that he was in the right about the matter, and that any impartial tribunal would give him justice. Be that as it may, we know he must give the salutes. It only

remains for him to find the way. *Cherchez la formule*, if not *la femme.*

April 15th.

Another day, full to exhaustion, and winding up with the reception at Chapultepec. There, while the President and N. were conferring, we, the sixty or seventy guests—Mexicans, plenipotentiaries, officials, civil and military—waited from six o'clock until long after seven to go in to tea, or "lunch," as they call it here. Beyond occasional glances at the closed doors, no impatience was manifested. All know these are the gravest and most delicate negotiations. We whiled away the time on the palm-banked terrace, listening to the music of a band of *rurales*, who made a picturesque mass in their orange-colored clothes embroidered in silver, with neckties so scarlet that they were almost vermilion, and great, peaked, white felt hats, with a heavy cord around the crown of the same color as the flaming cravats. They sat in one corner of the great terrace, playing their national music most beautifully—dances full of swing, or melancholy and sensuous airs of the people, on zithers, mandolins, guitars, harps, and some strange, small, gourd-like instruments played as one would play on a mandolin.

At last the President and N. came in, looking inscrutable. No time to ask results now. The President gave his arm to me, and he then wanted N. to take in Madame Huerta; but the *chef du protocol* headed off this rather too-close co-operation, saying that was the place of the Russian minister. I talked to Huerta to the limit of my Spanish, with pacific intent, but he kept glancing about in a restless way. I even quoted him that line of Santa Teresa, "*La paciencia todo lo alcanza.*" He asked me, abruptly, what I thought of his international attitude, and before I could reply to this somewhat difficult question he fortunately answered it himself,

"Up to now," he said, "I have committed no faults, I think, in my foreign policy; and as for patience, I am made of it." He added, "I keep my mouth shut." I changed the subject, too near home for comfort, by telling him that his speech of yesterday, to the troops, might have been made by the Emperor of Germany. I thought that would send his mind somewhat afield; you know he loves Napoleon, and would be willing to include the Kaiser. He brightened up and thanked me for the compliment, in the way any man of the world might have done. . . . It is a curious situation. I have all the time a sickening sensation that we are destroying these people and that there is no way out. We seem to have taken advantage of their every distress.

We hurried away at eight o'clock, so that N. might see Courts at the station, and give him the summary of his conversation, to be repeated to Admiral Fletcher. It was that Huerta would be willing to give the salutes if he could *trust* us to keep our word about returning them. As he certainly has no special reason for any faith in our benevolence, he finally stipulated that the twenty-one salutes be fired simultaneously. N. said he was very earnest and positive during the first part of the conversation, but that toward the end he seemed more amenable. Heaven alone knows how it will all end. One thing is certain—it is on the lap of the gods and of Huerta, and the issue is unknown to the rest of us.

I got home from the station to find Mrs. Burnside in the drawing-room, ready to spend the evening. The captain was down-stairs, with what he afterward characterized as "blankety blanks" (willing, but unmechanical civilians), who were helping him to set up the rapid-firing guns, otherwise known as the "doves of peace." Mrs. Burnside tried to persuade me to go to Vera Cruz to-morrow, when she departs, but I couldn't, in con-

science, cause a probably unnecessary stampede of people from their comfortable homes. If I had taken advantage of the various opportunities held out to flee, I would have had, in common with many others, an uncomfortable winter *à cheval* between Mexico City and the "Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz."

I don't know what answer has been made to the Hague proposition, if any, by Washington; but it must have staggered Mr. Bryan and caused him to blink. The Hague is one of the dearest children of his heart, and universal peace has ever been a beloved and fruitful source of eloquence. When it confronts him at this special moment, can he do otherwise than take it to his bosom?

April 16th.

This morning things seemed very bad. A curious telegram came from Mr. Bryan, to be given to the press for its private information, not yet for publication, saying that the Tampico incident was quite in the background, but reciting two recent and heinous crimes of Mexico. First, a cable for the Embassy was held over by a too-zealous partisan of the *censura* at the cable-office. N. arranged that matter in two minutes, over the telephone, when it was brought to the attention of the cable authorities. Hohler happened, for Mexico's good, to be with N. at the time. The incident was less than nothing, until mentioned in the open cable from Washington. The other incident, also well enough known, happened a short time ago in Vera Cruz, where another too-zealous official arrested an orderly in uniform, carrying the mails between the ships and the Vera Cruz post-office. That matter was dismissed after an apology, a nominal punishment of the offending official, and the immediate release of the carrier. Admiral Fletcher attached no importance to the affair.

I have not cited the incidents in order. The telegram for the press, in referring to the cable incident, begins, "far more serious is the withholding by the censor of a cable addressed to the *chargé d'affaires* of the United States." It also points out that no like incidents have happened to the representatives of other nations in Mexico, and that we must protect our national dignity—to which I respond with all my heart. But when we do intervene here—which I know we must—let it be for some vital case of blood and destruction. The day Huerta has a stroke of apoplexy, gets a knife in his back, or is killed by a firing-squad, we must come in, for anarchy will reign. He may not be the best man in the world, and clever and even profound thoughts of one day are counterbalanced by ineptitudes of the next; but he does seem to be the only man in Mexico who can and will keep order in the provinces under his control, especially now that the best and most conservative elements are associated with the task—Rincon Gaillardo, Iturbide, Garcia Pimentel, and many others.

Not a word of all the happenings of the past few days has appeared in any newspaper in Mexico. The great potentialities are hidden, like a smoldering, unsuspected fire. There *is* a throbbing, an unrest—but the great public doesn't yet know whence it comes. I think if N. has any luck in his pacific endeavors he ought to have the Nobel prize—though I understand his *chef direct* has an eye on that.

April 17th.

Last night N. was with the Minister for Foreign Affairs for several hours. They finally tracked Huerta to his house. The orderly said he had gone to bed, but the Minister sent in his card. After a wait of half an hour he sent in another. Huerta had forgotten that he was waiting. He received him in bed, and in the midst of the

conversation asked him, as he afterward told N., what he thought about his pajamas, adding, with a grin, that they were *Japanese*. Nelson did not go in. He had spent several hours with the President at various times during the day, and did not want to see him about painful and irritating matters at such a late hour, when he and the President were worn out.

In thinking over Huerta's remark, a few days ago, about the demonstrations of our fleet not being a calamity, I believe he means that this is, after all, the best way of consolidating the Federal troops. We may stiffen them to service of their country against a common enemy—but, oh, the graft! Oh, the dishonesty and self-seeking that animate many of the hearts beating under those uniforms! They sell anything and everything to the highest bidder, from automobile tires and munitions of war, to their own persons. As for punishing the various officers that are guilty, it seems very difficult; court-martials would mean the decamping to the rebels of many officers, high and low. So when *we* demand punishment of this or that official, the "Old Man" is placed between the devil and the deep sea. It is a position he should now be accustomed to, however. On spies or on those conspiring against the government he is relentless. That all political colors recognize, and they do not hold it against him. Apropos of going over to the rebels, the Mazatlan incident of last Christmas (or January first) is a case in point. The officers on the gunboat *Tampico* in the harbor had a scandalous debauch, with stabbings, etc. They were to be court-martialed, but they got out of that difficulty by going over, boat and all, to the Constitutionalists at Topolobampo!

XXI

Mr. Bryan declines the kindly offices of The Hague—More Americans leave Mexico City—Lieutenant Rowan arrives—Guarding the Embassy—Elim keeps within call.

April 17th.

WASHINGTON will not take The Hague into consideration, and will not fire simultaneous salutes, which, of course, it would be childish for us to do, so the question is narrowed down to one point:—the Mexicans must salute our flag, and we engage ourselves to answer it. Many precedents for this are being cited by foreigners here. For instance, the celebrated case of the French consul in San Francisco, who was jailed for a few hours through a mistake. We made all reparation and engaged ourselves to fire twenty-one salutes to the first French ship that came into the harbor. Kanya tells me of an incident that transpired when he was *chargé d'affaires* at Cettinje, that was regulated by an exchange of salutes between the contending parties, in Antivari harbor.

I have had calls all afternoon—German, Belgian, Austrian, and Italian colleagues, Marie Simon, de Soto (looking more like a handsome contemporary of Velasquez than ever)—all, of course, talking about *la situacion*. Now I am waiting dinner for Nelson, who has been out since four o'clock, trying to communicate the very courteous, but firm, answer of Washington cited above.

Later.

N. came in for dinner as the Burnsides, d'Antin, and McKenna were sitting with me at table. One of the numerous telephone calls proved to be from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, saying that he was leaving the Ministerio, and would be immediately at the Embassy. I had cognac and cigarettes placed in the drawing-room, and then everybody got out of the way. They are both in there now—9.45—and the fate of Mexico hangs in the balance, in that pleasant, high-ceilinged *salon* of mine, with the big vases of long-stemmed pink geraniums, and books, and photographs, and bibelots, and its deep, comfortable green leather chairs and sofa. I am writing this in one of the smaller rooms, with newspaper men running in and out, and the telephone ringing. To the journalistic demands Nelson has told the clerks to say "there is no change," which, in spite of my excitement, or perhaps because of it, reminds me of the story recounted of a Russian Ambassador to London. His wife had the bad taste to die at the time of the great visit of the Czar to Queen Victoria. The Ambassador, who was above everything a diplomat, had the body put on ice in the cellar of the Embassy, and to all inquiries as to his wife's health he replied, suavely: "Thank you; madame is in the same condition."

11.30.

Back in the drawing-room, with the historic cognac, the equally historic cigarette ash, and the drawn-up chairs as mute witnesses that something has taken place. What will come of it all? Rocking the ship of state is an exciting business. I don't understand Huerta's attitude, unless he is whipped by the rebels, and *knows* it, and prefers defeat at the hands of a nobler foe.

Portillo y Rojas said the President felt that he had done all that he was called on to do as chief of the nation to

expiate the Tampico incidents; that the sailors were put at liberty immediately, with an apology given by the *jefe de la plaza*—General Moreles Zaragoza—to Admiral Mayo; that since then the President himself had manifested regret and had ordered an investigation to punish the guilty party; that any nation in the world would have been satisfied by these proceedings, and that furthermore he agreed that the Mexican cannon might salute simultaneously with those of the Americans, which would fully show the good-will on both sides, and also let the neighboring peoples witness the happy termination of a difficulty that had never been serious. There is a Spanish proverb about having more fins than a fish, which certainly applies to this sauve and clever old Indian. He further sent expressions of great friendship for Nelson by the Minister, but said he *couldn't* do this thing even for him, much as he desired to.

A moment ago a little blond-headed, blue-robed, sleepy angel appeared on the scene to ask when I was coming up-stairs. Perhaps, like the rest of us, Elim feels the disturbing electric currents in the air. He is now lying on the sofa, wrestling with sleep. He had been put to bed some hours before, rather unhappily. He kept pressing close to my dressing-table as I was getting ready for dinner, fingered every article on it, and asked me countless questions. These ranged from, "What does God eat?" to, "Why don't women wear suspenders?" until I was frantic and had him removed in tears.

There are fears that the Zapatistas will arrive in the city; but they are nothing compared to other fears that stalk the town to-night. During the French intervention many people remained in Mexico City, reached a ripe old age, and died in their beds; which every one seems anxious to do, though I have never felt

that dying in one's bed is all it is cracked up to be. 'Bury me where I fall. Everywhere will be heard the judgment call." I don't much care when or where or how it comes.

April 18th. 4.30 P.M.

No news as yet from Washington. I have just returned after lunching at the Russian minister's. Everything was very *soigné*, as it always is, with *blinis* and delicious caviar and all sorts of good things. I feel as if I had eaten the Legation instead of at it. One has so little appetite at eight thousand feet above sea-level. There were von Hintze, Kanya, Marie Simon, in one of her smart Drecoll dresses, and myself. They all think the situation in the south is very bad, but I am no more to be scared by the cry of Zapatistas, having heard it ever since I first put foot in Mexico.

The *Mexican Herald* remarks this morning (dealing with the situation in glittering generalities) that "When each party to an agreement gets the idea that the other side is going to back down, it is certainly trying to the patience of an *Irish* peacemaker."

One of the great dust-storms of the end of the dry season is on us to-day; all the color is gone out of the air, which has become opaque, gritty, non-refracting.

6.30.

Callers all the afternoon. Now McKenna comes in to say that the final word, *en clair*, from Washington has been received. It was given out at the White House at noon. "General Huerta is still insisting upon doing something less than has been demanded, and something less than could constitute an acknowledgment that his representatives were entirely in the wrong in the indignities they have put upon the United States. The President has determined that if General Huerta has

not yielded by six o'clock on Sunday afternoon, he will take the matter to Congress on Monday."

* * * * * * *

It makes me sick with dread to think of the probable fate of Americans in the desert spaces and the mountain fastnesses of Mexico. Some one has blundered, somewhere, somehow, that *we* should come in to give the *coup de grâce* to this distracted nation, who yet clings, and rightly, to those tattered shreds of sovereignty we have left her. The foreign Powers think we are playing the most cold-blooded, most cruel game of "grab" in all history.

April 18th. 10 P.M.

Things *do* move. I came down from Aunt Laura's room to find Lieutenant Rowan in the hall, just off the train from Vera Cruz, after a delayed, dusty trip. You can imagine he got a warm welcome. Nelson came in just then, and a few minutes later, as we were still standing in the front hall, Portillo y Rojas appeared at the door, looking, we instantly thought, much happier. He was wearing his green, gold-embroidered sash, the insignia of military rank that Huerta has imposed rather than bestowed on all Cabinet officers, who are thus under military discipline and obedience to him as *generalissimo*. They objected to wearing full military uniform, compromising on the sash. Rojas also wore a smile—I don't know whether it was for me or for the situation. He had come to tell Nelson that the salutes would be given on his, N.'s, written word of honor that they would be returned. He has been an hour and a half in Nelson's private room drawing up a document—a protocol (*il y va de sa propre tête*)—and he is doing it with the painstaking care of a man who has everything at stake. Nelson himself is pretty foxy, and has to look out for *his* skin. Well, "all's well that ends well." If we get through this the

next incident *will* mean war. I hope at Washington they will appreciate some of the difficulties N. has to meet, and act accordingly. However, "call no man happy until his death." I hear the click of the big iron gate swinging to after the exit of Lopez Portillo y Rojas.

I am fairly tired out and shall now proceed to draw the drapery of my couch about me and lie down—I hope to pleasanter dreams than those of last night. How glad I am that I haven't confided my son or my jewels to various terror-stricken acquaintances who have levanted two hundred and fifty miles *east* and eight thousand feet down. It hasn't come yet; all, after everything is said and done, hangs on the life of that astute and patient old Cori Indian, whose years of our Lord are fifty-nine, and who, whatever his sins, were they blacker than night, is legally President of Mexico. Chase legality out of Latin America and where are you? After him anarchy, chaos, and finally intervention—the biggest police job ever undertaken in the Western Hemisphere, however one may feel like belittling it from a military standpoint. I have thought all these days of the probable head-lines of the newspapers and hoped my precious mother was not worrying about her distant ones. Good night, and then again good night. "God's in His heaven; all's well with *us*."

April 19th. 11.30 P.M.

The last of the continuous line of plenipotentiaries, *chargés d'affaires*, railroad men, laymen of all kinds, have gone. Washington refused Nelson's signature to the protocol drawn up by Portillo y Rojas and sent for approval. Huerta then refused categorically to give the salutes. So it is intervention. At 4.30 I went downstairs for tea, as usual, to find Adatchi and Eyguesparsse there. Eyguesparsse, as you know, married the sister of General Rincon Gaillardo. He says that Huerta

will resist to the end; his *esprit militaire* is entirely opposed to the *esprit universitaire* of Wilson. "*Ils ne pourront jamais se comprendre.*" Huerta said to Rincon Gaillardo that intervention would be a work of five years, and productive of the greatest trouble to the United States. Huerta's stand is *incroyable*, *unglaublich* unbelievable, *incredibile*—what you will. Each representative who called exclaimed the same thing in his special tongue as he greeted me. Hohler was very quiet, and really very sad at the happenings. He has been a faithful friend through everything. Sir Lionel gets here to-morrow or the next day. Kanya, Letellier, and Clarence Hay stayed for dinner. Hohler came back again in the evening, also von Hintze, who does not think the war vote will go with a rush through Congress to-morrow, and quotes the case of Polk. He said it took three months for him to persuade Congress to vote the money and men for the 1846 war. I can't verify this. He and von Papen left at eleven. Nelson, Rowan, and I came up-stairs, all a bit fagged. To-morrow will be a full day. I long ago promised the American women here that if and when I thought the break was impending I would let them know. I think it has steadied their situation here that I haven't "lit out" from time to time. But what of the hundreds—no, thousands—all over this fair land whose possible fate is scarcely to be looked in the face? The "Old Man" has some idea other than despair and fatigue or impatience. He is working on a plan, probably hoping for a chance to play his trump card—the unification of all Mexicans to repel the invaders,—which would take the trick anywhere but in Mexico. We are going to get some more *gendarmes* for the Embassy. I feel very calm and deeply interested. It is a big moment, and Nelson has been unremitting in his endeavors.

The Foreign Office here has given the press a statement of two thousand words to-night, which will bring forth dismay and horror in the morning. I can't feel the personal danger of the situation. I am sorry dear Dr. Ryan is away. I sent him yesterday, in care of the consul at Saltillo, the prearranged word, "101," which meant that, whenever, wherever, he got it, he was to return immediately. At last hearing, the more prudent von Papen, who decided to return to Mexico City, saw him start from Saltillo with his medical supplies and four mules, to try to get to Torreon over a desert stretch.

Von Papen, who had a most uncertain trip, says the only way to prevent the continual destruction of the railways is the establishment of the blockhouse system now planned by the Federal government.

2.30 A.M.

I can't sleep. National and personal potentialities are surging through my brain. Three stalwart railroad men came to the Embassy this evening. They brought reports of a plan for the massacre of Americans in the street to-night, but, strange and wonderful thing, a heavy rain is falling. It is my only experience of a midnight rain in Mexico, except that which fell upon the mobs crying "Death to Diaz," nearly three years ago. As all Mexicans hate to get wet, rain is as potent as shell-fire in clearing the streets, and I don't think there will be any trouble. Providence seems to keep an occasional unnatural shower on hand for Mexican crises.

N.'s secret-service man reappeared upon the scene yesterday, probably by the President's orders. This works two ways. It protects N., and incidentally proves to Huerta that N. is not intriguing against *him*.

Had this war been induced by a great incident or for a great principle, I could bear it. But because the details of a salute could not be decided upon we give our-

selves, and inflict on others, the horrors of war. Mr. Bryan, so the *Herald* playfully remarks to-day, must have been surprised and disappointed. The "salutes were always so cheerfully returned at Chautauqua." It is no situation for amateurs. The longer I live the more respect I have for technical training. Every Foreign Office in Europe or any other continent keeps experts for just such cases. I may become an interventionist, but *after* Huerta. He has proved himself vastly superior, in executive ability, to any man Mexico has produced since Diaz, in spite of his lack of balance and his surprising childishness, following upon strange subtleties, and he would have sold his soul to please the United States to the point of recognition. In that small, soft hand (doubtless bloody, too) were possibilities of a renewal of prosperity, after the dreams of Madero that he himself could never have clothed in reality. The reassociation of the government with the conservative elements might have given some guarantee of peace, at least during Huerta's life, and any man's life is a long time in an Indian or Latin republic.

April 20th. 10 A.M.

We have awakened to a busy morning. At seven o'clock I began to telephone all those women. If anything happens, American women here will be thankful to be out of the way, and if the clouds blow over, they will only have done what they have done before, on several occasions—taken an unnecessary trip to Vera Cruz. Every American in town has either appeared at the Embassy or telephoned. Rowan remains with us, I hope. N. has telegraphed Admiral Fletcher that in view of the fact that he is alone with me at the Embassy, he begs not to have Rowan recalled. He is a dear fellow, and a great comfort and support. Anything his courage and good

sense can keep from happening to us will not happen. A cable saying the matter will be laid before Congress this afternoon, instead of this morning, is just received. It gives us a breathing-space. But the telephone! The newspaper men! The frightened Americans! If we are obliged to go, Aunt Laura will stay with Mrs. Melick, that friend of hers who has a handsome house just across the way. This relieves both her and me from anxiety. Americans are leaving in hosts—about five hundred persons, of all nationalities, leave to-day.

I have just found on my table an envelope, "From Elim to Mamma." A drawing inside represents a tombstone, and a star shines above it. It has a little bunch of fresh heliotrope fastened to it with a clipper, and the back is decorated with three crosses—a bit startling in these potential days! My heart is sick. Wednesday that great fleet arrives. What is it going to fight? It can't bombard Vera Cruz. The streets are full and the houses overflowing with fleeing non-combatants. It can't climb the mountains and protect the countless Americans getting their living in the fastnesses or in the valleys. Huerta's army is engaged in the death-struggle, in the north, against enemies of the government, armed with our munitions. Oh, the pity of it!

And this city, this beautiful city, placed so wonderfully, so symmetrically, on the globe, in the very center of the Western Hemisphere, a great continent to north and south, half-way between immense oceans, and lifted nearly eight thousand feet up to the heavens! Strange, symbolic correspondences between the seen and the unseen constantly make themselves sensible, in some unexplainable, magic way, while to the eye there are the manifold abundancies of mother earth, and this queer, dark, unchanging, and unchangeable race, whose psychological formula is unknown to us, inhabiting and using it all.

April 20th. 7.30.

This afternoon a whirlwind of rumors. First, that Congress had voted full power to Mr. Wilson, and one hundred and fifty million dollars; that Vera Cruz was being bombarded; that an attack is being planned against the Embassy to-night. There is, doubtless, nothing in this last, but N. telephoned to Eduardo Iturbide, always to be counted on, who is sending us one hundred mounted *gendarmes*. Captain Burnside is coming over here to sleep, and Rowan is with us, besides secret-service men and our own *gendarmes*. We have machine-guns, rifles, and quantities of ammunition. Many people were in for tea, when I am always to be seen. Madame Simon expects to leave to-night for Vera Cruz, with her little boy and two maids. Clarence Hay and the Tozzers are going, too, and about one hundred Germans. Von Hintze has sent away as many men, women, and children as he could induce to go.

I had a curious experience with Adatchi. Suddenly, as he was sitting on the sofa, drinking his tea, von Papen and Ayguesparsse also in the room, I had a queer, psychic impression that he was not speaking of what he was thinking. I thought no more of it until he came over to a chair near me and said, with a curious, Oriental smile:

"I had a talk with Portillo y Rojas, this afternoon. All is not yet lost. I have left my secretaries working on a long telegram to Tokio."

I asked: "You mean there may be a possible arrangement?"

And he said, "Yes," without enlarging on it. N. is out, calling on Iturbide to thank him for the guard, and Adatchi returns at nine-thirty. After he left, I told Ayguesparsse and von Papen what Adatchi had said.

Ayguesparsse said, "His government would naturally

favor the Mexicans." And we all wondered if the Japs *could* have worked out an *arreglomiento*. The Japanese *mentalité* is, of course, absolutely foreign and irreconcilable to ours, but it is *not* a negligible quantity. Ayguesparsse has been very, very nice all these days, and I realize that behind that elegant silhouette there is a man of poise and kindness. Scarcely had he and von Papen departed when Hohler came in, hoping still for some arrangement. In this dark hour every one of the colleagues has shown himself sincerely desirous of some issue being found. So you have a little of my day, full of a thousand other things. Many people have urged me to depart with them, but I am not nervous, not afraid. I am no trouble to N., perhaps even some help; and certainly dignity and all manner of fitness demand that I remain here with him till he gets his papers, *if* he gets them, and go off suitably at the time appointed by our country, or the country to which we are accredited. My leaving now would mean to the Americans here that all was lost—even honor, *I* should add. Elim has not been far out of sight to-day. He was warned, and the *gendarmes* and everybody in the house warned, that he was not even to look out of the gate; and, scenting possible danger, he has not wandered far afield. He climbs into my chair, trots after me, looks in at the door—he has no intention of being out of call if suddenly wanted. His little senses are alert, and he knows that all is not quiet on the plateau.

April 21st.

Instead of an attack, last night, everything was very peaceful. The automobile squad, composed of willing and capable Americans, circled continually about the Embassy, as well as the guard of one hundred mounted *gendarmes* Eduardo Iturbide sent us. A bare message came from Washington, very late, saying that Congress

had voted the President full powers. The details we will doubtless get this morning. The *Ypiranga*, of the Hamburg-American Line, arrives at Vera Cruz to-day, with seventeen million rounds of ammunition for Huerta, which will greatly complicate matters. I do not know if we are going to seize it or not. If we do, it is an *acte de guerre*, and we will be out of here on short notice. If one were convinced of the good-will of Washington, this whole incident could be arranged in five minutes. The Mexican Foreign Office published this morning the full text of the documents on the Tampico incident. The officials feel there is nothing to conceal, and the diplomats and every American in town have by now lapped up with their coffee all the secrets of the situation.

XXII

Vera Cruz taken—Anti-American demonstrations—Refugees at the Embassy—A long line of visitors—A dramatic incident in the cable-office—Huerta makes his first and last call at the Embassy.

April 21st. 12.30.

NELSON has been informed through Mexican sources —a most embarrassing way to get the news—that Vera Cruz was taken by our ships at eight o'clock this morning. (Cortés landed on April 21st, if I am not mistaken, though, of course, that isn't much help to *us* now!) The line from Mexico City to Vera Cruz has been blown up. I am so worn out that I wouldn't mind seeing even the Zapatistas climbing in at the windows. Aunt Laura has been sitting by my bed, wearing that pale-blue woolen jacket you sent me. She feels, after all these decades of Tehuantepec, a chill even in these lovely days. The situation she will find herself in after we go appalls me, but she is determined to remain. All these years she has watched the increasing glories and securities of Don Porfirio's Mexico. One could go unarmed from the Rio Grande to Gautemala. Now, when the years begin to press upon her, she is caught up and ruined by present-day Mexican uncertainties, or rather, certainties. One *knows* one will lose everything one has here.

N. just looked in at the door to say we may have to leave *via* the Pacific (Manzanillo and San Francisco). Well, it is all in the hands of the Lord. Some time, some way, we are destined to be recalled from Mexico City.

I wonder what Huerta is thinking of doing this morning. Will the situation weld together his divided people? I am thankful not to be among the hundreds—no, thousands—without bank accounts in New York, Chicago, Boston, or other places, who are being packed like sardines on transports for "home." These are the real tragedies of the situation to us, though I can't help thinking of the Mexican side. Several hundred thousand men, women, and children have been killed in various ways since Madero started for Mexico City—American gunners manning his guns.

April 21st. 5 o'clock.

No news from Washington to-day. We might all be massacred. It is due to the essential meekness, want of national spirit, want of whatever you will in the Mexicans, that we are not, not because a paternal government is watching over its public servants in foreign parts. I have sent out for a good supply of candles; the lights might be cut to-night by some Zapatista band. We all wonder why Huerta hasn't cut the railroad to Vera Cruz. Why doesn't he make things a bit nasty for us?

8 P.M.

A word from my sofa, where I am resting in my purple Paris draperies. We have had a long line of visitors. Ayguesparsse was the first, and so nice and sympathetic. With his Mexican wife he does not find himself in an easy position. His family-in-law has made many and real sacrifices for *La Patria* and the Huerta government. Three men, expert machinists, are having their dinners down-stairs, having set up the Gatling-guns under Burnside's instructions. I have provided *pulque*, *tortillas*, *frijoles*, and cigarettes for countless *gendarmes*. We are ten at dinner, and perhaps twenty have been in for tea. There has been an anti-American demonstration at

Porter's Hotel, where the very clever woman journalist I mentioned before is staying. She will sleep here to-night, in Ryan's room. The landlady of Porter's is also coming, and they will have to take friendly turns in a single bed. About twenty extra persons are sleeping here. We hear nothing from Washington direct. Algara, the Mexican *chargé*, has been recalled. N. saw Huerta this afternoon, who begged him not to go. We can no longer cable, though the other legations can send what they like to Washington *via* their various European chanceries. No trains are going out to-night nor this morning. Three of the many Pullmans, loaded with men, women, and children, which started yesterday for Vera Cruz, have not yet arrived there. We understand there was fighting along the road.

Rowan is being more than nice, but I think he is rather longing for the baptism of fire that *might* be his, were he in Vera Cruz.

After dinner McKenna came to tell us that there were three car-loads of women and children outside the Embassy gate. They had to come in, of course, and be attended to.

Nelson saw Huerta to-day at his house. The President said to him, very brusquely: "You have seized our port. You have the right to take it, if you can, and we have the right to try to prevent you. *Su Excelencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson has declared war, unnecessarily, on a people that only ask to be left alone, to follow out their own evolution in their own way, though it may not seem to you a good way." He added that he would have been willing to give the salutes, but that the incident was only a pretext. In three weeks or three months, he said, it would have been something else; that we were "after him," or the Spanish to that effect.

I think his real idea is to form the Mexicans into one

camp against the foreign foe. He does not want Nelson to go, in spite of the fact that Algara has been recalled. We have no intimation, as yet, of our leaving. Mr. Bryan has stated that he instructed Mr. O'Shaughnessy to see Huerta and ask him to keep the roads open to facilitate the getting out of refugees. We are asking favors to the end. N. had not seen the President for several days and did not know in what disposition he would find him. But Huerta took his hand and greeted him, saying, "*Como está, amigo?*" ("How are you, friend?"). He might have been going to play some Indian trick on him. I begged Rowan to go with N., and he waited in the automobile while N. had the interview.

Later.

We are at war. American and Mexican blood flowed in the streets of Vera Cruz to-day. The tale that reaches us is that the captain of the *Ypiranga* tried to land the seventeen million rounds of ammunition. Admiral Fletcher expostulated. The captain of the *Ypiranga* insisted on doing it, and, as we were not at war, he was within his international rights. The admiral prevented him by force, and, they say, in order to justify the action imposed on him by Washington, took the town—thus putting us on a war basis. Whether this is a true version of what has happened I don't know. It does not sound like Admiral Fletcher, but he may have had definite orders from Washington. Von Hintze came in this afternoon. He minimized the incident, or rather, seemed to minimize it, but I could see that he was very much preoccupied. It may be a source of other and graver complications than those of Mexico. It has been many a year since American blood flowed in the streets of Vera Cruz. General Scott took it in 1847. The endless repetitions of history!

11 P.M.

As I write, a mob, rather inoffensive, is howling outside, waving Mexican flags and exhorting in loud voices. I can't hear anything from the window except something about *Vivan los Japoneses*, and a few remarks not flattering to *los Gringos*. There are many good and capable Americans, willing, ready, and able to second any use of the guns. N. and Rowan have gone down to the cable-office to try and send off something to Washington. The silence of our government remains unbroken. Sir Lionel came back this morning. He is soon to go to Rio. How beautifully England treats *her* diplomats! Instead of removing him, last autumn, when the row was on, our press campaign against him caused his superiors to bide their time, but it must be a great trial to Sir L. to be removed at so critical a moment to another post which, though bigger and better paid, is not of the imminent importance of this.

April 22d.

The wedding morn of thirteen years ago! And we are in Mexico, in full intervention! The troops can't get up from Vera Cruz by rail, as the Mexicans got away with all the locomotives when the town was taken. That beautiful plan of Butler's . . . I understand that he is in Tampico, with his marines, and the other marines are only due to-day in Vera Cruz. It will take three weeks, even without resistance, for them to march up with their heavy equipment.

At 12.30 last night N., who had gone to bed and to sleep, after a more than strenuous day, was called to the telephone by the excited consul-general, who had had the United States shield torn off the Consulate, and other indignities offered the sacred building, including window-breaking by the mob. N. wonders if Huerta will try to keep him here as a hostage. Huerta told N. that he

intends to take our arms away, and, of course, there is no way of keeping them if he decides to do so. We have certainly trampled on the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo after 1848, providing that all disputes should be submitted first for arbitration. So sing me no songs of treaty rights!

We heard last night that the Zapatistas were to unite with Huerta. It would be interesting and curious to see a "Mexico united" on any point. If those bandits come out of their *barrancas* and mountains and do to the Americans half the evil they work on one another, there will be many a desolate mother, wife, sister, and sweetheart north of the Rio Grande. N. says we may get off to-morrow morning. No night trips. Yesterday Carden and von Hintze tried to get Huerta to arrange for the despatching of a refugee train to leave not later than seven this morning, but why he should do that, or anything for any one, unless it falls in with his own plans, I don't see. It is curious that the Americans did not get hold of a few locomotives. The railroad is indeed sounding brass and tinkling cymbals without them.

Every arm-chair, sofa, and bed in the house was occupied last night, and many of the inmates lay on the floor. Constantly, in the distance, sounds the beautiful Mexican bugle-call. The brass summons is clear and noble, and the drums beat to the nation's pulse—a poor thing, according to us, but Mexico's own. Where will it all end? With the taking of Vera Cruz, through whose customs a full fourth of the total imports come, Huerta is out a million pesos a month, more or less. We are certainly isolating and weakening him at a great rate. "Might is right." We can begin to teach it in the schools.

We have heard nothing from Washington, and nothing from Vera Cruz. Alone on our plateau! Up to now, there are no great anti-American demonstrations. I put

my faith in Huerta, in spite of the feeling which Burnside expressed, that he might show Nelson an Indian's treachery. Aunt Laura is game. It is good fortune for her to have that comfortable home just across the way to go to.

Something is being prepared in town. To-morrow we may get away. N. begins to feel that he ought to be out of here, the Mexican *chargé* at Washington having left yesterday, with the entire Embassy staff. This we learn from the Foreign Office here, *not* from Washington.

The newspapers are rather fierce this morning. One head-line in the *Independiente* is to the effect that "the Federal bullets will no longer spill brothers' blood, but will perforate blond heads and white breasts swollen with vanity and cowardice." "Like a horde of bandits the invaders assaulted the three-times heroic Vera Cruz. The brave *costeños* made the foreign thieves bite the dust they had stained with their impure blood," etc. The newspapers add that the Americans landed "without a declaration of war, feloniously and advantageously." "Anathema to the cowardly mercantile projects of the President of the United States!" they shriek. They had a picture of Mr. Wilson sitting on heaped-up money-bags, Huerta standing before him, a basket of eggs on each arm. "The true forces of the opponents," this was labeled. It is impossible to expect the Mexicans to seize the idea that the landing of our troops was a simple police measure. In face of the facts, such subtle distinctions will, I am sure, be overlooked. "*El suelo de la patria está conculcado por el invasor extranjero,*" is the *fact* to them! I inclose here what the papers call "*el manifiesto laconico y elocuente del Señor Presidente de la Republica.*"

"*A LA REPUBLICA*

"*En el Puerto de Veracruz, estamos sosteniendo con las armas el honor Nacional.*

"El atentado que el Gobierno Yanqui comete contra un pueblo libre, como es, ha sido y será el de la Republica, pasará a la Historia, que pondrá a México y al Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, en el lugar que a cada cual corresponda. *V. Huerta."*

"TO THE REPUBLIC

"In the port of Vera Cruz we are sustaining with arms the national honor.

"The offense the Yankee government is committing against a free people, such as this Republic is, has always been, and will ever be, will pass into history—which will give to Mexico and to the government of the United States the place each merits. V. HUERTA."

12.30.

N. has just come in to say that perhaps we leave tomorrow for Guadalajara and Manzanillo. I am not crazy to see the Pacific coast under these conditions. How many uncertain hours, wild mountains, and deep *barrancas* are between us and the United States men-of-war.

Mr. Cummings, chief of the cable-office, and all his men were dismissed this morning, to be replaced by Federals. A dramatic incident occurred when he went into the office to collect his money and private papers. Finding himself for a moment alone, he quickly went to the telegraph key and called up Vera Cruz. The operator there answered, "They are fighting at the roundhouse." There was a snap, and he heard no more. Some one was listening and shut him off. That is the only authentic news we have heard from Vera Cruz, or anywhere, for two days. But the wild rumors around town are numberless and disquieting. Nothing is touched down-stairs. I don't want to alarm people need-

lessly by stripping my rooms; and who knows if we can take out, if and when we go, more than the strict necessities. There will always be a fair amount of Embassy papers, codes, etc., that must go, whatever else is left.

10.30 P.M.

At five o'clock I went down-stairs to my drawing-room—the matchless Mexican sun streaming in at the windows—and poured tea. It was the last time, though I didn't know it. Many people came in: Kanya, Stalewski, von Papen, Marie Simon, Cambiaggio, Rowan, de Soto, and others; de Bertier had gone to Tampico. No one knew what was to happen to us. Had we received our passports? Were we to stay on? Could negotiations be reopened? Each came with another rumor, another question. The Cardens came in late, Sir Lionel very agitated over the rumors of the Zapatistas coming to town to-night. They are supposed to have joined with the Federals. It was the first time I have seen Sir L. since his return. He seemed whiter, paler, and older than when he went away. Then von Hintze came. We talked of the hazy Vera Cruz incident and its international bearing, *if* the captain of the *Ypiranga* had been stopped on the high seas, before the blockading of the port, etc.

There was a gleam in von Hintze's eye during the conversation, answered by one in mine. We were both thinking that history has a way of repeating itself. He was von Dietrich's flag-lieutenant at Manila, Rowan's position with Fletcher at Vera Cruz. It was he who took the famous message to Dewey and received the equally famous and emphatic answer—so emphatic, history has it, that he almost backed down the hatchway in his surprise. Thirteen years afterward he finds himself in an American Embassy, discussing another marine

incident concerning Germany and the United States, another flag-lieutenant sitting by![1]

During all this time, the Embassy was closely surrounded by troops. Hearing more than the usual noise, I asked Rowan to see what was going on. It proved to be a large squad of soldiers come to take our arms and ammunition away—our sacred doves of peace. All was done with the greatest politeness—but it was done! Two hundred and fifty rifles, two machine-guns, seventy-six thousand of one kind of ammunition nine thousand of another. It was a tea-party, indeed. At half after seven an officer appeared in the drawing-room, as von Hintze and I were sitting there alone, saying that the President was outside. Von Hintze departed through the dining-room, after hastily helping me and McKenna to remove the tea-table. There was no time to ring for servants. I went to the door and waited on the honeysuckle and geranium-scented veranda while the tearless old Indian, not in his top-hat ("*que da mas dignidad*"), but in his gray sweater and soft hat, more suitable to events, came quickly up the steps. It was his first and last visit to the Embassy during our incumbency.

I led him into the drawing-room, where, to the accompaniment of stamping hoofs outside, of changing arms, and footsteps coming and going, we had a strange and

[1] Herr von Hintze began his career in the navy and before coming to Mexico was for some years the German Emperor's special naval *attaché* to the Czar of Russia, after which he was made Minister to Mexico, with the rank of Rear Admiral. On the outbreak of hostilities in Europe he left Mexico, and is now Minister in Pekin. He crossed the Atlantic in September, 1914, as steward on a small ship. When he was received by the Emperor on his appointment to Pekin, report has it that he said, "But, your Majesty, how am I to get there?" The Emperor replied, "As you were able to get from Mexico to Berlin, you will doubtless be able to get from Berlin to Pekin. Good-by, and good luck to you!" There are fantastic and spectacular tales of his journey to China, in which Zeppelins, submarines, and raiders figure—E. O'S.

moving conversation. I could not, for my country's sake, speak the endless regret that was in my heart for the official part we had been obliged to play in the hateful drama enacted by us to his country's undoing. He greeted me calmly.

"Señora, how do you do? I fear you have had many annoyances."

Then he sat back, quietly, in a big arm-chair, impersonal and inscrutable. I answered as easily as I could that the times were difficult for all, but that we were most appreciative of what he had done for our personal safety and that of our nationals, and asked him if there was nothing we could do for him. He gave me a long, intraverted, and at the same time piercing look, and, after a pause, answered:

"Nothing, señora. All that is done I must do myself. Here I remain. The moment has not come for me to go. Nothing but death could remove me now."

I felt the tears come hot to my eyes, as I answered —taking refuge in generalities in that difficult moment— "Death is not so terrible a thing."

He answered again, very quietly, "It is the natural law, to which we must all submit. We were born into the world according to the natural law, and must depart according to it—that is all."

He has wavy, interlacing, but not disturbing gestures as he speaks. He went on to say that he had come, in his name and that of his señora, to ask N. and myself to attend the wedding of his son, Victor, the next day. And notwithstanding much advice to the contrary by timid ones, we think it expedient to go. The safety of all hangs on his good-will, and it will be wise, as well as decent, to offer him this last public attention. Just then Nelson came in. After greeting the President, he said, rather hastily, "They have taken the arms away."

Huerta answered with a gesture of indifference, "It must be," adding, "*no le hace*" ("it doesn't matter").

I told him with a smile, which he quite understood, that it wasn't much in the way of an exchange. (As we had taken seventeen million rounds of ammunition, and God knows how many guns and rifles in Vera Cruz, his haul at the Embassy did seem rather small!) He does not want us to go out by Guadalajara and Manzanillo, and, unless compelled to cut the line, he gives us his train to-morrow night to Vera Cruz, with a full escort, including three officers of high rank.

"I would go myself," he said, "but I cannot leave. I hope to send my son in my place, if he returns from the north, as I expect."

I was dreadfully keyed up, as you can imagine; I felt the tears gush to my eyes. He seemed to think it was fear that moved me, for he told me not to be anxious.

I said, "I am not weeping for myself, but for the tragedy of life."

And, indeed, since seeing him I have been in a sea of sadness, personal and impersonal—impersonal because of the crushing destiny that can overtake a strong man and a country, and personal, because this many-colored, vibrant Mexican experience of mine is drawing to a close. Nothing can ever resemble it.

As we three stood there together he uttered, very quietly, his last word:

"I hold no rancor toward the American people, nor toward *su Excelencia el Señor Presidente* Wilson." And, after a slight pause, he added, "*He has not understood.*"

It was the first and last time I ever heard him speak the President's name. I gave him my hand as he stood with his other hand on Nelson's shoulder, and knew that this was indeed the end. I think he realized that my heart was warm and my sympathies outrushing to

beautiful, agonizing Mexico; for, as he stood at the door, he suddenly turned and made me a deep reverence. Then, taking N.'s arm, he went out into the starry, perfumed evening, and I turned back into the dwelling I was so soon to leave, with the sadness of life, like a hot point, deep in my heart. So is history written. So do circumstances and a man's will seem to raise him up to great ends, and so does destiny crush him. . . . And we, who arrogated to ourselves vengeance for unproven deeds in a foreign land, was vengeance ours?

I left the Embassy staff alone at dinner and came up-stairs, to Aunt Laura. Again I was sick at the thought of leaving her, old, ill, and in troubles of many kinds. I will do what I can for her before I go; but oh, I am sad, very sad, to-night. Whatever else life may have in reserve for me, this last conversation with a strong man of another psychology than mine will remain engraven on my heart—his calm, his philosophy on the eve of a war he knows can only end in disaster for himself and his people. His many faults, his crimes, even, his desperate expedients to sustain himself, his nonfulfilments—all vanish. I know his spirit possesses something which will see him safely over the dark spaces and hours when they come.[1]

[1] If I have idealized this Indian ruler, whom I knew only at the flood-tide of his destiny, I have also, perhaps, given a clearer testimony to facts. Let history deduce the truth—E. O'S.

XXIII

The wedding of President Huerta's son—Departure from the Embassy—Huerta's royal accommodations—The journey down to Vera Cruz—The white flag of truce—We reach the American lines.

April 24th. 9 A.M.

(In the train, after our sudden departure last night.)

WE have just passed the famous Metlac Bridge. Far down these enchanting curves I see the military train which precedes us, with troops to test the line, and a flatcar for our three automobiles, to get us through the Federal lines at Tejería. We passed slowly over the Metlac Bridge. There, in the middle, was flying the great, white flag of peace! We could proceed. It made our hearts beat fast. The splendors of this land under this cloudless sky are indescribable; marvelous odors come in at the windows, and great, blazing stars of red and vermilion decorate every bush. The broad banana leaves take every possible glint, and the bayonet palms are swords of light. Everything is gorgeous—everything a splendid blaze.

At Orizaba orderly crowds cried "*Viva Mexico!*" "*Mueran los Gringos!*" and bared their heads, as the troop-cars attached to our train rolled out. I cannot keep my eyes from the beauties of this natural world through which we are journeying, conducted so royally by command of the "Grand Old Indian." Nature is so generous here that she neither needs nor asks the cooperation of man in her giving. Alas for him!

At six o'clock this morning they awakened us at Esperanza, the highest point, to get out for a good breakfast offered by Corona. The troops accompanying us were also fed, which does not always happen. Rowan jogged the general's mind by offering them a breakfast from *us*, but he said, "Oh no; we will provide for them." He evidently had orders from "on high" to spare no trouble or expense.

10.45.

We have just passed Cordoba, finding the crowds distinctly more uneasy. We bought piles of bananas and oranges that Rowan is taking into the troop-car. He has just come back to say the soldiers are all smiles. The difficulty with the army is that the officers never in any way look after their men—and a soldier with an empty stomach and sore feet is a sad proposition. It is getting very warm. We are in the heart of the coffee zone and have only about eighteen hundred feet to travel before reaching sea-level. Embosomed in trees or pressed against blue-green hills are the pink belfries and domes my heart knows so well and my eyes love, a Spanish heritage of the land. I was thankful to see, higher up, that barley and corn were being planted for the hungry days to come. Morning-glories twist about every stump and branch and the hibiscus has a richer color. Beautiful, beautiful Mexico! * * *

I wonder if the Embassy was pillaged and burned last night? Oh, the *waste* there! No time to sort out things. My clothes still hanging in the closets, my bric-à-brac left about, and I dare say a lot of trash was packed that I don't care for. Dear Mrs. Melick kissed me as I came out on General Corona's arm, in a dream, it seemed to me, Elim clinging to my hand, to take the auto for the station. I had left Aunt Laura in the *salon* with various friends whose faces are one great blur in my memory, and

Mrs. Melick was going in to get her and take her to her house. Since yesterday afternoon Americans can no longer leave Mexico City. Huerta, having heard that no Mexicans could leave Vera Cruz, posted this order. My heart is sad at leaving our people. Heaven knows what will happen to them. The Mexicans have commandeered all arms except those of foreign legations (and *they* will probably have to go), all horses, all automobiles, great reserves of gasoline, etc. The Embassy was well provisioned.

Last night our train was supposed to go at nine o'clock, but we did not leave until eleven-thirty. The *chers collègues* and a very few others who knew of our going were there to see us off, in the dimly lighted, gray station. At ten I begged our friends to go, and said good-by to von Hintze, Hohler, von Papen, les Ayguesparsse, Stalewski, Letellier, Kanya, and the Simons. (Simon has forty-five millions in *gold* in the Banco Nacional; some day he must give it up at the point of the pistol.) We have masses of letters and telegrams to deliver. The "Pius Fund" (forty-three thousand dollars) and my jewels and money of our own and other people's I carried in the black hand-bag with the gilt clasps which you gave me in Paris. McKenna guards the codes as if they were infants. No sovereign of Europe could have planned and executed this departure of ours more royally than Huerta did it. You remember Polo de Bernabé's account of his "escape" from the land of the Stars and Stripes?

At Guadalupe, the first stop just outside the city, a painful incident occurred. About twenty-five persons, *friends*, were waiting there to board the train and continue the journey with us. But N. had given his word of honor, when he received the safe-conduct, that no person or persons other than the personnel of Embassy

and Consulate should avail themselves of this privilege. So rarely was faith kept with Huerta that it seemed hard that it should be done in this crucial hour and at the expense of our own people. We intended, however, to save even honor; but as our train rolled out of the station I felt, to the full, "the fell clutch of circumstance."

My idea is to be immediately vaccinated and injected for all ills, and to return from New York with the first Red Cross brigade. I look into the deep *barrancas* and up the high mountains, and know *my* people will be lying there, needing help, before long. Zapata is supposed to have offered his services to Huerta, to place himself in the Sierras between Puebla and the Tierra Caliente. He can do heartbreaking things. I know I must go now, but afterward I can return to work. Shall we ever again have an embassy in Mexico? This seems the death of Mexican sovereignty, *la fin d'une nation.*

I saw Sir Lionel for a moment, alone, last night. I thanked him for all the work, the great responsibility that he was about to undertake for our people. He is very worried and anxious, and kept saying, "Oh, the dreadful responsibility it will be!" I told him we would not fail to let Washington know all that he would be doing for us. I fear a nervous break for him. Tears were in his eyes and his lip trembled. Our press has not handled him gently these past months. I felt both grateful and ashamed.

We have just passed over a deep, vine-draped ravine—the Atoyac Gorge, with a noisy river flowing through. Women and children are bathing and washing clothes under the trees. Occasionally a blonde baby is seen in his dark mother's arms—so is life perpetuated. We have just passed the village of Atoyac, with its little thatched shacks and adobe huts, where the people are shouting "*Viva Mexico!*" and we are about to make our

last descent into the burning plain. There, after a while, our outposts will be waiting for us—*our* people waiting to receive their own. This is the march of empire in which we literally join. *Southward* she takes her course. General Corona has had many offerings of fruit and flowers, people whom he had never seen calling him "*Ramoncito*" and "*Mi General*," and throwing pineapples and oranges into the train—the offerings of humble hearts.

But I must go back to Wednesday night—our last night in Mexico City—when I was too tired for feeling or thought. In the morning Nelson decided that, under the circumstances, he would not, *could* not, go to the Huerta wedding. Then I decided to go alone. Rowan went with me, in the automobile. I put on my best black things, long white gloves, and pearls, got through the crowd in front of the Embassy, and went to the President's house in the Calle Alfonso Herrera, enfolded and exhilarated by dazzling air. I got there to find myself the only foreigner, of course, and only three or four other women, the wives of Cabinet Ministers and generals. The men were mostly in full uniform. Madame Huerta came in, looking very handsome and dignified in a becoming dress of delicate pomegranate color veiled partly with black lace—a *good* dress. We gave each other the *abrazo*, and she placed me at her side, on the sofa. The youngest son, Roberto, a fat but *sympatico* boy of fourteen, also in full uniform, came in and kissed his *mamacita's* hand, and asked for some order. The dark, bright-eyed bride, in a dress with a good deal of imitation lace, arrived nearly three-quarters of an hour late. Immediately after her arrival the President entered, in his slouch-hat and the celebrated gray sweater.

He quickly greeted the guests, called his wife, "Emilia," and then turned to me. "Mrs. O'Shaughnessy," he

said, and indicated a place near the table where the marriage contract was to be signed. So I rose, and stood with the family during the ceremony, which he had put through at a lively pace. The contract, in referring to the parents of the bridegroom, said "Victoriano Huerta, fifty-nine," and "Emilia Huerta, fifty-two." His age may be lessened in this document a year or two, but I doubt it. Madame Huerta can't be much more than fifty-two. The youngest girl, Valencita, is only seven.

After the ceremony, when we all went out to get into the automobiles, Señora Blanquet was with us. She is short, stout, and elderly. I wanted to give her her place as wife of the Minister of War, but the President, who helped me in, insisted first upon giving me his wife's place. I said, firmly, "No"; but I was obliged to take the seat beside her, while Señora Blanquet struggled with the narrow *strapontin!* Imagine my feelings as we started off through the dazzling streets to the somewhat distant "Buen Tono" church—built by Pugibet, of "Buen Tono" cigarette fame, and put by him, most beautifully decorated, at the disposition of the President for the wedding. On our arrival the President, who had gone ahead, appeared to help us out of the motor; then, saying to me, "*Tengo que hacer*" ("I have something to do"), he disappeared. I never saw him again.

I went up the aisle after Madame Huerta, on Rincon Gaillardo's arm. As soon as we were in our seats the archbishop came out and the ceremony began—dignified and beautiful. Afterward there was a low Mass with fine music. The tears kept welling up in my eyes as I knelt before the altar of the God of us all. After the ceremony was over we went out into the sacristy. I congratulated the bride and groom, spoke to a few of

the colleagues who were near, and then, feeling that my day and hour were over, I went up to Madame Huerta.

We embraced several times, with tears in our eyes, each of us knowing it was the end and thinking of the horrors to come. Then I left the sacristy on some officer's arm—I don't know who it was—and was put into my motor, where Rowan was patiently waiting. There were huge crowds before the church, but never a murmur against us. Tears were raining down my cheeks, but Rowan said: "Don't mind. The Mexicans will understand the tribute, and all your sadness and regret."

We passed by the round point, the "Glorieta," where I had seen the statue of George Washington so solemnly unveiled two years ago, on the 22d of February, 1912. It had been pulled down in the night. On the defaced pedestal had been placed a small bust of Hidalgo. Flowers were scattered about, and a Mexican flag covered the inscription on the marble base. I learned afterward that the statue had been dragged in the night by powerful automobiles, and placed at the feet of the statue of Benito Juarez, in the Avenida Juarez, whence the authorities had had the courtesy, and had taken the time, to withdraw it—through streets whose windows were hung with flags of every nationality except ours: German, French, English, Spanish.

At 12.50 I got home to find still larger crowds of Americans at the Embassy—orderly and polite, but deep anxiety was on every face; all realized the issue before them. At three o'clock I heard that we would be leaving about seven. So many people were coming in that I had no time to separate my things from the Embassy things, nor even to make any selections. Berthe was occupied in throwing various articles into open trunks and valises,

some of value, some without. I don't think *she* lost a pin. I didn't get even to my big writing-desk, where I had sat for seven months. You can imagine all the things that were left there, the accumulations of these historic months. All my bibelots were left about the *salon*, the *mantas* and *serapes*, the signed photographs that have accompanied me for years, my beautiful old frames. But in the face of the national catastrophe, and the leaving of our people to God knows what, I seemed to lose all sense of personal possession or to feel that objects could have a value.

We have just passed Paso del Macho. Many people, motley groups, were standing near the train, crying "*Viva la Independencia de Mexico!*" Rowan says *he* wants to hear more "*Mueran los Gringos!*" We are about forty-five kilometers from Vera Cruz, and the heat, after the plateau, seems intense; though it is not disagreeable to feel the dissolving *détente* of the skin and nerves after the dry tenseness of many months at eight thousand feet.

SOLEDAD, *1.15*.

A blaze of heat, merciless, white. We find Mexican rifles stacked at intervals along the station platforms, and there are groups of young *voluntarios* looking proudly at their first guns or drawing long, cruel knives from their belts. Some are eating small, green limes, not nourishing at best, slashing at them with their *machetes*. The lack of a commissariat is what prevents the Mexican army from being in any way efficient. (Think of the full stomachs and comfortably shod feet of our men.) Flat-cars with cannon and automobiles are on the sidings. General Gustavo Maass, whom I have not seen since our trip to Vera Cruz in January, is here in command. He will not prove efficient — a blue-eyed Mexican,

wearing his sandy-gray hair in a German brush effect, *can't* be.

4 o'clock.

We have passed Tejería, the last Mexican station; the sand-hills and spires of Vera Cruz will soon be distinguishable. I have just looked out the window, my eyes dim with tears. Far up the broken track the blessed white flag of truce can be seen approaching—our people, our men, coming for their own. Admiral Fletcher evidently got the telegram. Am writing these words on the bottom of a little bonbon-box, which afterward I will tuck into my hand-bag. Oh, the burning dreariness of this land! The hot, dry inhospitality of it! The Mexican officers of our escort are passing and repassing my door, with troubled, anxious, hot faces. It is a bitter pill, but I see no use in trying to sugar-coat it by conversation. They know my heart is heavy, too.

Later, on the margin of a page of the "Mexican Herald."

Nelson has gone with the Mexican officers up the track to meet our men, and all are getting out of the train, standing in the rank, stiff grass by the track. God made the heaven and the earth. * * *

Vera Cruz, April 25th. Morning.

On board the *Minnesota*, in the very comfortable quarters of the admiral. We were awakened by the band playing the "Star-spangled Banner," "God Save the King," the beautiful Spanish national air, the "Marseillaise"—all according to the order of the arrival of the ships in the harbor. A delightful breeze is blowing and the electric fans are at work.

The last word I scribbled yesterday afternoon was when I was waiting in my state-room for Nelson to come

back to our Mexican train, with our officers, under the white flag. I was delighted and deeply moved when suddenly big, agreeable, competent Captain Huse appeared at the door and said, "Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I am glad to see you safely arrived and to welcome you to our lines."

Poor General Corona stood by at the meeting, and I turned to him with a more than hearty handshake. He kissed my hand, and his eyes filled. Poor, poor people! As Captain Huse helped me out of the train, to my joy and surprise I saw Hohler standing by the track. He had taken down a trainful of agitated Germans, English, and Americans, two days before, and was to go back to Mexico City with our returning train and escort. I had a few words with him, amid the dry cactus of the parched field, and commended to his courage and good sense our poor, distracted compatriots left in the volcanic city. There may be no concerted massacre of Americans, but the day will come when there will be other horrors. Hohler said he had not slept for three nights, and only prayed for a couple of hours of oblivion before tackling anything else. I wished him Godspeed, and gave him a handclasp to match the temperature.

Then Captain Huse came up to me, saying: "We must go. Time is passing, and we are unarmed."

As I turned to walk down the track with him I saw the pathetic spectacle of Madame Maass, whom I had parted from on that starry night of the Fletcher dinner, four months or more ago. She had walked, bareheaded, up that dusty stretch of track, from one train to the other, to go to join her husband at Soledad. The step on to the train by the steep embankment was so high I could not get up, nor could she descend; so she leaned down to me and I reached up to her. Tears were streaming down her grimy face; her black skirt was torn and rusty, her

other clothing nondescript, to say the least; a pathetic, stout, elderly woman caught out in the troubles of war — or of peace, as they tell me it is called in Washington.

Then Captain Huse and two of his officers, Lieutenant Fletcher, nephew of Admiral Fletcher, and Ensign Dodd, walked down the track with me about two kilometers. The rails were torn up, but the road-bed was undestroyed, and as we walked along in the blazing sun, with scrubby, dusty palms and cactus in the grayish fields on either side, my back turned to the Mexican train, I was divided between joy and sorrow—joy to see and be with my own again and the haunting thought of poor, distracted Mexico, and of our own people, whom we had been obliged to leave to Heaven knows what fate. It is easy to be the last out of the danger zone, but very, very hard to be the first; I hope that another time, if fate puts us again in such strange places, we will be the last to go.

We finally got to our own train, which was run by a poor, dilapidated, leaking, propped-up engine, all that was left. The Mexicans had been quick about the machines, and every locomotive had been seized by them and sent away, after which they had destroyed those kilometers of track. Everybody climbed into the relief-train, and there came the question of getting our luggage from one train to another. Captain Huse had been obliged to come without an escort, accompanied only by Fletcher and Dodd, unarmed. Until they had us they could not make terms. So, to make a very long story short, several cutthroat-looking peons, casting deadly glances at *los Gringos*, transferred a lot of the hand-luggage, aided by the men of the party. All I possess of value, except that left at the Embassy, is contained in a single, large trunk, now reposing in the cactus-fields in

the enemy's lines, watched over by the same shambling, dark-browed, cutthroat Mexicans who helped to transfer the small baggage.

Captain Huse, finding himself with a broken-down engine and a lot of unarmed civilians, and with sundown approaching, was too anxious to get into his own lines to think of such trifles. He said, afterward, "You didn't realize what danger we were in." I remember that I saw his face suddenly light up, as we slowly moved along. He had caught sight of the outposts that Admiral Fletcher, with vigilant forethought, had placed five miles out of town, with guns and telescopes, ready to rush to our aid, if necessary. Then he knew all was well, and, in spite of the fact that I had not been able to realize any danger, my eyes filled again at the sight of our brave men, some looking through their telescopes, others ready with their guns.

I asked Captain Huse, "Are we at war with Mexico?"

And he answered, "I don't know." Adding, "They say not; but when one armed force opposes another armed force, and many are killed, we are rather of the opinion that it is war."

He had just come from the thick of the fray. *We* had sixty-three wounded, seventeen killed, and several hundred Mexicans were killed and wounded. The Cadet Academy made a fine defense. There would have been more casualties for us, but at the critical moment the *San Francisco*, the *Chester*, and the *Prairie* opened fire on the Academy, a few feet only above the heads of their own men, neatly piercing the windows of the broad, low façade, as they would bulls'-eyes. All the officers are agreed that the immense sums spent in target practice by the navy in the past five years were amply compensated by that moment.

As we neared Vera Cruz our men in khaki (or white clothes dyed in coffee, according to the hurry order) were seen in big detachments in classic poses—standing, leaning on their guns, or sitting in groups on the ground, drinking coffee and smoking. I must say it looked very cozy and safe. Admiral Fletcher met us at the station, and I was glad indeed to clasp that brave, friendly hand again. He has done splendid work along all lines, passive or active, ever since he came to Mexican waters. Shortly afterward I said good-by to him and to Captain Huse, who is his chief of staff, and we went out in the admiral's barge over the glistening harbor, a thousand lights still lighting it, as when I last saw it, but all else changed. Captain Simpson, of the *Minnesota*, is on land duty, but the second in command, Commander Moody, met us at the gangway and we were shown into these most comfortable quarters. I have heard so much of the discomfort and heat of the men-of-war that I am most agreeably surprised. The electric fan is working ten thousand revolutions a moment; some one has called the new fan *la Mexicana*, for obvious reasons. Admiral Badger came to welcome us last night, a great, powerful, steam-engine of a man—a "dictator" (pardon the awful word)! It is a big thing to have complete charge of so powerful a combination as the North Atlantic fleet. He also said he didn't know whether we were at war or not, but that armed, opposing forces with heavy casualties on both sides was generally considered to be war; that we now "enjoyed all the *dis*advantages of both peace and war." He had heard we were arriving with eight hundred refugees, and had chartered the *Mexico*, of the Ward Line, to take them away.

He asked, "Where are all the others?"

We said, "We are all that were allowed to come." Apropos of that, if it isn't war, it is, as some one re-

marked, "sufficiently Shermanically synonymous" for those left in the interior!

11 o'clock.

Captain O'Keefe, of the *Mexico*, came to my state-room a while ago. I had not seen him since before the "peace at any price" régime was inaugurated. He is waiting for a full complement of refugees; they are expecting a boatful from Coatzocoalcos, this afternoon. Am sitting in the drawing-room of the admiral, cannon trained from the windows. The *Condé* got in early this morning. Lying in my berth I could see her manœuvering into hers. It is intensely hot in the harbor. Two hours ago Nelson went to the Consulate with his clerks. There is a mass of work to be done, besides negotiations for getting all Americans out of Mexico City. I wonder if that big, pleasant Embassy is now a mass of charred ruins? A heavenly breeze is blowing through the room as I write. I would be very interested in what is going on about us were it not for the preoccupation about those left behind. Elim has a toy pistol which he has been showing to the blue-jackets. He says it is strange how frightened they all are, and told me, with shining eyes, he already had four friends on the ship and would soon have six. It is a blessed age—where one can so definitely count one's friends.

4 P.M.

I have been sitting on deck, watching this busy port. Innumerable small boats, flying our flag are rapidly passing to and fro over the burning waters. Behind the *Condé*, which has effectually blocked the view of the outer harbor, is the *Solace*. She contains the wounded, the dead, and, mayhap, the dying ones. The *Minnesota* is so near the Sanidad pier that one can almost recognize individuals. Squads of our men are constantly marching along with prisoners between double files, men who have

been caught sniping, bearing arms, or doing some overt act or deed of violence. Last night, while dining, the echo of shots came from the shore, and during the night, from time to time, desultory ghostly sounds of sniping were heard.

I have just looked through the glass to distinguish about a dozen of our men standing at the head of a street with fixed bayonets, facing a pink house, evidently ready to protect some one coming out of it, or to do justice. The lone torpedo-tube from San Juan Ulua is trained toward the *Minnesota*, but it is believed to be inoffensive. I am sure I hope it is, cuddled under our bows, so to speak. Yesterday two Mexican officers came out of that historic fortress, begging to be allowed to get food. They said they and all the inmates were starving. I saw the conditions in days of relative plenty. What must they be *now* in those damp, deep, vermin-infested holes? Pale specters of men, too weak to move, or wild with hunger and all the ensuing horrors—and all this so near that I could almost hit it with a stone.

Ships of refugees are passing in and out. A Dutch ship, *Andrijk*, has just left, and a French one, the *Texas*, passed by us, leaving for Tampico to gather up refugees. Think of all the comfortable homes, with the precious accumulations of lifetimes of thrift and work, that are deserted in the disorder of flight, to be left later to the complete devastation of looters. All over the country this is taking place. An officer who saw a group of thirty or forty refugees at Tampico told me he thought at first it was a band of gypsies; it proved, however, to be half-clad, starving women and children who but a few days before had been prosperous American citizens.

The sun is under a cloud, but a hot, damp atmosphere has enveloped the port, and an opalescent light plays over the town. From where I sit I can see the old

white fortress of Sant' Iago which we shelled, and the yellow Naval Academy where the Mexican youths made their gallant stand. The chartered boats of the Ward Line, *Mexico*, *Monterey*, and *Esperanza*, also the now historic *Ypiranga*, are lying close to the various piers, ready to receive refugees and take them to New Orleans or Galveston. There they will be, in many cases, a three days' source of interest—and then they can starve!

Helen, the deer, a great pet of the sailors, and got in Tampico, keeps trying to nibble my long, white veil; the spotless decks are rather poor for browsing, and she looks a bit disconsolate at times. A snappy green parrot is being taught to say, "Look out for the snipers."

April 25th, 10.30.

I spent yesterday quietly on board, getting my breath. N. was at the Consulate all day, where he had been sending off his mail. About five o'clock, when he went to return Admiral Badger's call, I went into town, first to the headquarters of Admiral Fletcher, at the fly-infested Hotel Terminal. In the past the proprietor has encouraged in many ingenious ways the propagation of the fly. He owns the other hotel, the Diligencias, where he has his cuisine. In order to save himself the expense and bother of keeping two cooking-places going, he allowed the Terminal to become so disgustingly infested with flies that the "guests" are obliged to tramp through the hot streets to the Diligencias whenever the pangs of hunger or thirst assail them. We have cleaned out more things than flies in the tropics, however.

I saw at the headquarters, for a moment, Captain Huse, Sir Christopher, and *le capitaine de vaisseau* Graux, commanding the *Condé*, and many others. Afterward Admiral Fletcher sent Rowan with me to see the town.

Everything is closely watched and controlled by our five thousand or more blue-jackets and marines. Everywhere are the marks of bullets along the once-peaceful streets—the clean perforations of the steel-jacketed bullets of the American rifles; quaint cornices chipped; electric street globes destroyed; pink façades looking as if there was a design in white where the shots had taken off the color. We walked over to the Plaza, meeting acquaintances at every step, harassed and discomfited refugees. Several hundreds had just got into the city of the "Truly" Cross from Mexico City in the last train, having been nearly twenty hours *en route* and having left most of what they possessed for the mobs of Mexico City. It is difficult to get any exact information from them. According to their stories, many of the bankers were in jail; American shops were looted; some Americans were killed; and all Mexican servants had been warned to leave American homes. As they left only seven hours later than we did, I don't know that their information is worth much. The telegraph lines are down. What we do know is that dreadful things can happen in that beautiful city at any moment. When the Embassy was closed, the whole thing collapsed, from the point of view of Americans.

When Rowan and I got to the Plaza we found the band of the *Florida* playing in the band-stand—nothing like so well as the Mexican Policia Band, by the way—and hundreds of people, foreigners, Americans, Mexicans, sitting about, taking their lukewarm drinks under the *portales* of the Hotel Diligencias, whose ice-plant had been destroyed by a shell from the *Chester*. The place swarms with our men, and the buildings looking on the Plaza are all occupied as quarters for our officers. From the bullet-defaced belfry of the newly painted cathedral blue-jackets looked down upon us, and from every roof and every window faces of our own soldiers

and officers were to be seen. We walked across to the Municipal Palace, which is also used by us as a barracks. The men of the *Utah* were answering the bugle-call to muster for night duty. They were of the battalion landing in small boats under heavy fire that first day; they were saved by the cannon-fire from the ships. There were many casualties among their ranks. The men look happy, proud, and pleased, and in all the novel excitement and pride of conquest. I went into the church, where I also found some of our men stationed. Some one had been shot and killed from behind the high altar, two days ago. I fell on my knees, in the dimness, and besought the God of armies.

As we walked along in the older part of the town, *en route* to the Naval Academy, there were piles of once peaceful, love-fostering, green balconies heaped in the streets. They will be used for camp-fires by our men. Doors were broken in, houses empty. There was a great deal of sniping done from the *azoteas* (roofs) those first days, and it was necessary, in many cases, to batter down the doors and go up and arrest the people caught *in flagrante*, in that last retreat of the Latin-American.

Pulque [1]-shops and *cantinas* of all descriptions were barricaded, and, looking through the doors, we could see heaps of broken glass, overturned tables and chairs. A sour, acrid smell of various kinds of tropical "enliveners" hung in the still, heavy air—mute witnesses of what had been. We passed through several sinister-looking streets, and I thought of "Mr. Dooley's" expression, "The trouble we would have if we would try to chase the Monroe doctrine up every dark alley of Latin America." The

[1] One of the most amusing things ever stated about Carranza is that he intends to have the too-popular *pulque* replaced by light French wines! One can only hope that, while he is about it, he will arrange to replace corn by permanent manna!

big, once-handsome Naval Academy was patrolled by our men, its façade telling the tale of the taking of the town only too well; windows destroyed by the *Chester's* guns, balconies hanging limply from their fastenings. We looked through the big door facing the sea, but the patrol said we could not enter without a permit. Every conceivable disorder was evident—cadets' uniforms lay with sheets, pillows, books, broken furniture, heaps of mortar, plaster. The boys made a heroic stand, and many of them gave up their lives; but what could they do when every window was a target for the unerring mark of the *Chester's* guns? Many a mother's hope and pride died that day for his country, before he had had a chance to live for it. This is history at close range.

I had finally to hurry back, stopping, hot and tired, for a few minutes at the Diligencias, where we had some lukewarm ginger-ale; my sticky glass had a couple of reminiscent lemon-seeds in it. It was getting dusk and Rowan was afraid the sniping might begin. I got into the *Minnesota's* waiting boat, feeling unspeakably sad, and was put out across the jeweled harbor—but what jewels! Every one could deal a thousand deaths.

Nelson had a long talk with Admiral Fletcher. . . . On receipt of orders to prevent the delivery by the *Ypiranga* of the arms and ammunition she was carrying to the Mexican government and to seize the customs, his duty was solely to carry out the commands of the President in a manner as effective as possible, with as little damage to ourselves as possible. This he did.

I think we have done a great wrong to these people; instead of cutting out the sores with a clean, strong knife of war and occupation, we have only put our fingers in each festering wound and inflamed it further. In Washington there is a word they don't like, though it has been written all over this port by every movement

of every war-ship and been thundered out by every cannon—WAR. What we are doing is war accompanied by all the iniquitous results of half-measures, and in Washington they call it "peaceful occupation."

Now I must sleep. The horrors of San Juan Ulua (on which our search-lights play continually) will haunt me, I know. The stench of those manholes is rising to an unanswering, starlit sky. May we soon deliver it from itself!

Saturday Morning.

Captain Simpson came back from shore duty late last night. He is so kind and solicitous for our comfort, that I only hope we are not too greatly interfering with his. He has had his men lodged in a theater, commandeered for the purpose. He went to some barracks first, but fortunately learned in time that there had been meningitis there, and decamped even quicker than he went in. Captain Niblack has taken his place.

The *Minnesota*, on which Admiral Fletcher was when he went into Vera Cruz, is a ship not belonging to any division down here, and is only temporarily in harbor. So she is used for all sorts of disjointed, but important work—distributing of supplies, communications of all kinds. She is more than busy—a sort of clearing-house—during what they call here "the hesitation war, one step forward, one step back, hesitate, and then—side-step."

The rescue-train goes out through our lines every day under Lieutenant Fletcher, to meet any train possibly arriving from the interior. And, oh, the odds and ends of exasperated and ruined American humanity it brings in!

XXIV

Dinner on the *Essex*—The last fight of Mexico's naval cadets—American heroes—End of the Tampico incident—Relief for the starving at San Juan Ulua—Admiral Fletcher's greatest work.

"*Minnesota*," *April 26th.*

WHEN Nelson left, as you know, he turned our affairs over to the British, an English-speaking, friendly, great Power, which could and would help our nationals in their desperate plight. Behold the result! Last night we dined on the *Essex*, in our refugee clothes. Sir Christopher, looking very handsome in cool, spotless linen, met us at the gangway with real cordiality and interest.

His first words after his welcome were, "I have good news for you."

"What is it?" we asked, eagerly. "We have heard nothing."

"Carden is going to arrange to get out a refugee-train of several hundred Americans on Monday or Tuesday, and I have this afternoon sent off Tweedie [commander of the *Essex*] with two seven-foot marines and a native guide to accompany the convoy down. He is to get up by hook or crook. He will go by train, if there is a train, by horse if there isn't, and on foot, if he can't get horses."

You can imagine the love feast that followed as we went down to dinner. We were proceeding with a very nice piece of mutton (Admiral Badger had sent a fine, juicy saddle over to Sir Christopher that morning) when a telegram came—I think from Spring-Rice. Anyway,

the four Englishmen read it and looked rather grave. After a pause Sir Christopher said, "They might as well learn it from us." What do you think that telegram contained? The news that American interests had been transferred from Sir Lionel's hands into those of Cardoza, the Brazilian minister! Of course I said to Sir Christopher, "Our government very naturally wants to compliment and sustain good relations with South America, and this is an opportunity to emphasize the fact," but it was rather a damper to our love feast.

Well, we have taken our affairs and the lives of many citizens out of the hands of a willing, powerful, and resourceful nation and put them into the hands of a man who, whatever Power he represents, has not the practical means to carry out his kind desires or friendly intentions. I doubt if Huerta knows him more than by sight. Washington has made up its mind about Carden and the English rôle in Mexico, and no deeds of valor on the part of Carden will make any difference. Washington won't have him. Sir Christopher Cradock, here in a big battle-ship in the harbor, is willing and able to co-operate with Sir Lionel, the head of a powerful legation in Mexico City, for the relief of our nationals in sore plight and danger of life; but apparently that has nothing to do with the case. Washington is relentless.

The *Essex* shows between eighty and ninety "wounds," the results of the fire from the Naval Academy on Wednesday. Paymaster Kimber, whom they took me in to see after dinner, was in bed, shot through both feet and crippled for life. The ship was an "innocent bystander," with a vengeance. In Sir Christopher's saloon, or rather, Captain Watson's saloon, were hung two slippers (one of pink satin and the other of white) which had been found at the Naval Academy after the fight—dumb

witnesses of other things than war. The officers said the Academy was a horrid sight. Those boys had taken their mattresses from their beds, put them up at the windows, and fired over the top; but when the fire from the ships began these flimsy defenses were as nothing. There were gallant deaths that day. May their brave young souls rest in peace. I don't want to make invidious distinctions, but in Mexico the youngest are often the brightest and noblest. Later there is apt to be a discouraging amount of dross in the gold.

I keep thinking of Captain Tweedie, *en route* to Mexico City to help bring out American women and children. When he gets there he will find that rescue isn't any of his business!

Yesterday afternoon the *North Dakota* came in. We saw her smoke far out at sea, and she was a great sight as she dropped anchor outside the breakwater. I was looking through the powerful glass on Captain Simpson's bridge. Her blue-jackets and marines were massed in orderly lines, doubtless with their hearts beating high at the idea of active service. Lieutenant Stevens, who was slightly wounded in the chest on Wednesday, came back to the ship yesterday. He is a young bridegroom of last autumn and has been here since January. The "cheerful, friendly" bullet is in his chest in a place where he can always carry it. I understand that when he was wounded he was on the outskirts of the town, and that he and another wounded man, themselves on the verge of collapse, carried an unconscious comrade several kilometers to the hospital. But who shall record *all* the gallant deeds of the 21st and 22d of April?[1]

[1] I think of a few—a very few—out of the number that were recounted to me: McDonnell commanding the machine-guns, trained from the Hotel Terminal, while the blue-jackets were landing under fire. In that exposed position his men (mere boys) were falling all about him; the

"Minnesota," April 26th. 3 P.M.

I witnessed from the deck of our ship, an hour ago, the dramatic end of the Tampico incident, and, doubtless, the beginning of a much greater one—the raising of our flag over the town of Vera Cruz, which was to-day put under martial law. At 1.30 I went up on deck. The bay was like a hot mirror, reflecting everything. Through a glass I watched the preparations for the raising of the flag on the building by the railroad station—an English railway. "Who's whose now," came into my mind.

It was a busy scene on shore and land. Admiral Badger passed over the shining water in his barge, a beautiful little Herreschoff boat, shortly before two o'clock, wearing side-arms. His staff was with him. Battalions were landing from various ships and immense crowds stood near the railroad station. There was an electric something in the air. Captain Simpson and his officers, of course, were all on deck, looking through their glasses, and we were all breathing a little hard, wondering what the foreign war-ships would do. Would they acknowledge our salute? Exactly at two o'clock the flag was raised, and immediately afterward the *Minnesota* gave the famous twenty-one salutes to our own flag, refused us at Tampico. The bay was ominously quiet after the thunder of our cannon. I suppose the foreign ships were all busy cabling home to their governments for instructions. No man could venture to settle that question on his own initiative. It was anti-climax with a vengeance!

dash of Wainright and Castle and Wilkinson for the Customs-House; Badger and Townsend pushing up the steel belfry stairs of the cathedral in the hunt for snipers; Courts taking messages to the *Chester* through the zone of fire. The enlisted men were magnificent. Chief Boatswain McCloy, with a few men in small launches, steamed across the bay to attract the fire of the sharpshooters so the *Prairie* could get the range. The days of danger were all too short for those gallant hearts.

Is this to be the end of all that triangular work of Nelson's between Huerta, the Foreign Office, and Washington during the two weeks elapsing since Colonel Hinojosa's taking of our blue-jackets out of their boat at Tampico and our leaving the Embassy in Mexico City?

* * * * * * *

This morning I went ashore, accompanied by a young officer, McNeir. We sauntered for an hour or so about the town, which has decidedly pulled itself together. Shops that were heaped with overturned furniture, broken glass, and strewn with dirty papers and débris of every description, visible through shattered windows and broken doors two days ago, had been swept out and were showing signs of normal occupation. New doors were being made, and the little green balconies of peace were being mended. Ensign McNeir suddenly found that he had been spat upon. His broad chest was lavishly embroidered in a design of tobacco-juice, doubtless from an innocent-looking green balcony. He had blood in his eye, and kept glancing about, hoping to find the man that did it.

The Naval Academy was a horrid sight as we went in from the sea-front. In the school-rooms books, maps, globes, and desks were overthrown among masses of mortar. One of the blackboards bore the now familiar words in chalk, *Mueran los Gringos*. Great holes were in floors, walls, and ceilings. When we went up-stairs the devastation was even greater. Our men had fought in the street, and the *Chester* and *Prairie* fired over their heads just into the windows of the second floor, where were the commandant's quarters, and the large, airy dormitories. The dormitories had been rifled before we put a guard over the building, the lockers emptied of their boyish treasures—knives, books, photographs; occasion-

ally a yellow or red artificial rose, a ribbon, or a bit of lace testified to other gods than Mars.

The great floors were ankle-deep in a litter of uniforms, shirts, collars, gloves, letters, brushes, combs, and the like. They had been comfortable, airy quarters, and I suppose now will make good barracks, or headquarters, for *our* officers. Photographers were busy as we passed through. In the two dormitories giving on the Plaza at the back, away from the ships' fire, the dying and wounded had evidently been carried. Blood-soaked pillows, mattresses, and sheets bore witness to their agonies. Our men were busy everywhere in the building, sorting, packing, and putting things in order. A town under martial law seemed, this morning, an orderly affair indeed.

I inclose Admiral Fletcher's "Proclamation to the Public of Vera Cruz," also his order for martial law. This proclamation will facilitate the functions of government. Many difficulties were in the way of renewing the regular civil and business activities of the town. There is a clause in the Mexican constitution which makes it high treason for any Mexican to hold employment under a foreign flag during enemy occupation, and for once the Mexicans seem to be living up to the constitution.

It is wonderful how our blue-jackets and marines have been able to go into Vera Cruz and perform the complicated, skilled labor necessary to the well-being of a town. Everything, from the ice-plants and tramways to the harbor lighthouse and post-office, has been put in working order; they seem to step with equal facility into one and every position requiring skilled labor. They are a most resourceful set of men, these hatchet-faced, fair-haired youths, the type standing out so distinctly in that tropical setting. I was deeply impressed. Six thousand of them are on land. On the trip down

our automobile clutch was damaged. Two blue-jackets looked at it and, though neither had ever been in an automobile before, they brought it back to the Terminal station, several hours later, in perfect order, able and longing to run it about town.

At noon yesterday thousands of arms were delivered to the authorities—a hybrid collection of Mauser guns, old duelling and muzzle-loading pistols. Relics of 1847 were also numerous. For several days there has been little or no "sniping." One man remarked, "Take it from me, it's a quiet old town. I walked ten blocks at midnight, last night, without seeing a human being." I might also add that *I* know two methods of clearing streets at night rivaling the curfew—snipers, *and* the press-gang.

"PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF VERA CRUZ

"As the aggressions against the soldiers under my command have continued, isolated shots being made from various edifices, and desiring that order and tranquillity be absolutely re-established, I demand that all who have in their possession arms and ammunition give them up at the Police inspection in the Municipal Palace within the shortest time possible. Those who have not done so before twelve o'clock of the 26th of this month will be punished with all severity, as also those continuing hostilities against the forces under my command. On the surrender of arms the corresponding receipt will be given.

"(Rear Admiral) F. F. FLETCHER.

"VERA CRUZ, *April* 25, 1914."

Yesterday at five o'clock we sent one thousand rations into the starving fort of San Juan Ulua, and to-day our flag flies high above it. All the political prisoners were

released. We could see from the deck of the *Minnesota* two boat-loads of them coming across the shining water and being landed at the Sanidad pier. After that, I suppose, they swelled the ranks of the undesirable without money, occupation, homes, or hopes.

I saw Mr. Hudson, yesterday, looking rather worn. With groanings and travail unspeakable the *Mexican Herald* is being published in Vera Cruz. He says they have the greenest of green hands to set the type, and the oftener it is corrected the worse the spelling gets, the nights being one long hell. But as most of his readers have a smattering of Spanish and English, with more than a smattering of personal knowledge of the situation, the *Herald* still is most acceptable as a "breakfast food."

The Inter-oceanic, the route to Mexico City over Puebla, is being fast destroyed. Mustin in his hydroplane can be seen flying over the bay, reconnoitering in that direction. Puebla is the key to the taking of Mexico City from Vera Cruz. It is always capitulating to somebody. It will doubtless do so to us. In 1821 Iturbide took it. In 1847 it was taken by Scott; in 1863 by the French soldiers of Napoleon. In the battle of Puebla, 1867, there was a furious engagement between Don Porfirio and the French. It is a beautiful old city—sometimes called the "Rome" of Mexico, founded by Padre Motolinía, situated about midway between the coast and the Aztec city. It is crowded with churches and convents, though many of these latter have been put to other uses; however, the point now is when and how our men will reach it. The blue skies and the deep *barrancas* tell no tales.

April 28th. Tuesday.

Yesterday afternoon Major Butler came to see us. He is in command at the "roundhouse" of Mr. Cum-

mings's telegraphic episode, and is decidedly downcast at the idea that some peaceful agreement of a makeshift order will be reached. He is like a hungry man who has been given thin bread and butter when he wants beefsteak and potatoes. He seemed, also, rather embarrassed to be calling on us peacefully, on the *Minnesota's* deck, instead of rescuing us after a successful storming of Chapultepec, or a siege at the Embassy.

Yesterday a notice was sent to hundreds of newspapers at home (without my knowledge, of course) that I was getting up a Red Cross nurse corps; but there is no need for it. The *Solace* is not half full, the hospitals on shore have plenty of room, and the ships' doctors are not too busy. I had said that if fighting continued I would return from New York with the first corps of nurses that came out. I have a feeling that instead of pushing on to Panama *via* Mexico and Gautemala we are going to make some patchwork with the A. B. C. combination. It can be only a makeshift, at the best, and in any event will be a reprieve for Huerta, though that is the last thing our government intends. Its heart is given elsewhere.

Last night Admiral Cradock and Captain Watson came to dinner. No mention was made by them of the raising of the flag over Vera Cruz and of the salutes that had so thrilled *us*. I imagine each admiral and captain in port confined his activities during the afternoon to cabling to his home government. The only thing Sir Christopher said on the situation was to mildly inquire, "Do you know yet whether you are at war or not?" Captain Simpson had an excellent dinner, and we played bridge afterward, the starry night concealing the fateful flag above the English railroad terminal.

A belated *norte* is predicted, but my land eyes see no sign of it. General Funston, of Aguinaldo and San

Francisco earthquake fame, arrives this morning. The army, I understand, has more suitable equipment and paraphernalia for the work of occupation, or whatever they call it; but I am unforgettably thrilled by the majesty and might of our great navy.

April 29th. Morning.

The *norte* still threatens, but up to now, with falling glass, there has been only a slight stirring of heavy, lifeless air.

Yesterday morning we went on shore at ten, and found the auto before the door of the Terminal station (otherwise Admiral Fletcher's headquarters). A French chauffeur, risen up from somewhere, was sitting in it. No use inquiring into the genesis of things these days. We took Captain Simpson down to his old headquarters on the *Paseo de los Cocos*. He wanted to see Captain Niblack, who had replaced him in command. Then we drove down through the town to the "roundhouse," bowing to friends and acquaintances on every side, and feeling unwontedly comfortable and cool.

The roundhouse makes ideal quarters—a huge coolness, with plenty of room for all the avocations of camp life. After wading through a stretch of sand under a blazing sky, we found Major Butler in his "headquarters"—a freight-car—but with both opposite doors rolled back, making the car cool and airy. Two of his officers were with him. He is himself a man of exhaustless nervous energy, and the A. B. C. combination hangs like a sword over his head. He could go forward and wipe up the coast to Panama, if he had the chance, he and his set of dauntless men. A few disconsolate-looking mules and horses were browsing in the dry, sandy grass near by; they had been taken against payment.

"In the good old days in Nicaragua it was otherwise.

You *took* what you *needed*. This government running things is too pious and honest to suit me," was his disgruntled observation when I asked if the steeds belonged to him.

The order and tranquillity of this town is maintained by force of arms and is complete. Since the desultory shots heard Friday night, sniping being then in full force, there has been silence along the dark waters; silence in every *cul-de-sac*, and silence on every roof.

At twelve we went back for Captain Simpson. We had a glimpse of Captain Niblack and Captain Gibbons, looking very big and effective in their khaki clothes. We left N. at the Diligencias, under the arcades, where people still drink lukewarm liquids, though Captain Simpson said he had told them where they could get cart-loads of ammonia for the repairing of the ice-plant. At one o'clock I had a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* lunch with Captain Simpson. He was naval *attaché* in London before getting the *Minnesota*, and we found ourselves, for once, talking of people and things far removed from Vera Cruz. A note came for Nelson from Captain Huse, saying the admiral wanted to confer with him, and Captain Simpson sent a man to find Nelson and deliver it. Afterward, Captain Moffett of the *Chester* came on board. He has been a friend of ours from the first, a very agreeable man, always *au courant* with events as they really are. We are all hoping that the matter of the affairs of Americans being taken out of the hands of Sir Lionel and given to the Brazilians would not get into the newspapers. It might lead to hard feeling between the nations and individuals concerned. Captain Watson of the *Essex* then appeared on board, with the Baron and Baroness von Hiller, and we all went in his launch to the outer harbor, which I had not yet seen—the view being completely

blocked by the *Condé*, which also hid the handsome *Essex*, really very near us. Oh, the glory and majesty and potency of the United States as there depicted! Great dreadnoughts, destroyers, torpedo-boats, every imaginable craft, nearly eighty of them—and for what? To pry a sagacious and strong old Indian out of a place and position that he has proved himself eminently well fitted to fill. Captain Ballinger's hydroplane, operated by Mustin, was circling above the harbor, coming from time to time to rest upon the water like some creature equally at home in sky or sea.

In the evening we went to dine with the von Hillers, aboard the *Ypiranga*. Admiral Cradock and Captain Watson were also there. Captain Watson told me of the return of Commander Tweedie, who had brought down from Soledad in his private car two hundred and six American men, women, and children, whom he had found dumped on sand-dunes, and who had been without food and without drink for twenty-four hours. I don't know the details, but I will ask Tweedie to lunch tomorrow. This much I do know—that the English, whose help we have refused, continue to display their strong arms and kind hearts and have been angels of mercy to our ruined and distracted countrymen.

After dinner we went up on deck, where Captain Bonath of the *Ypiranga* joined the party. He was more than polite to N. and myself, in a frozen way, but the air was charged and tense, and the look of surprise, indignation, and resentment not yet gone from his face. In the course of the conversation it came out that the Brazilian consul in Vera Cruz is a Mexican! There was a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders on the part of the captain, and Captain Watson caught and then avoided his eye. To all inquiries and innuendoes we have only answered that, as Washington seemed to

put some hope in the A. B. C. mediation affair, it was thought best, at home, to pay Brazil the compliment of putting our affairs in her hands. The fact is that all that has been done at this special moment for our needy and suffering ones has been accomplished by the long, strong arm of England. Rowan, who was also at dinner, came away with us and we walked along the pier through our lines of sentinels pacing everywhere in the heavy darkness. Away back in the country, on the dim distant sand-dunes they are pacing too, alert, prepared for any surprise.

When we came out to the *Minnesota* not a breath was stirring over the glassy water. Captain Simpson met us at the gangway. I told him the air was a little tense on shore, and added that I wanted to have Tweedie come to see us to-morrow. So we arranged luncheon for to-day. Captain Simpson remarked, with his usual broad outlook, "The nations will have to work out things in their own way; but we, the individuals, can always show appreciation and courtesy."

"*Minnesota*," *April 30th.* 8 A.M.

Yesterday, at 9.30, Captain Watson came to fetch me to go to San Juan, dashing up to the ship in great style in his motor-launch. Captain Simpson sent Lieutenant Smyth, who was eager to see it, with us. We descended the gangway in the blazing sun and got into the launch, which, however, refused to move further. Finally, after some time of hot rolling on the glassy water, we transferred to one of the *Minnesota's* boats, and in a few minutes I found myself landing, after two months, at the dreadful and picturesque fortress, under its new flag. The old one, let us hope, will never again fly over hunger, insanity, despair, and disease.[1]

We found Captain Chamberlain in his office. He is a

[1] The dungeons of San Juan are again full—E.O'S.

strong, fine-looking young man. Indeed, our marines and blue-jackets are a magnificent-looking set, hard as nails, and endlessly eager. Captain Chamberlain was surrounded by all the signs of "occupation," in more senses than one. Records, arms, ammunition, uniforms of the "old régime" were piled about, waiting till the more vital issues of flesh and blood, life and death, have been disposed of. Captain Chamberlain was in New York only a week ago, and now finds himself set to clean up, in all ways, this human dumping-ground of centuries. He detailed an orderly to accompany us, and we went through a door on which the Spanish orders of the day were still to be seen written in chalk.

We started through the big machine-house, which was in excellent up-keep, so the officers said, full of all sorts of valuable material, especially electrical. This brought us out on the big central *patio*, where three groups of fifty-one prisoners each sat blinking in the unaccustomed light, and waiting to have straw hats portioned out to them, temporarily shielding their heads from the sun with rags, dishes, pans, baskets, and the like. An extraordinary coughing, sneezing, spitting, and wheezing was going on. Even in the hot sunshine these men were pursued by the specters of bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, and kindred ills. We went into a dim dungeon, just cleared of these one hundred and fifty-three men. It seemed as if we must cut the air to get in, it was so thick with human miasmas; and for hours afterward an acrid, stifling something remained in my lungs, though I kept inhaling deeply the sun-baked air. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I looked about; the dripping walls were oozing with filth; there were wet floors, and no furniture or sanitary fittings of any kind. A few shallow saucepans, such as I had seen rations poured into at my former visit, were lying about. The

rest was empty, dark, reeking horror. But God knows the place was abundantly hung and carpeted and furnished with human misery, from the dull, physical ache of the half-witted *peon*, to the exquisite torture of the man of mind habituated to cleanliness and comfort. What appalling dramas have there been enacted I dare not think.

One was told me. A man, not long imprisoned, accidentally found, in the darkness, a stick and a thick, empty bottle. With the bottle he drove the stick deep into the brain of a man, unknown to him, who was dozing near him. When taken out to be shot he was found to be of the educated class. He said, in unavailing self-defense, that he had been crazed by the darkness and the suffocating stench.

On coming out into the blessed air again, we examined at rather close range these lines of men just readmitted to the fellowship of sun and sky. They presented a varied and disheartening study for the ethnologist—or conqueror. There was every type, from half-breed to full Indian; the majority of the faces were pitted by smallpox. A few of the men had small, treasured bundles, to which they clung, while others, except for the rags that covered them, were as unfettered by possessions as when they were born. Thick, matted, black hair and irregular growths of stubby, Indian beards gave their faces a savage aspect. At the end of one of the lines were two very young boys, not more than thirteen or fourteen, their faces still fresh and their eyes bright. I wanted to ask why they were there, but their line had received its hats, and they were marched out through the portcullis to the beach.

Many of the inmates of San Juan were conscripts awaiting the call to "fight" for their country; others were civil delinquents, murderers, thieves. Most of the

poor brutes had a vacant look on their faces. The political prisoners had already been freed. Two of the big dungeons were still full. There were five or six hundred in one space, pending the cleaning out of the empty ones, when they were to be redistributed. Captain Chamberlain was in the *patio*, trying to expedite matters, when we came out of the first dungeon. I think he had some sixty men to assist him, and was wrestling with book and pencil, trying to make some sort of classification and record. We walked over to another corner to inspect a dungeon said to have chains on the walls and other horrors still in place. Between the thick bars of one where those sentenced to death for civil crimes were kept peered a sinister face, pockmarked, loose of mouth, and dull-eyed. I asked the owner of it what he had done. "*Maté*" ("I killed"), he answered, briefly and hopelessly. He knew he was to pay the penalty.

There has not yet been time for our men to investigate fully the meager, inexact records of the prison. We went through the *patio*, under the big portcullis, along the way leading by the canals or moats to the graveyard by the beach. This was speakingly empty. There were only a few graves, and those seemed to be of officers or commanders of the castle and members of their families long since dead. With mortality so constantly at work, and with no graves to be found, testimony, indeed, was given by the sharks swimming in the waters. A simpler process than burial was in practice: a hunting in the darkness, a shoveling out of bodies, a throwing to the sea—the ever-ready.

As we passed along one of the ledges we could hear sounds of life, almost of animation, coming through the loopholes that slanted in through the masonry—a yard and a half deep by four inches wide. These four-inch spaces were covered by a thick iron bar. When I had

last passed there, a dead, despairing silence reigned. Now, all knew that *something* had happened, that more *was* to happen, and that good food was the order of the day. Coming back, we met the second detachment of fifty-one, being marched out to the sandy strip at the ocean-end of the fortress. Many of them will be freed to-day to join those other hundreds that I saw. They will know again the responsibilities, as well as the joys of freedom, but, alas, they will be of very little use to the state or to themselves. We walked up the broad stairs leading to the flat roofs covering the dungeons. A squad of our men had established themselves on the wide landing, with their folding-cots, rifles, and all the paraphernalia of their business. Captain Watson said, as we got upon the *azotea*, "The holes in the floor were ordered cut by Madero when he came into power." I told him that I didn't think so, they had seemed to me very old; and when we examined them the raised edges were found to be of an obsolete form and shape of brick, and the iron barrings seemed to have centuries of rust on them. Nothing was changed. Nothing had *ever* been changed. It remained for a foreign hand to open the doors.

The torpedo-house, which was near our landing, seemed business-like, clean, and very expensive, even to my inexpert eyes. Stores were being landed by one of the *Minnesota's* boats—great sides of beef, bread, coffee, vegetables, sugar. I was so thankful to see them, and to know that hunger no longer stalked right under our bows.

I reached home in time for *two* baths and to change all my clothing before one o'clock, when Commander Tweedie arrived for lunch. He had a most interesting tale to tell of his journey down from Mexico City, and told it in the characteristic, deprecating way of an Eng-

lishman who has done something, but who neither wants credit nor feels that he has done anything to deserve it. He came back as far as Soledad in a special train, with a guard of twenty-five of the famous Twenty-ninth. At Soledad he saw a miserable, hungry, thirsty, worn-out party of Americans, men, women, and children, from Cordoba. Most of them had been in jail for eight days, and then found themselves stranded at Soledad for twenty-four hours, without food or drink, huddled up by the railroad station. Tweedie is a man of resource. Instead of getting back to Vera Cruz and reporting on the condition, he made up his mind that he would take the party on with him, or stay behind himself. After some telegraphing to Maass, with whom he had, fortunately, drunk a *copita* (oh, the power of the wicked *copita!*) as he passed his garrison, he finally got permission to start for Vera Cruz with the derelicts, under the fiction of their being English.

They had to walk the twenty blazing kilometers from Tejería, a sort of burning plowshare ordeal, one old lady and various children being carried in blankets. He gave them every available drop of liquid he had in his car, and he said the way the children lapped up the ginger-ale and lemonade was very amusing. Still under the auspices of Carden, a train-load of five or six hundred started, last night or this morning, for Coatzacoalcos. Sir Lionel, fearing a panic, decided not to say, till he gets off this last train-load, that our affairs are no longer in his hands. I think magnanimity can scarcely go further; my heart is full of gratitude for the inestimable services the English have rendered my countrypeople.

At four o'clock I went on shore to see Admiral Fletcher. Ensign Crisp (wearing side-arms) accompanied me. Captain Simpson thinks it more suitable to send some one with me, but never, in all her four hundred years or so

of existence, has Vera Cruz been safer, more cheerful, more prosperous, more hygienic. The *zopilotes* circling the town must think mournfully of the days when everything was thrown into the street for all that flies or crawls to get fat and multiply on.

I found Admiral Fletcher in his headquarters at the Terminal, serene and powerful. He said, "I go out to the *Florida* to-morrow. I have finished my work here. Things are ready to be turned over to General Funston." I told him not only of my admiration for his work during these last days, and what it entailed, but that more than all I admired his work of keeping peace in Mexican waters for fourteen months. A dozen incidents could have made for disturbance but for his calm judgment, his shrewd head, and the big, very human heart beating in his breast; and I said to him what I have repeated on many occasions, that it is due to Huerta, to Admiral Fletcher, and to Nelson that peace has been maintained during these long, difficult months. It was destined for an incident outside the radius of the power of these three to bring about the military occupation.

We spoke a few words of the old Indian, still wrestling on the heights. Admiral Fletcher ended by saying, in his quiet, convincing manner, "Doubtless when I get to Washington I will understand that point of view. Up to now I know it only from this end."

I told him how I hated half-measures; how they were disastrous in every relation of life—family, civil, public, and international—and never had that been proven more clearly than here. Even he does not seem to know whether we have brought all this tremendous machinery to the shores of Mexico simply to retreat again, or whether we are to go on. As I went away, I could but tell him once more of my respect and affection for himself and my admiration for his achievements. I passed

out of the room, with tears in my eyes. I had seen a great and good man at the end of a long and successful task. Later, other honors will come to him. Probably he will get the fleet. But never again will he, for fourteen long months, keep peace, with his battle-ships filling a rich and coveted harbor. When all is said and done, that is his greatest work.

XXV

Our recall from Mexican soil—A historic dinner with General Funston—The navy turns over the town of Vera Cruz to the army—The march of the six thousand blue-jackets—Evening on the *Minnesota*.

May 1st.

YESTERDAY, April 30th, Admiral Fletcher turned "La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz" over to the army. It was perfectly quiet, continuing to enjoy unknown prosperity. But of that later. At eleven o'clock, as we were about to go on shore, an envelope was brought to N. On opening it he found it was his recall from Mexican soil, and we forthwith departed for the shore to see Admiral Fletcher. He was receiving visitors, for the last time, at his headquarters, and N. was immediately admitted. Admiral Badger passed through the antechamber, in his strong, dynamic way, as I waited with Captain Huse, whose face and personality are graven on my memory as he appeared in my compartment that afternoon at Tejería.

Soon I went into Admiral Fletcher's room, a great, square, high-ceilinged room, where he and Captain Huse had slept and worked during all those strange days, with another almost equally large, a sort of Neronian bathroom, opening out of it. A breeze nearly always blows in from the sea. N. was turning over the motor to the navy, where it will be of great service. It was a feat to get it down here with no further injury than a damaged clutch, which the clever seamen put in order. There was a good deal of coming and going at

headquarters, so we soon left and went to call on General Funston at General Maass's old headquarters. It ended by our remaining to dinner with General Funston —his first dinner in General Maass's home.

I suppose I am not only the only woman who has had a meal there under two flags, but the only person. I went up the broad stairs with Colonel Alvord, the stairs I had last descended on General Maass's arm. When I got there General Funston was in the large front room where the Maass family had lived and breathed and had its being. After greeting him, my eye roved over the room. On the table, with its white drawn-work cloth, was the same centerpiece of white coral (from which hung bits of bright green artificial moss) and the large silver cup; there was the silent piano, with its piles of worn music; the porcelain ship (sad augury), filled with faded artificial roses; the bead curtains dividing the big room in half; the rocking-chair of which the family had been so proud; even the doily that came off on my back! We went in almost immediately to the large, bountifully spread table, where the food was served in the Maass china. I, of course, sat on General Funston's right, and N. on his left. His fine, alert staff, ready and anxious to take over the town and the country, the hemisphere, or anything else, made up the party. They were all very nice about my being there "to grace their first meal."

General Funston is small, quick, and vigorous. There is a great atmosphere of competency about him, and he is, they tell me, a magnificent field officer. He had been to Mexico nineteen years before, thinking to invest money in coffee; now in the turning wheel of life his reputation is being invested in the situation which he is more than equal to. They are all afraid that some hybrid breed of "dove of peace"—"peace at any price" (or

"preparedness for more kicks" — as some one gloomily observed) will flap his wings over the land. The army is ready, willing, and able to bring to a successful issue, in the face of any difficulty, any task set it. I am sure that the officers feel the cruelty of half-measures, cruelty both to our own people and to Mexico; they know war can't be more disastrous than what we are doing. The dinner of ham, with cream sauce, potatoes, macaroni, beans, and pickles, came to an end all too soon. Coffee and cigarettes were served as we still sat around the big table. My eyes rested admiringly on those half-dozen strong, competent men in their khaki suits. It is the most becoming of all manly apparel—flannel shirt, with low, pointed collar, trousers like riding-breeches, leather leggings, cartridge-belts, and side-arms all in one tone. They are going to pack the Maass relics and turn them over to their owners. Admiral Fletcher had sent a message to General Maass, promising to forward all their effects. I must say I had a real conception of "fortunes of war" when they hunted for butter-dishes and coffee-cups in the Maasses' gaudy china-closet. They had only got into the house in the morning, and had had no time for anything except the arrangements for taking over the town.

General Funston said he had a little daughter, Elizabeth, born to him the day he arrived in Vera Cruz. He also told us he had been routed out of bed, one night, by extras, saying "O'Shaughnessy Assassinated! *Prairie* Sunk!" and he felt that the moment of departure might, indeed, be near. He gave N. an historic pass to go between the lines at any time, and we left soon afterward, as it was nearing the hour for the officers to go to the function on the Sanidad pier—"a little Funston," as Captain Huse called it. I shook hands with them all and wished the general "Godspeed to the

heights." Whatever is necessary, he and his strong, faithful men will do. We walked through the hot, white streets to the Plaza, and were soon overtaken by General Funston and his chief of staff, riding in a disreputable *coche* drawn by a pair of meager gray nags. I believe the navy arrived on the scene in our smart auto. A few minutes later I saw the general, in his khaki, standing by Admiral Fletcher, who was in immaculate white on the Sanidad pier.

Then began the wonderful march of six thousand bluejackets and marines back to their ships. The men had had their precious baptism of fire. As ship's battalion after battalion passed, there was cheering, lifting of hats to the colors, and many eyes were wet. The men marched magnificently, with a great, ringing tread, and made a splendid showing. If the old Indian on the hill could have seen them he would have recognized all the might and majesty of our land and the bootlessness of any struggle. The passing of the troops and their embarkment took exactly thirty-seven minutes. They seemed to vanish away, to be dissolved into the sea, their natural element. For a moment only the harbor looked like some old print of Nelsonian embarkings—Trafalgar, the Nile, Copenhagen, I know not what! The navy flowed out and the army flowed in. There were untold cinematograph and photograph men, and the world will know the gallant sight. N. stood with Admiral Fletcher and General Funston.

Sometimes, alone in Mexico City, with the whole responsibility of the Embassy on his shoulders, N. would be discouraged, and I, too, fearful of the ultimate end. Had I realized the might and magnificence of the navy represented in the nearest harbor, ready and able to back up our international undertakings and our national dignity, I think I would never have had a mo-

ment's despondency. I said something of this to Captain Simpson, and he answered, "Yes, but remember you were in the woods."

Admiral Busch took us back to the *Minnesota*, where we arrived in time to see the returned men drawn up on the decks to be inspected by Captain Simpson, who gave them a few warm, understanding words of commendation. Some were missing. Peace to them!

Later.

We went again on shore, leaving Nelson at the *Carlos V.*, to return the call of the Spanish captain in Mexico City. I was so tired out with the sun and the long day that I stayed in the small boat. I simply had not the nervous energy to climb the gangway and go on board, though I would have liked to see the ship. After the visit we went and sat under the *portales* of the Diligencias for an hour or so, to watch the busy scene. The ice-plant of the Diligencias was not yet in working order, so the usual dirty, lukewarm drinks were being served to disgusted patrons. In the Palacio Municipal, the Second Infantry regiment was quartered, and under its *portales* they had put up their cook-stoves and were preparing their early evening meal, before going to their night-work on the outposts. Several dozen fat, sleek, well-dressed Mexicans were being shoved off at the point of three or four bayonets. I asked Ensign McNeir why it was, and he said:

"Oh, that is the bread-line. They can't be bothered with it now." The "bread-line," which at times probably includes one-third of the population of Vera Cruz, had evidently had good success at other points, and had been enjoying a workless, well-fed day; for its members had disposed themselves comfortably on bench or curb of the Plaza, and listened to the strains of the

"Star-spangled Banner," "Dixie," and "The Dollar Princess"—provided for their entertainment by the thoughtful, lavish invaders. Even the little flower-girls seemed to have on freshly starched petticoats; the bright-eyed newsboys had clean shirts, and the swarming bootblacks looked as spruce as their avocation permitted. A sort of millennium has come to the city; and money, too, will flow like water when pay-day comes for the troops.

Richard Harding Davis came up to our table. His quick eye misses nothing. *If* there is anything dull to record of Vera Cruz, it won't be dull when it gets to the world through that vivid, beautiful prose of his. We teased him about his hat, telling him there had been many loud bands in town that day, marine bands, army bands, and navy bands, but nothing quite as loud as his blue-and-white polka-dot hat-band. We said he could be spotted at any distance.

He answered, quite unabashed: "But isn't recognition what is wanted in Mexico?"

Jack London also came up to speak to us. Burnside, his hair closely cropped and his heart as warm as ever, sat with us during the many comings and goings of others. Captain Lansing, a very smart-looking officer, had recently been transferred from the pomp and circumstance of Madrid, where he had been military *attaché*, to the jumping-off place of the world, Texas City. He said that after a year in the dust or mud and general flatness and staleness of that place, Vera Cruz seemed a gay paradise. Lieutenant Newbold, from Washington, and many others, were also presented. They all looked so strong, so sound, so eager. I think eagerness is the quality I shall best remember of the men at Vera Cruz. Burnside walked back to the boat with us, the tropical night falling in that five minutes' walk. General Fun-

ston's first official orders were already up with the formal notification of his authority:

Headquarters United States Expeditionary Forces.

VERA CRUZ, *April 30th, 1914.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 1

The undersigned, pursuant to instructions from the President of the United States, hereby assumes command of all the United States forces in this city.

FREDERICK FUNSTON,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army Commanding.

Already in those short hours since the army "flowed" in, the soldiers had installed themselves as though they had been there forever. In the dusk we saw their tents stretched, their bake-ovens up, and the smell of fresh bread was mingled with the warm sea odors. It was "efficiency" indeed.

May 3d.

This morning the news that Mr. Bryan will not permit any fighting during the period of armistice and mediation will dampen much of the eagerness I mentioned.

The full complement of the blue-jackets being again on board, there is a lively sound of ship-cleaning going on. Everything seemed immaculate before. We have been so comfortable, so cool, so well looked after in every way on this man-of-war. But I shall not soon forget the face of the young officer just home from outpost duty who discovered that my French maid was occupying his cabin!

Last night, as we sat talking on the deck, looking out over the jeweled harbor, the gentle, peaceful bugle-call to "taps" sounded suddenly from San Juan Ulua. A big light hung over the entrance to Captain Chamberlain's quarters. It is balm on my soul that the pest-hole of centuries is open to the sun and light, the bolts hanging slack, and comparative peace and plenty every-

where. I say comparative peace, because those imprisoned for murder and foul crimes are still to be dealt with. When I first visited the prison under the Mexican flag Captain McDougall and I asked the sentry who showed us around if there had been many executions lately.

He answered, "Since *Thursday*" (this was Sunday) "*only* by order of the colonel!" Whether this was true or not I don't know; but the guard gave it out with the air of one making an ordinary statement. Captain McDougall asked because, from the *Mayflower*, anchored almost where we now are, he had heard many a shot at night and in the early morning.

Immediately after dinner we had gone up on deck. A delicious breeze was turning and twisting through the soft, thick, tropical night. Every night a large screen is put up on the after part of the ship, and the officers and crew gather to watch the "movies," seating themselves without distinction of rank. The turrets are garlanded with men; even the tops of the mast had their human decorations. It was most refreshing, after the hot, historic day, to sit quietly on the cool, dim deck and watch the old tales of love, burglars, kidnapping, and kindred recitals unroll themselves from the films. But it was more beautiful later on, as we sat quietly on the deck in the darkness, watching the wondrous scene about us. A thousand lights were flashing across the water, catching each dark ripple. The "city of ships," as I call Vera Cruz harbor, is constantly throwing its flash-lights, its semaphores, its signalings of all kinds, and water and sky reflect them a hundredfold.

Just after the peaceful sounding of "Taps" from the fortress, Admiral Fletcher and Captain Huse came on board to pay us a farewell visit. Admiral Fletcher's courtesy is always of the most delicate kind, coming from the depths of his kind heart and his broad under-

standing of men and life. He and N. walked up and down the deck for a while, planning about our getting off. He intends that the *chargé* shall depart from Mexican waters with all fitting dignity. After a warm handclasp he and Captain Huse went off over the summer sea. Standing at the rail, we watched the barge disappear into a wondrous marquetry design of darkness and light, and knew that some things would never be again.

Later we got the inclosed radio from the *Arkansas*, Admiral Badger's flag-ship, to say the *Yankton* would be put at our disposal on the morrow to take us to our native shores, and so will the story end. I am homesick for my beautiful plateau and the vibrant, multicolored life I have been leading. *Adelante!* But I have little taste for dinners, teas, and the usual *train-train*, though a few expeditions to dress-makers and milliners will be profitable to me as well as to them. As you know, I had no time to have my personal things packed at the Embassy, and what I did bring with me reposed for twenty-four hours on the sand-dunes at Tejeria, between the Mexican lines and ours. My big yellow trunk is reported at the Terminal station. What is left in it will be revealed later. They may not call it war in Washington, but when a woman loses her wardrobe she finds it difficult to call it peace. N.'s famous collection of boots, forty or fifty pairs, evidently left those sand-dunes on Aztec or mestizo feet. My silver foxes and other furs I don't worry about. Under that blistering sky and on that hot, cutting sand they could offer no temptations.

Joe Patterson has just been on board. He came down with the army on the transport *Hancock*, *sui generis*, as usual, his big body dressed in the loosest of tan coverings. He is always electric and interesting, running with a practised touch over many subjects. He said he wanted not an interview with N. for his newspaper (which

would finish N. "dead"), but to make some account that would interest the public and not get him (N.) into trouble. I shall be interested to see what he does. The boresome news of the armistice has made him feel that he wants to get back, and I dare say there will be many a departure. Nelson will not allow himself to be interviewed by a soul. It is impossible to please everybody, but, oh, how easy it is to *dis*please everybody!

XXVI

Homeward bound—Dead to the world in Sarah Bernhardt's luxurious cabin—Admiral Badger's farewell—"The Father of Waters"—Mr. Bryan's earnest message—Arrival at Washington—*Adelante!*

Sunday, May 3d.

I AM writing in the depths of my cabin on the yacht *Yankton*, which is carrying us to New Orleans as the crow flies—a special trip for the purpose. In another walk of life the *Yankton* was known as *La Cléopatre*, and belonged to Sarah Bernhardt. Now I, much the worse for wear, occupy her cabin. She has never brought a representative of the United States from the scene of war before, but she is Admiral Badger's special ship, carries mails, special travelers, etc., and went around the world with the fleet. The fleet met a typhoon, and all were alarmed for the safety of the *Yankton*, which emerged from the experience the least damaged of any ship. I can testify that she rides the waves and that she even jumps them. Admiral B. says that in harbor he uses her chiefly for court-martials. Now I am here. Life is a jumble, is it not?

At five o'clock, on Friday, May 1st, we said good-by to dear Captain Simpson and all the luxurious hospitality of the *Minnesota*, Commander Moody and the officers of the day wishing us "Godspeed." Just as we were leaving Captain Simpson told us that he had been signaled to send five hundred rations to San Juan Ulua. As we pushed off across the water, accompanied by Ensign Crisp, the boat officer of the day, great patches of khaki

colored the shores of the town. They were squads of our men, their tents and paraphernalia, the color coming out strong against Vera Cruz, which had an unwonted grayish tone that afternoon. The *Yankton* was lying in the outer harbor, surrounded by battle-ships, dreadnoughts, and torpedo-boats—a mighty showing, a circle of iron around that artery of beautiful, gasping Mexico. It was about quarter before six when we reached the *Yankton*. As I looked about I seemed to be in a strange, gray city of battle-ships. Shortly afterward Admiral Badger put out from his flag-ship, the *Arkansas*, to say good-by to us. He came on board, greeting us in his quick, masterful way. Such power has rarely been seen under one man as that huge fleet represented in Vera Cruz harbor, and the man commanding it is fully equal to the task; he is alert, with piercing blue eyes, very light hair gone white, and a clean, fresh complexion—the typical mariner in a high place. I think he feels entirely capable of going up and down the coast and taking all and everything, even the dreaded Tampico, with its manifest dangers of oil, fire, disease, and all catastrophes that water can bring. He spoke of the thirty thousand Americans who have already appeared at our ports, driven from their comfortable homes, now destitute, and who can't return to Mexico until we have made it possible. . . . I imagine he strains at the leash. He loves it all, too, and it was with a deep sigh that he said, "Unfortunately, in little more than a month my time is up." But all endings are sad. Great bands of sunset red were suddenly stamped across the sky as he went away, waving us more good wishes.

Captain Joyce, who had gone into town to get us some special kind of health certificate to obviate any quarantine difficulties, came on board a little later, and soon

after his return we were under way. The quick, tropical night began to fall. What had been a circle of iron by day was a huge girdle of light pressing against Mexico, as potent under the stars as under the sun. My heart was very sad. . . . I had witnessed a people's agony and I had said an irrevocable farewell to a fascinating phase of my own life, and to a country whose charm I have felt profoundly. Since then I have been dead to the world, scribbling these words with limp fingers on a damp bit of paper. This jaunty yacht is like a cockle-shell on the shining waters. Admiral Fletcher and Admiral Cradock sent wireless messages, which are lying in a corner, crumpled up, like everything else.

I said to Elim, lying near by in his own little sackcloth and ashes, "Yacht me no yachts," and he answered, "No yachts for me." Later, recovered enough to make a little joke, he said he was going to give me one for a Christmas present.

I said, "I will sell it."

He answered, "No, sink it. If we sell it dey'll invite us—dey always do." He looked up later, with a moan, to say, faintly, "I would rather have a big cramp dan dis horriblest feeling in de world."

This is, indeed, *noblesse oblige!* I have suffered somewhat, perhaps gloriously, for *la patria*, and I suppose I ought to be willing to enact this final scene without bewailings; but I have been buried to the world, and the divine Sarah's cabin is my coffin. If such discomfort can exist where there is every modern convenience of limitless ice, electric fans, the freshest and best of food, what must have been the sufferings of people in sailing-ships, delayed by northers or calms, with never a cold drink? I envelop them all in boundless sympathy, from Cortés to Madame Calderon de la Barca.

U. S. S. "Yankton." May 4th. 3.30.

Awhile ago I staggered up the hatchway, a pale creature in damp white linen, to once more behold the sky, after three cribbed and cabined days. A pilot's boat was rapidly approaching us on the nastiest, yellowest, forlornest sea imaginable. I felt that I could no longer endure the various sensations animating my body, not even an instant longer. Then, suddenly, it seemed we were in the southwest passage of the great delta, out of that unspeakable roll, passing up the "Father of Waters"—the abomination of desolation. Even the gulls looked sad, and a bell-buoy was ringing a sort of death-knell. Uniformly built houses were scattered at intervals on the monotonous flat shores, where the only thing that grows is tall, rank grass—whether out of land or water it is impossible to say. These are the dwellings of those lonely ones who work on the levees, the wireless and coaling stations, dredging and "redeeming" this seemingly ungrateful land, stretching out through its flat, endless, desolate miles.

The water is yellower than the Tiber at its yellowest, and no mantle of high and ancient civilization lends it an enchantment. The pilot brought damp piles of papers on board, but I can't bear to read of Mexican matters. Whether Carranza refuses flatly our request to discontinue fighting during the mediation proceedings, or a hasty New York editor calls Villa "the Stonewall Jackson of Mexico," it is only more of the same. My heart and mind know it all too well.

I have a deep nostalgia for Mexico; even for its blood-red color. Everything else the world can offer will seem drab beside the memory of its strange magic.

A radio came from Mr. Bryan at six this morning requesting N. to observe silence until he has conferred in Washington. But N. had already made up his

mind that *silentium* would be his sign and symbol. Unless we get in at the merciful hour of dawn he will be besieged by reporters. A word too much just now could endlessly complicate matters for Washington.

We are slipping up broad, mournful, lake-like expanses of water. From time to time a great split comes, and it seems as if we had met another river, seeking another outlet. More white and gray houses show themselves against the tall, pale-green, persistent grasses and the yellow of the river. They are lonely, isolated homes, wherein each family earns its bread in the sweat of its brow by some kind of attendance on the exacting "Father of Waters"—mostly, trying to control him.

6.45 P.M.

We have just slipped through quarantine like a fish. Our own extraordinary orders and two or three telegrams from Washington, with orders not to hold us up, made it an easy matter. We saw the *Monterey*, which had arrived in the morning, with six hundred and twenty-three passengers aboard, moored at the dock. The women and children were to sleep in screened tents on land. Many of them were refugees from Mexico City itself, and they cheered and waved, as we passed by, and called "O'Shaughnessy! O'Shaughnessy!"

The refugees, according to the copy of the *Picayune* the health officers left us, are loud in praise of Carden, saying their escape is due to him and not to the State Department, and giving incidental cheers for Roosevelt. Dr. Corput is a martinet; but though he was hot and decidedly wilted about the collar when his six-foot-two person came into the saloon where we were dining, he looked highly competent. It will be a bright microbe that gets by him. He, with his yellow flag, is lord and master of every craft and everything that breasts this river.

The whole question of guarding the health of the United States at this station is most interesting. It is one of the largest in the world, but is taxed to its utmost now by the thousands of refugees from Mexico, most of them cursing the administration, as far as I can gather, during the hundred and forty-five hours of travel since leaving Mexico. The quarantine station itself, under the red, late afternoon sun, looked a clean, attractive village, supplemented by rows of tents. There are immense sterilizers in which the whole equipment of a ship can be put, huge inspection-rooms, great bathing-houses, and a small herd of cattle. It is sufficient to itself. Nothing can get at the inmates, nor can the inmates, on the other hand, get at anything. I should say that the wear and tear of existence would be materially lessened during the one hundred and forty-five hours. The great ships that pass up now are laden with people who have been exposed to every imaginable disease in the Mexican *débâcle*. You remember the small-pox outbreak in Rome, and how *that* microbe was encouraged! Well, *autre pays, autre mœurs*. The Indian, however, thinks very little more of having small-pox than we think of a bad cold in the head.

10 P.M.

We have been going up-stream very quietly, in this dark, soft night, zigzagging up its mighty length to avoid the current. Sometimes we were so near the shores we could almost touch the ghostly willow-trees; while mournful, suppressed night noises fell upon our ears. The mosquitoes are about the size of flies—not the singing variety, but the quiet, biteful kind. My energies are needed to keep them off, so good night; all is quiet along the Mississippi. We have ninety miles from quarantine to New Orleans.

May 5th.

In the train, going through Georgia and North Carolina.

We got into New Orleans yesterday at 6.30 A.M., under a blazing sun. There were reporters and photographers galore at the dock to meet us and the good ship *Yankton*. They did not, however, get fat on what they got from N., who refused to discuss the Mexican situation in any way. But we *did* lend ourselves to the camera. We were photographed on the ship, on the blazing pier, in the noisy streets, near by, among a horror of trucks and drays rattling over huge cobblestones, and a few more terrors in ink will be broadcast. I then went to the nearest good shop and got a black taffeta gown (a Paquin model with low, white-tulle neck), and began to feel quite human again. Then we motored about for several hours with one of the officers, through a city of beautiful homes, interesting old French and foreign quarters, driving at last over a magnificent causeway. On one side was a swamp filled by all sorts of tropical vegetation, and, doubtless, inhabited by wet, creeping things; on the other side, a broad canal. We reached a place called West End, on Lake Pontchartrain, where we lunched on shrimps, soft-shelled crabs, and broiled chicken, quite up to the culinary reputation of New Orleans. Afterward we went back to the boat under a relentless afternoon sun and over more of those unforgetable cobblestones.

I was completely done up. They were coaling as we got back to the ship, but the sailors hastily shoveled a way for me, and I threw myself on my bed in a state of complete exhaustion. When I came on deck again at 5.30 the hideous coaling was done, the decks were washed, and everything was in apple-pie order. Crowds were again on the pier, and the photographers got in more work. The golden figure of Cleopatra that decorates the prow

was blood-red in the afternoon sun. At six we started out with Captain Joyce, who had literally "stood on the burning deck" all day, overseeing the coaling process. We wanted to show him a little of the city in the sudden, beautiful, balm-like gloaming. We stopped a moment at the St. Charles, where I mailed my long *Yankton* letter, and found it overflowing with Americans from Mexico, with smiles or frowns upon their faces, according as they were going to or leaving a bank account. We then went to Antoine's, which has been celebrated for seventy-five years. There we had a perfect dinner, preceded by a mysterious and delightful appetizer, called a "pink angel," or some such name, most soothing in effect. (It proved to be made of the forbidden absinthe.) Also there were oysters, roasted in some dainty way, chicken okra, soft-shelled crabs again, and frozen stuffed tomatoes.

New Orleans still retains a certain Old World flavor and picturesqueness. One might even dream here. Everything is not sacrificed at the altar of what is called efficiency—that famous American word which everywhere hits the returning native.

Some of the newspapers were quite amusing, and all were complimentary. One congratulates N. on being relieved "from the daily task of delivering ultimatums to, and being hugged by, Huerta." Others are very anxious to know if "Vic Huerta" kissed and embraced Mr. O'Shaughnessy on his departure. The *abrazo* is certainly not in form or favor in the more reticent United States of America.

Richmond Hotel, Washington, D. C.

We got in at seven o'clock, and, accompanied by the usual press contingent, came to this hotel. The proprietor had telegraphed to us to New Orleans, saying that N. was the greatest diplomat of the century, American

patriot, and hero. We thought we'd try him, he sounded so *very* pleasant, and we have found comfortable quarters. Now, while waiting breakfast, ordered from a Portuguese, I have these few minutes.

An amusing letter from Richard Harding Davis is here, inclosing newspaper headlines two and a half inches high — "O'Shaughnessy Safe." He adds, "Any man who gets his name in type this size should be satisfied that republics are not ungrateful!"

A pile of letters and notes awaits me; the telephone has begun to ring. How will the Washington page write itself? *Adelante!*

THE END